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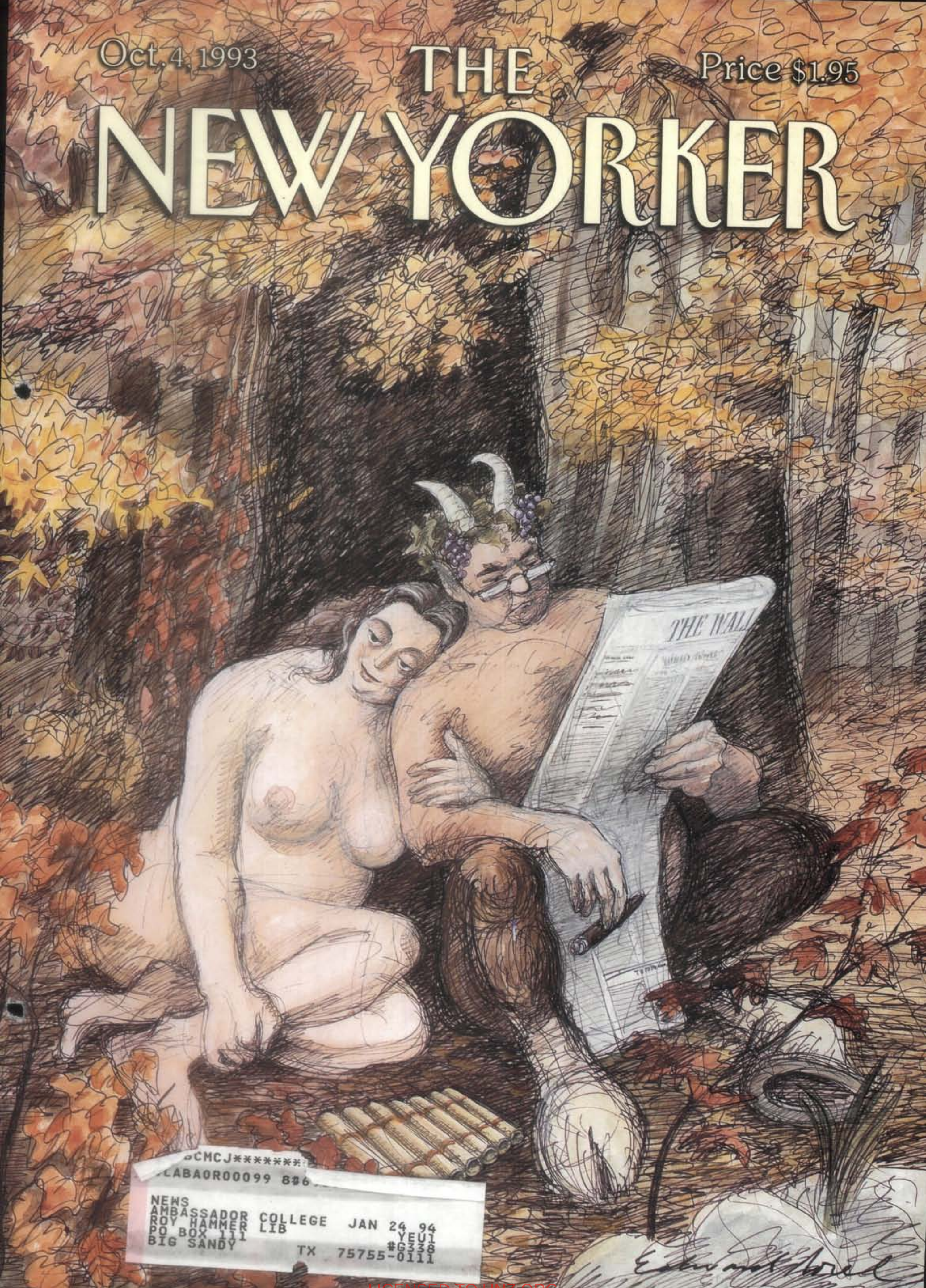
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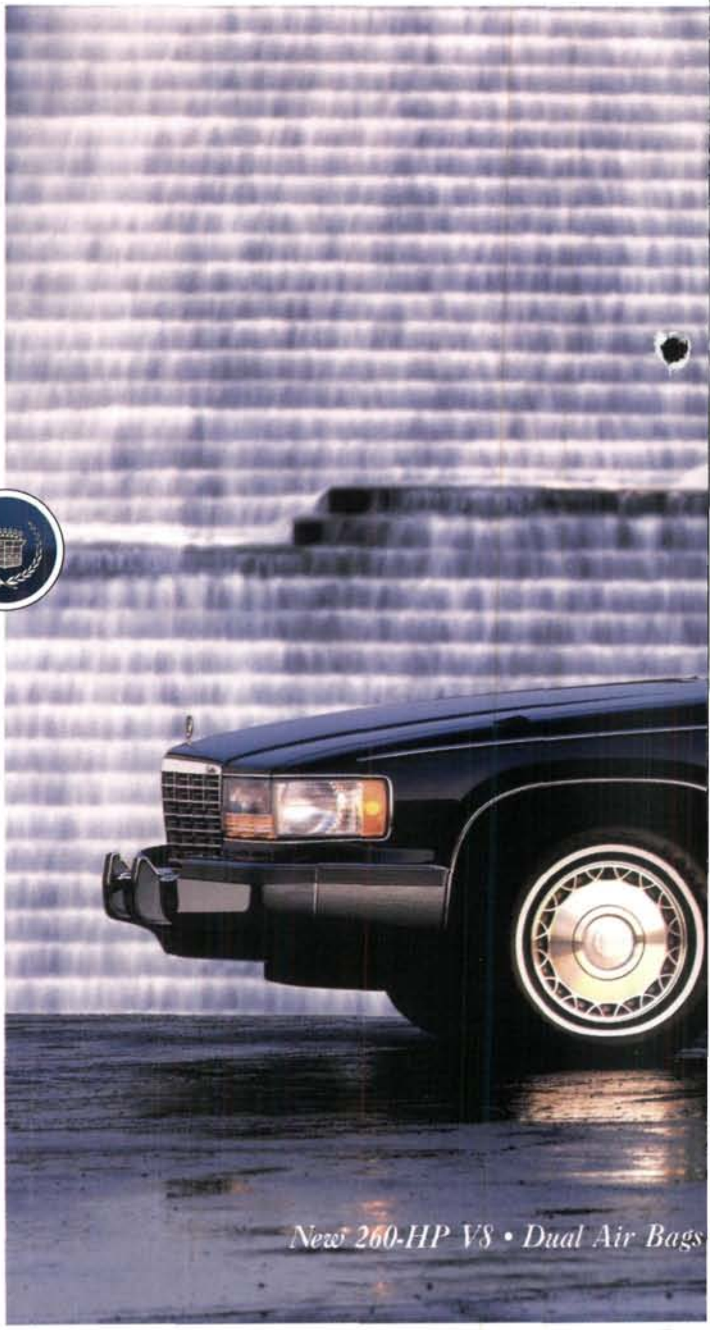

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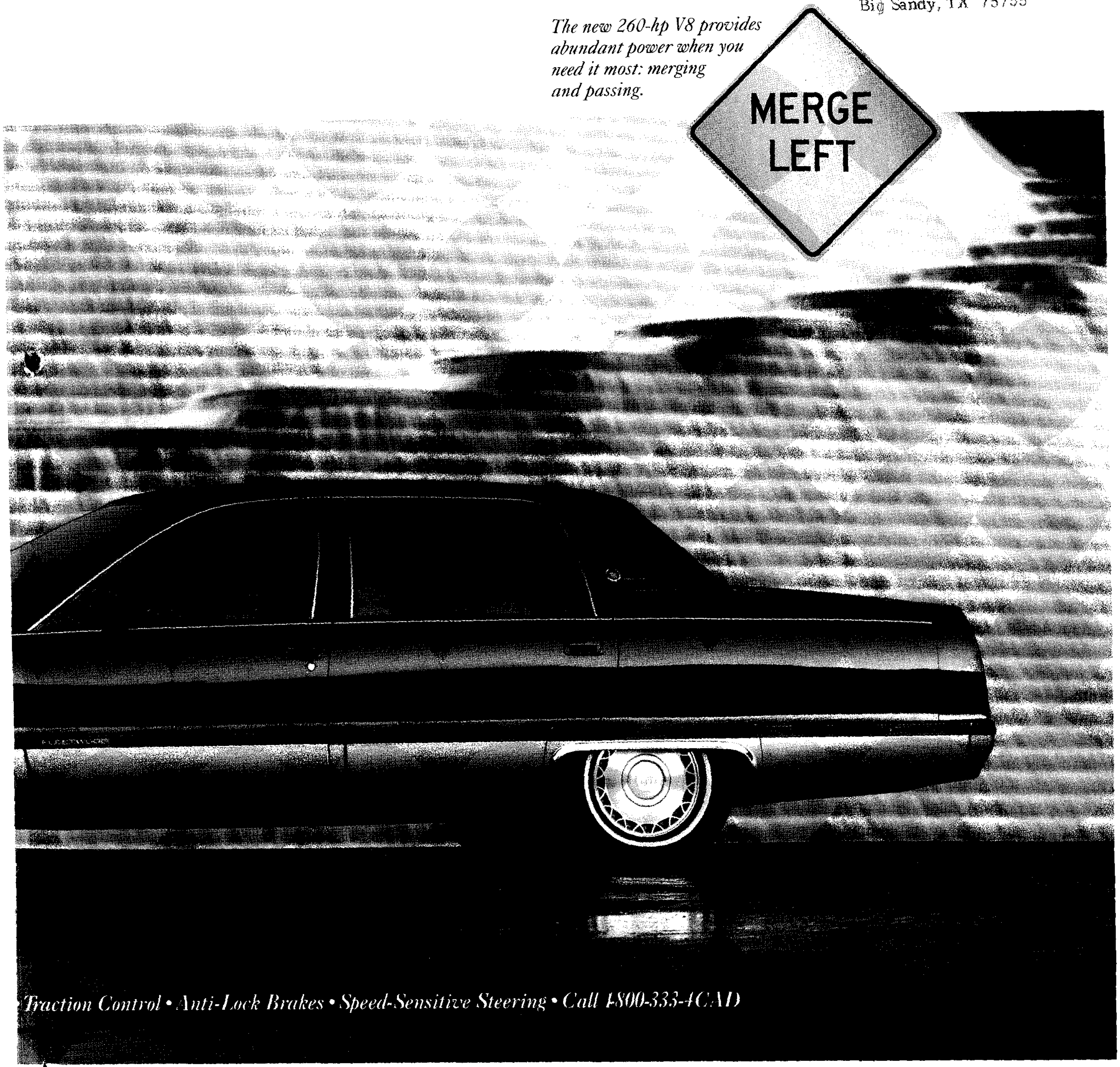

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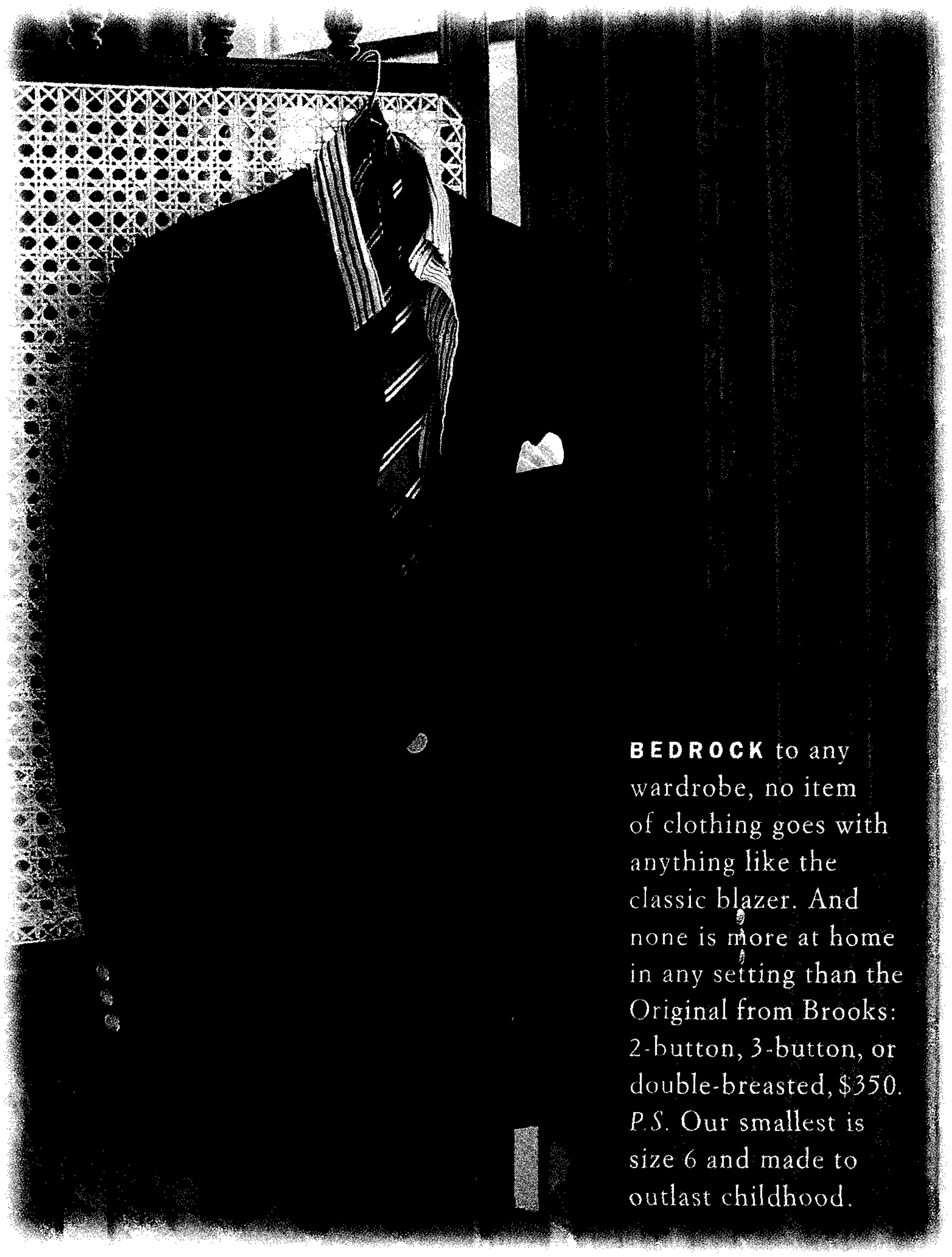

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THE NEW YORKER

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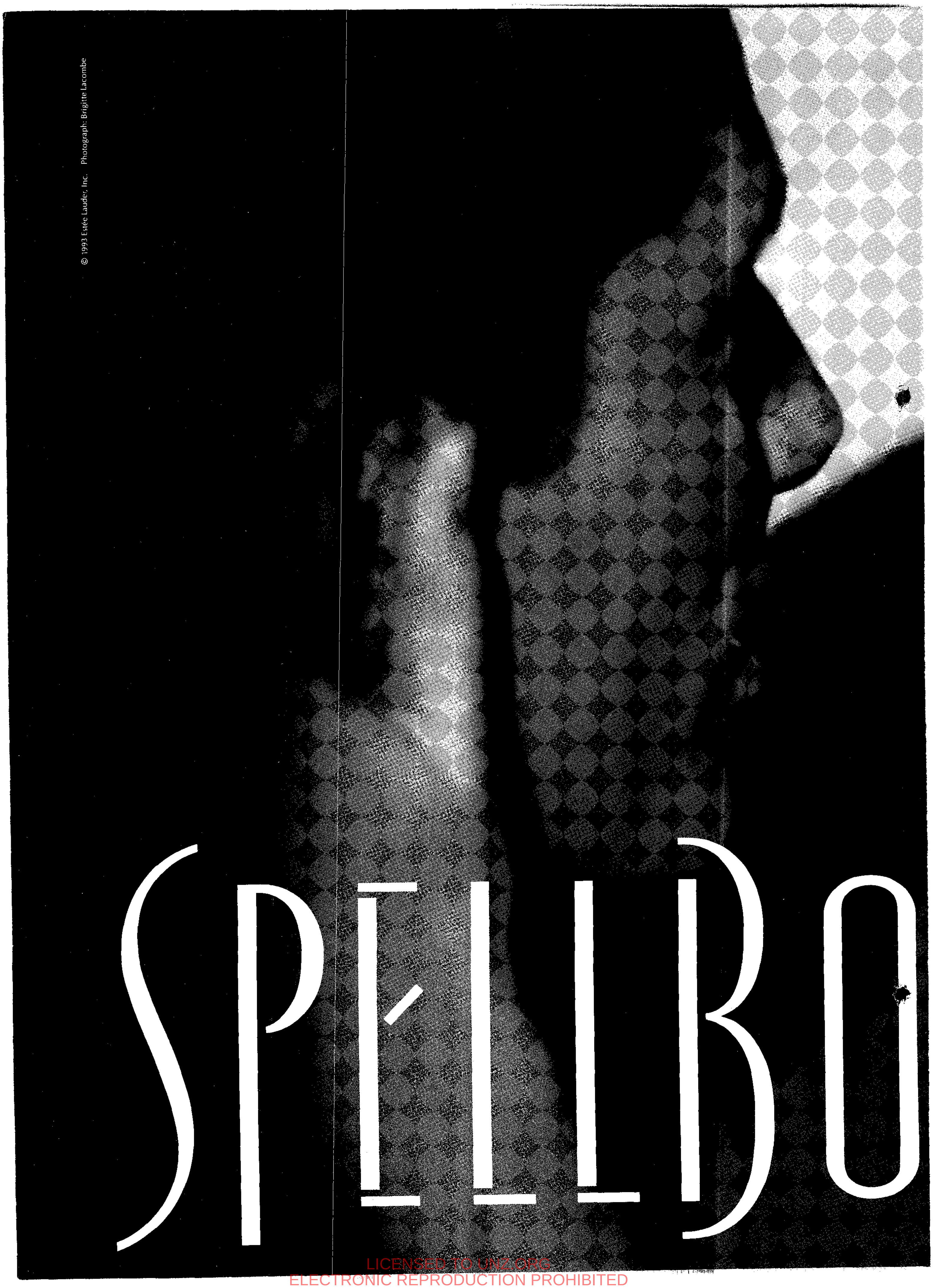

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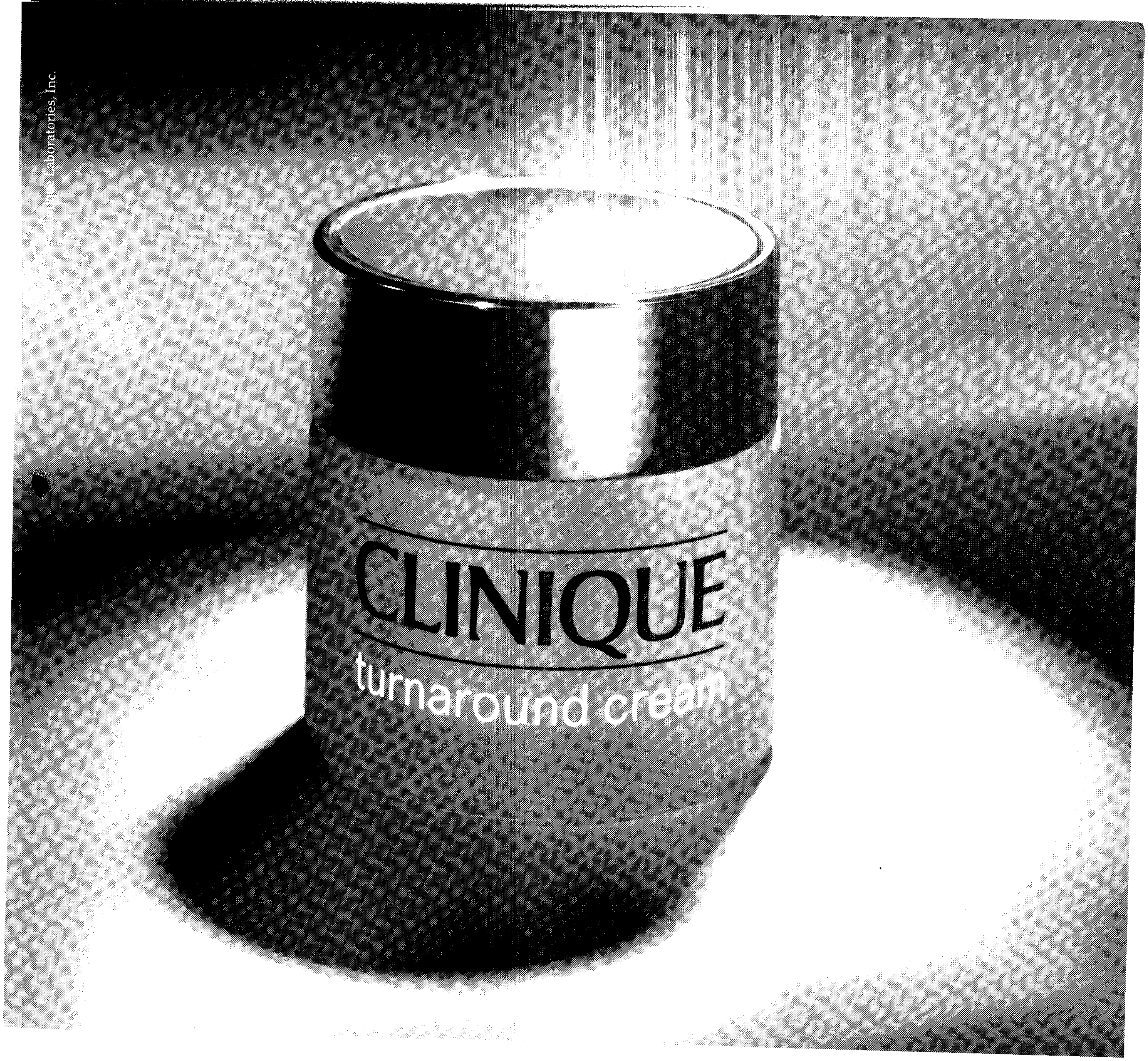

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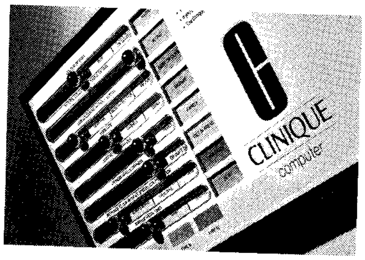

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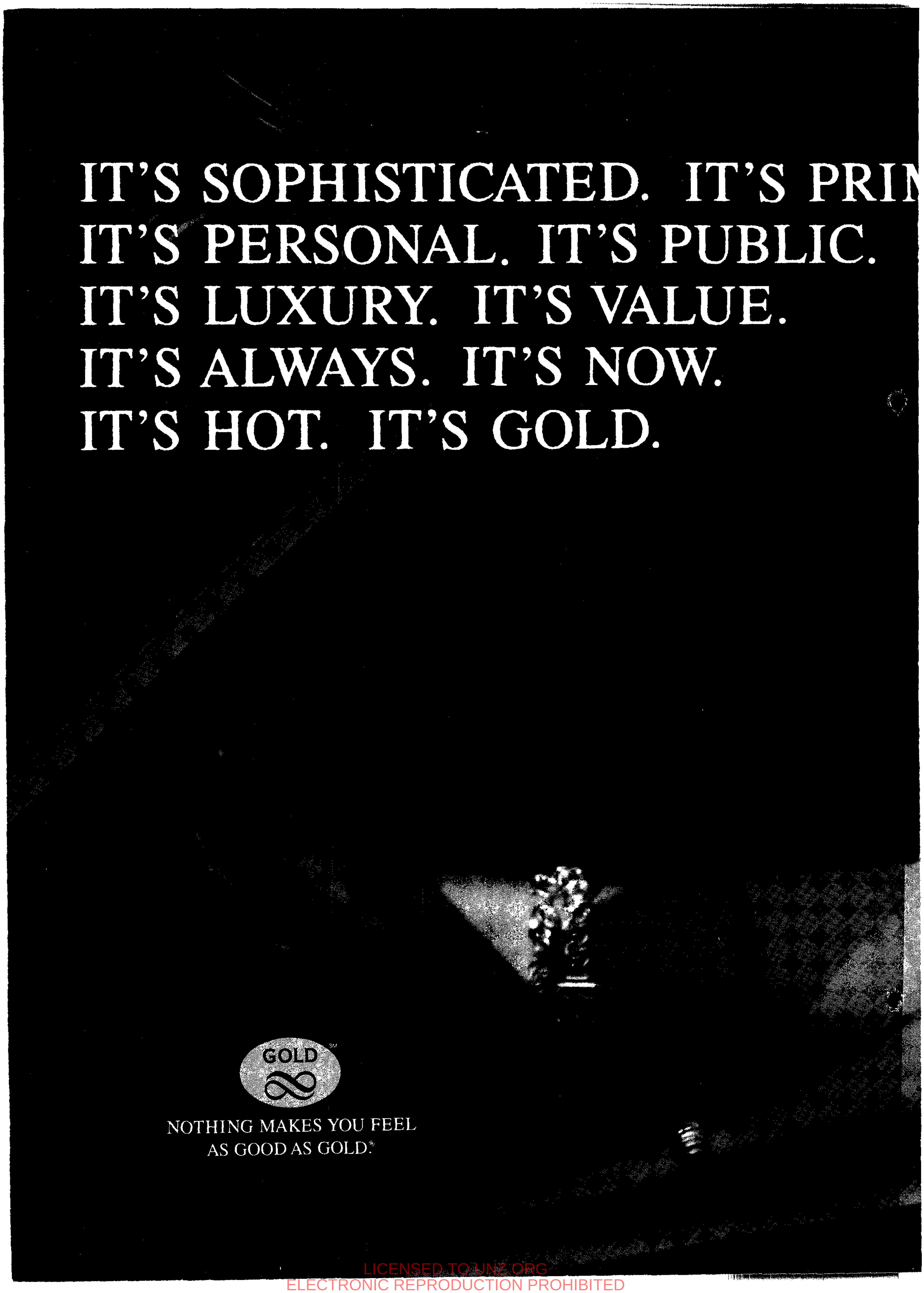
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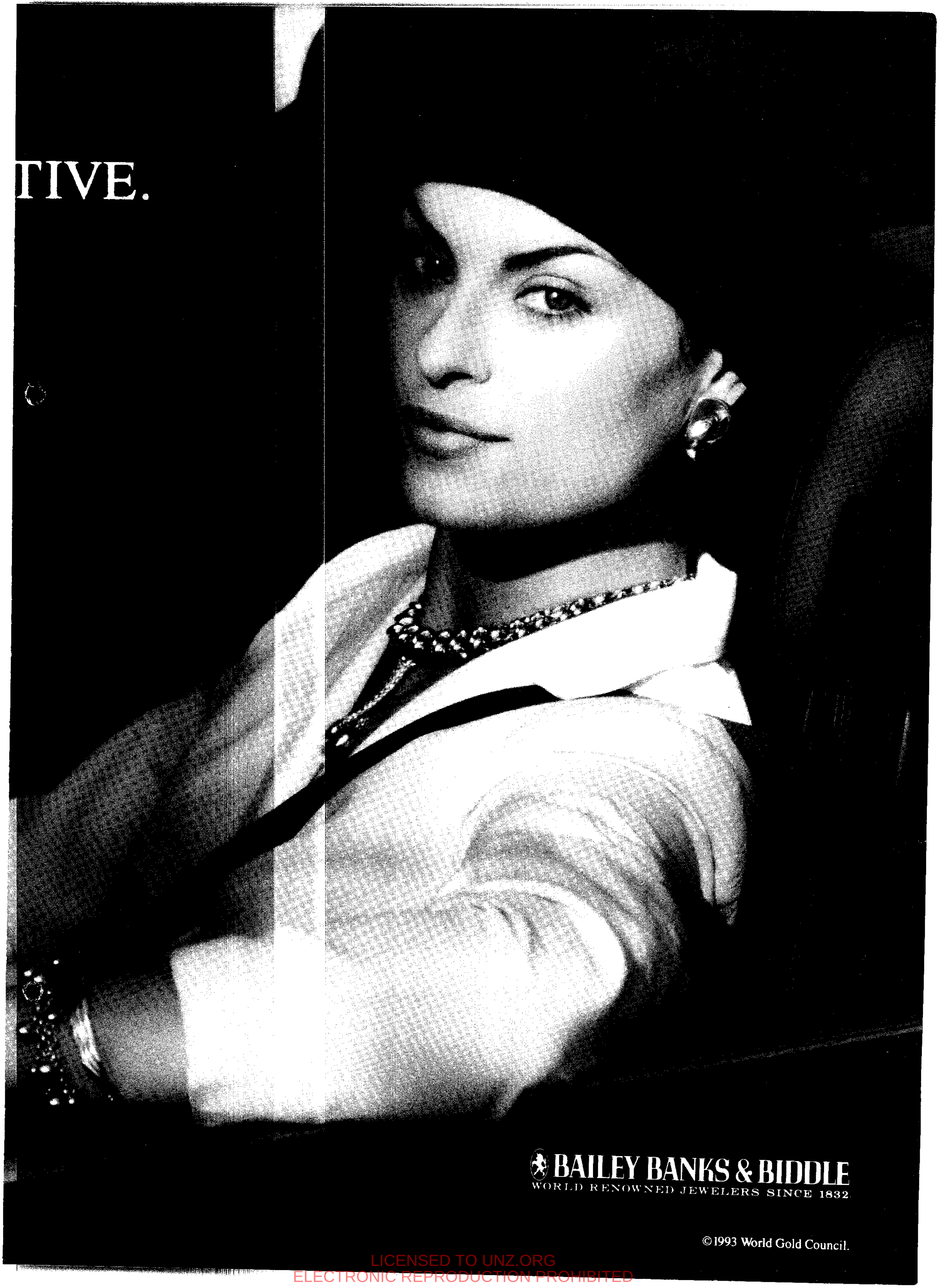
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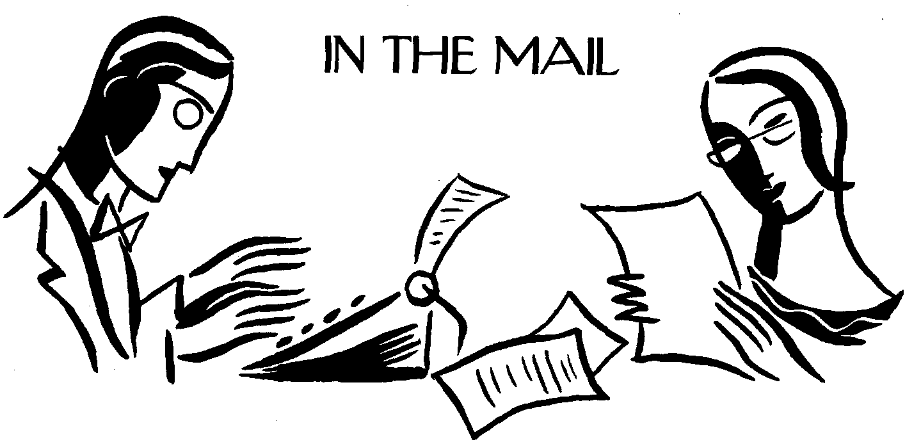

IN THE MAIL

THE PLATH CIRCLE

In "The Silent Woman" (August 23 & 30) Janet Malcolm refers to me as Duncan Grant's "lover." I want to ask you to put this a little differently if ever you mention me again. Duncan was a homosexual. Such I never was and am not. Duncan preferred full-blooded young heterosexuals to gays, although the latter were easier to come by. Full-blooded, heterosexual, and young I certainly was.

So when I am described as Duncan's "lover" it has to be understood that, though I came to love him with all my heart, I was never in love with him, nor on my part was that love ever erotic, let alone homosexual. Indeed, one of his sorrows was that I never even kissed him. The only time that happened was the morning he lay dead in my study at Aldermaston. And then it happened with bitter tears.

My former wife, Clarissa, and I spent a day with Sylvia Plath in Yeats's house just a week or so before she killed herself. Sylvia and I had fixed on a day to see Paul Scofield in "King Lear." Her fondness for us was beyond doubt, and this was possible even if (like Virginia Woolf) she could never resist the cleverest, wittiest dismissal of her friends in "The Journals." When Ted wrote to me and asked what he was to do about some of the nasty things Sylvia had said about Clarissa and me and whether he should cut them out, I replied: No. If Sylvia were alive she would either laugh at or obliterate many of the remarks she made. Keep them in "The Journals" but add this footnote: "Remember, during our time at Smith, we were all young, all ambitious, all wary of each other even when we liked each other."

I have many evidences of Sylvia's fondness for me. For instance, she sent me a copy of "The Bell Jar" before it was published, and when I congratulated her she wrote saying, "It is a nothing. Wait till I write a really good novel. I'll dedicate it to you."

PAUL ROCHE
Majorca, Spain

I am writing in reference to "The Silent Woman" and the mysterious Richard Sassoon, who, it seems, flew out of the story after his breakup with Sylvia Plath, and whom no biographer has been able to find since.

I knew Richard in Berkeley in the late nineteen-sixties. He had written an amazing play and staged it in a little, dark, strobe-lit space called The Theatre for Madmen Only. It was an intense, psychedelic-type monologue play that, natural to its time, smacked equally of sexuality and spirituality. From that moment, Richard Sassoon gained notoriety and fame in our little circle of artists.

I didn't know who Richard was vis-à-vis Siegfried Sassoon or Sylvia Plath, and he never told me. I found him very charming, very intellectual, but not cold. When I was at the Floating Lotus Magic Opera Company, I invited Richard to critique a new production. He sat and watched, smoking cigarettes, and gave us some good pointers. But he was always discreet, even low-key. You felt you might reach a certain intimacy with him, but with some effort on your part and the gaining of his trust. Could his time with Plath have had something to do with this caution?

DANIEL MOORE
Philadelphia, Pa.

I feel it necessary to respond to Janet Malcolm's "The Silent Woman," if only in the hope of stirring publishers' interest in reprinting my *critical* biography of Sylvia Plath. The latter is not, by the way, "a big brute of a book," as Malcolm con-

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tends, perhaps confusing work and author. It is a mere three hundred and sixty-three pages, plus notes, index, and a clutch of pertinent photographs.

Regarding my role in Malcolm's quest for biography's elusive grail, I accept the methodological necessity of boiling our three-hour interview down to a paragraph that spotlights my genial class obsession after dutifully patting me on the head for my blue-collar industry. Similarly, I have no argument with being pictured as the man both sides of the Hughes-Plath controversy love to hate. But I resent Malcolm's dismissal of "Sylvia Plath: Method and Madness" as "shapeless, uneven, filled with maladroitly handled psychoanalytic language and presumptuous speculation about how people thought and felt."

This will hardly make good blurb copy for my new publisher. More important, the book arcs from Plath's birth to her death, which is about as adroit as you can get, and whatever speculations emerge come labelled as such. Most references to depth psychology were excised at the insistence of my editor, who feared negative reviews from a then hostile academy.

"The Silent Woman" wages a relentless war against worshipped mirror icons and dreaded/desired father figures alike. Though perceptive enough to isolate the frustrated rage behind the silence as crucial to comprehending Plath's core, Malcolm does not fully grasp the necessarily overdetermined complexities of its artistic projections. Nor does she evince much understanding of how that pathological fury, ageless and ultimately genderless, translated an American context and nurture into major poetry with the aid of Blake, Freud, and, yes, Ted Hughes.

Enough said. Since I do not want to end with a complaint, lest it incur more intimations of ill-breeding, let me conclude by observing that there is a great deal to be praised in Malcolm's commentary, not least being her acute vision of Plath as embodying the "schizoid character of the period" (American nineteen-fifties) and her brave willingness to champion the battered (and battering) Hughes clan.

EDWARD BUTSCHER
Amagansett, N.Y.

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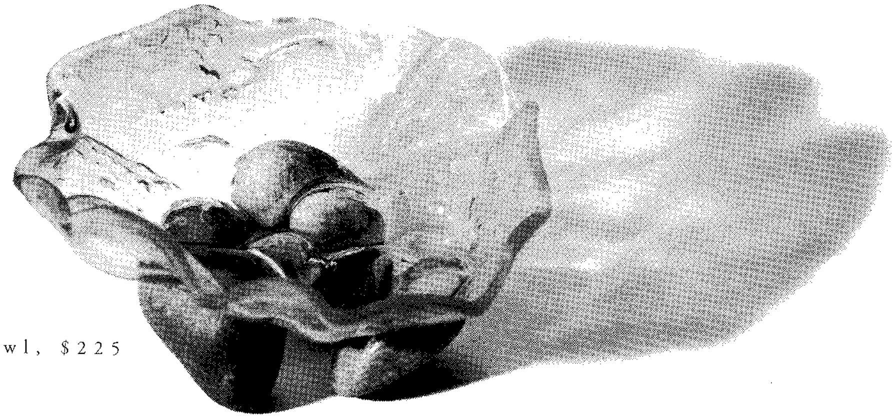

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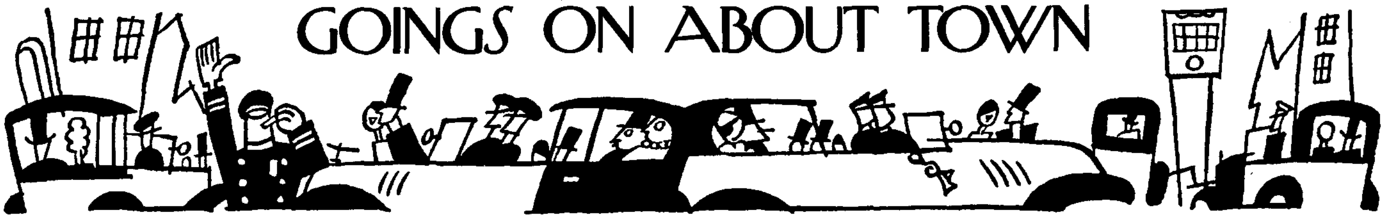

THE THEATRE

Man of Parts

MUCH of the magic of theatre comes from its economy: a small chorus becomes the population of Thebes; an empty stage becomes the Forest of Arden; an actor, without changing his makeup or his costume, is transformed from a man into a rhinoceros before our eyes. In Japan, all the classical forms of drama—Noh, Bunraku, and even Kabuki—achieve spectacular effects with limited means. And now there is Issey Ogata, who will be making his American début at the Japan Society on September 30 (through October 2). All alone, with minimal props, he impersonates a wide range of men and women—there are more than two hundred in his repertoire—and in the process manages to represent a sizable percentage of the hundred and twenty-four million who live in Japan.

In one of his routines, Mr. Ogata uses only a newspaper and a briefcase to persuade his audience that he is being hemmed in by a crush of fellow-commuters in a jam-packed subway car. In another, he becomes an art-gallery owner whose changing language and demeanor bring a delicious variety of artists and collectors to convincing life. Mr. Ogata recently said that when he first began performing, about ten years ago, he hadn't thought of his material as funny; it was only after hearing his audiences laughing, night after night, that he realized he was a comedian.

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OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Bibliomania—A one-man show by Roger Rosenblatt. Previews through Oct. 2. Opens Oct. 3 at 8. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

Breaking Up—Allison Janney and Kevin O'Rourke in a romantic comedy by Michael Cristofer. Opens Sept. 29 at 8 and runs through Oct. 24. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471.)

The Eye of the Beholder—Kim Hunter is currently starring Off Broadway in a play by Ira Wallach. Previews Sept. 30-Oct. 3. Opens Oct. 4 at 8 and runs through Oct. 17. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 581-3808.)

Family Secrets—Sherry Glaser is the only performer in this comedy, which she wrote with Greg Howells. In previews. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

The Fiery Furnace—Julie Harris stars in a play by Timothy Mason, directed by Norman René. The cast also includes Susan Batten, William Fichtner, Ashley Gardner, and Zach Grenier. Presented by Circle Repertory Company. Previews through Oct. 3. Opens Oct. 5 at 8. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Fire's Daughters—Ntozake Shange has directed this play by Ina Césaire, of Martinique. Translated from the French by Judith G. Miller, the work launches a festival of plays from Francophone countries. Previews begin Oct. 5. (Ubu Repertory Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 679-7562.)

Forbidden Broadway 1994—A new edition of Gerard Alessandrini's parodies, including spoofs of "Angels in America," "Sunset Boulevard," and "The Who's Tommy." Previews begin Oct. 5. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

In Persons—The actors Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson, married for forty-six years, in a show about their lives in the theatre. Martin Charnin was the director. Preview on Sept. 29. Opens Sept. 30 at 8. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Japan Society—Presenting the actor Issey Ogata in his American début. Simultaneous English translation will be provided. (333 E. 47th St. 752-3015. Sept. 30-Oct. 2 at 8.)

The Madness of George III—Nigel Hawthorne stars in the Royal National Theatre's production of Alan Bennett's play. Nicholas Hytner directed. The engagement opens [illegible] Sept. 29 at 8 and runs through Oct. 10. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

The Maids—But, Mama, they're men! Charles Busch is Solange in this production of Jean Genet's 1947 play. Seth Gilliam is Madame and Peter Francis James is Claire. Opens Sept. 29 at 7 and runs through Oct. 31. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

Marriage Play—The Signature Theatre Company presents the New York première of a 1987 drama by Edward Albee. Opens Oct. 1 at 8 and runs through Oct. 31. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200.)

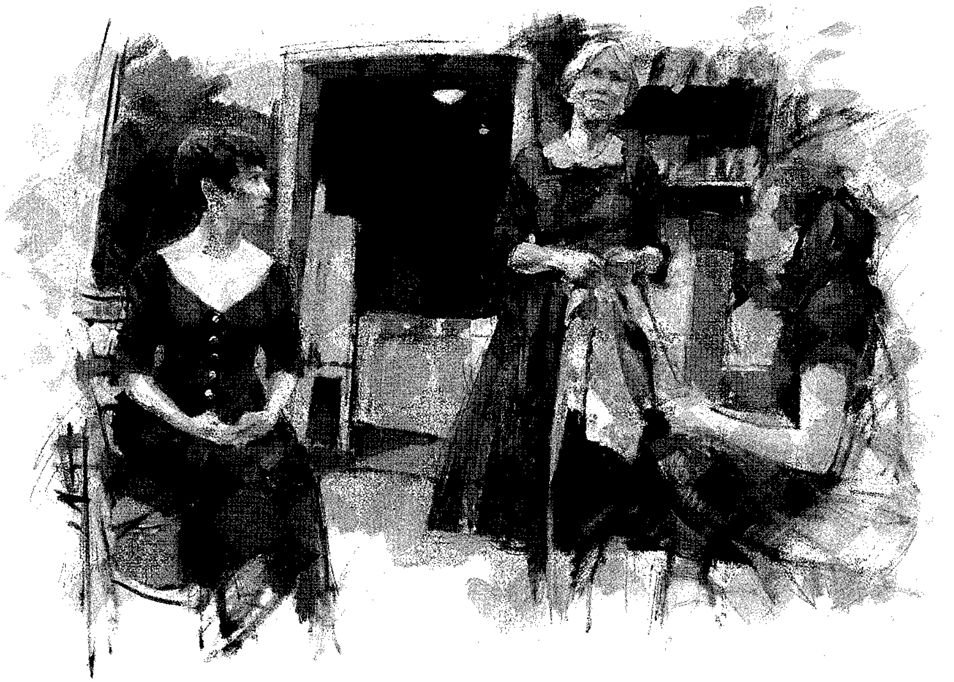
Mixed Emotions—Katherine Helmond and Harold Gould portray a widow and a widower in a romantic comedy by Richard Baer. In previews. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Sophistry—A play by Jonathan Marc Sherman, featuring Calista Flockhart, Ethan Hawke, Austin Pendleton, and Mr. Sherman himself. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

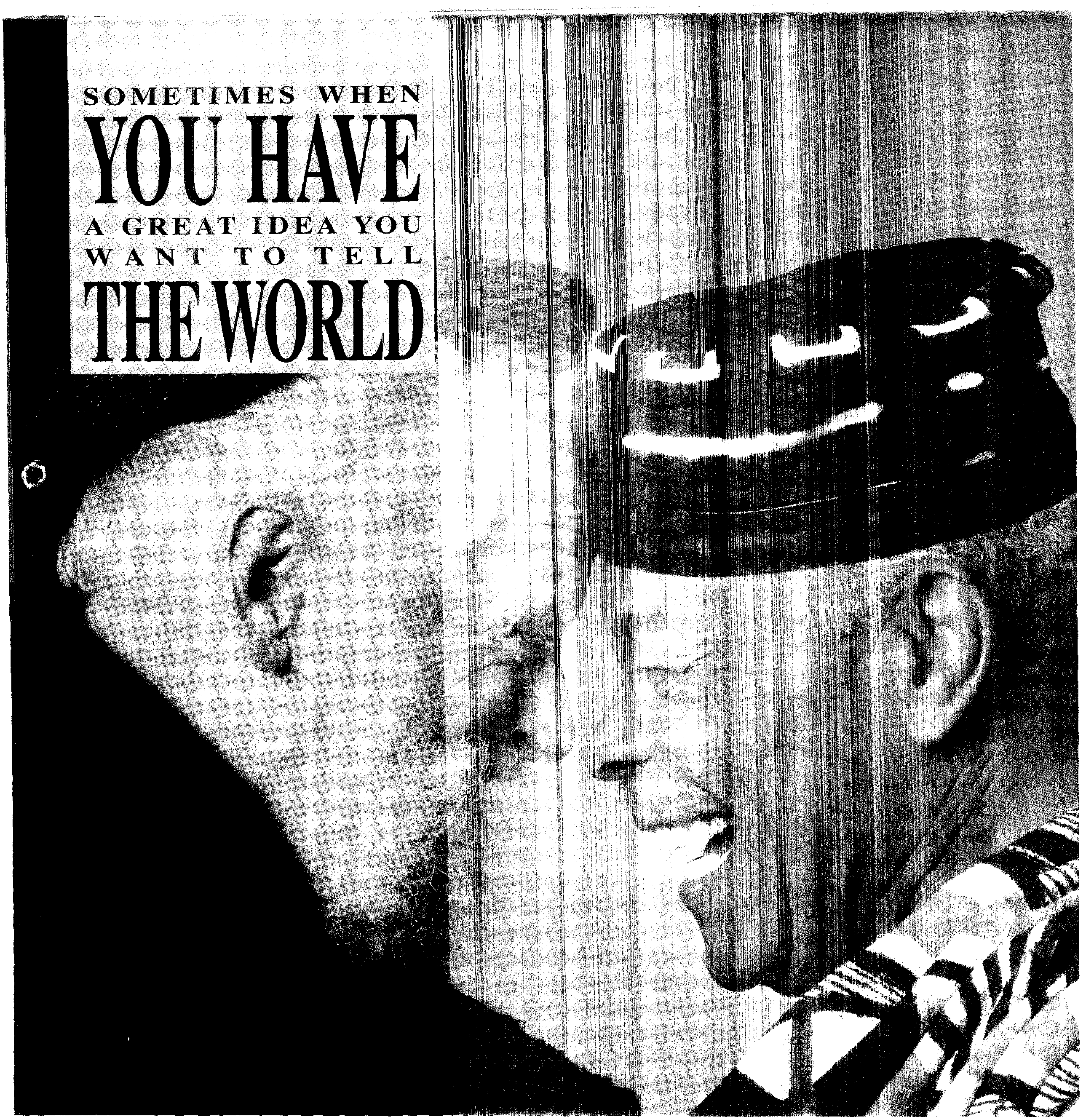
Angels in America: Millennium Approaches—The first half of Tony Kushner's epic work is set in 1985, at the height of the Reagan counter-revolution, and it maps the trickle-down effect of self-interest as Kushner's characters ruthlessly pursue their private and public destinies. The Pulitzer Prize-winning play is a saga about sexual politics, death, and decency. Not to be missed. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Annie Warbucks—Kathryn Zaremba, an infant phenomenon if ever there was one, has [illegible] title role in this beguiling sequel to "Annie." After sixteen years, the old team—Thomas Meehan (book) and Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin (music and lyrics)—is still in top form. With Donna McKechnie, Harve Presnell, Harvey Evans, Marguerite McIntyre, and Raymond Thorne—to say nothing of a



Ashley Gardner, Julie Harris, and Susan Batten in "The Fiery Furnace."

FRANCIS LIVINGSTON



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merry scattering of orphans. Choreography by Peter Gennaro, scenery by Ming Cho Lee, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Ken Billington. (8/23 & 30/93) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

The Bathtub—The Phoenix Ensemble presents a 1930 play by Vladimir Mayakovsky, translated from the Russian by Paul Schmidt. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 388-8229. Closes Oct. 17.)

Black Comedy/White Liars—"Black Comedy" is an impeccable revival of Peter Shaffer's farce. This drawing-room comedy of the sixties is the apotheosis of the sight gag, with lines to match. Peter MacNicol plays the leading role, and he is given strong support by Nancy Marchand and Brian Murray. In "White Liars," the curtain-raiser, it is Miss Marchand who takes command, as a bogus baroness turned fortune-teller. John Lee Beatty designed the spectacular settings, and Gerald Gutierrez directed. (9/13/93) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Oct. 3.)

Blood Brothers—A glum non-musical musical, imported from Britain, about twin boys who are separated at birth. The boys later become friends, love the same girl, and die violent deaths. Willy Russell wrote book, music, and lyrics, to no avail. The cast includes Shaun and David Cassidy and Petula Clark. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Blown Sideways Through Life—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store as a child to being a "phone girl" in a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. The attraction of this rather unsettled life is that "you can step out for a doughnut and end up living in another country," and although she hasn't always enjoyed herself, she still believes in "getting out of the house." It's worth getting out of your house to have her tell you why. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

The First Lulu—Eric Bentley's version of a hundred-year-old play by Frank Wedekind, presented by the Jean Cocteau Repertory. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

El Greco—An opera about the Spanish painter, with music by William Harper and a libretto by Bernardo Solano. Tom O'Horgan directed. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes Oct. 17.)

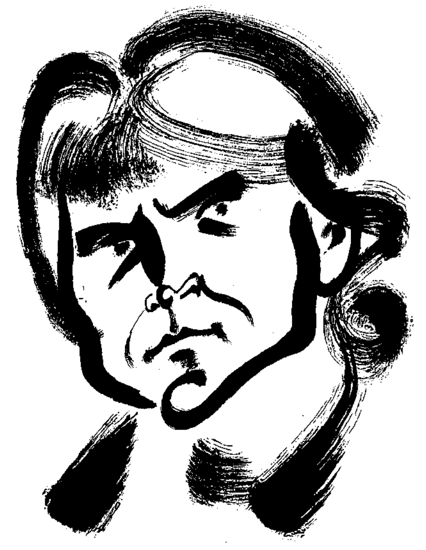
The Hamlet Festival—From Sept. 30 to Oct. 3: "Hamster," by Gary Goldberg, in which Horatio is played by a golden retriever; Bill Rice is Hamlet. (Nada Inc., 167 Ludlow St. 420-1466.)

Howard Crabtree's Whoop-Dee-Doo!—The sixteen original songs in this revue range from a wistful love note to Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Wilding Todd Fisher Burton Burton Warner Fortensky to a tribute to Private Banana by his fellow-soldiers ("the new recruit is a fruit") to "Blue Flame," a gutsy number sung by a moth. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. For information about tickets, call 777-7474.)

Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally and a star performance by the redoubtable Chita Rivera, in the title role. Harold Prince was the director. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The cast also includes Anthony Crivello, as Valentin, and Jeff Hyslop, as Molina. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Later Life—The reunion, after thirty years, of a middle-aged man and woman who were once in love is at the heart of this play by A. R. Gurney. Mr. Gurney has written with his customary wit and perception, and the actors do him proud. The play was seen recently at Playwrights Horizons. (6/14/93) (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)



ROB MARSHALL, *a pure product of Pittsburgh, moves up a notch as a Broadway choreographer with the arrival this week of "She Loves Me" at the Brooks Atkinson. The dancing in numbers like "A Romantic Atmosphere" unfolds, layer upon layer, and tops itself with graceful thrust and wondrous business. Marshall's admiration for Jerome Robbins shows in deed and promise.*

PAUL HAMLYN

Oedipus the King—Timothy Wheeler is the troubled tyrant in the Pearl Theatre Company's production of Sophocles' play. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

Shakespeare for My Father—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. She combines anecdotes, brilliant thumbnail impersonations of British actors, and wry reminiscence with passages from Shakespeare. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical has moved to a bigger theatre. The cast is the same, with one exception: Diane Fratantoni has replaced Judy Kuhn. The other principals are Boyd Gaines, Sally Mayes, Howard McGillin, Jonathan Freeman, Brad Kane, Lee Wilkof, and Louis Zorich. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. With Michael Learned, Linda Lavin, Joanne Camp, and Hal Linden. (11/2/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Three Hotels—This new play by Jon Robin Baitz is no more than a technical exercise, but what technique! Debra Monk and Ron Rifkin are superb as husband and wife; the versatile Joe Mantello directed. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Thuli—The South African performer Thuli Dumakude sings and tells stories of her homeland. She is accompanied by the musicians Valerie Naranjo and Emma. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

The Who's Tommy—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill. This adaptation was directed by Des McAnuff. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Young Playwrights Festival—The winners of this year's Young Playwrights competition—all of whom were teen-agers at the time of their submissions—are Carter L. Bays, Kim Daniel, Madeleine George, Jerome D. Hairston, and Dyron Holmes. Four of the works, all one-acts, will be presented in fully staged productions, and one will be given a staged reading. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Oct. 10.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **OLEANNA:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** 47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDIN** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Downtown Soap Opera—A weekly late-night serial, performed live. "Sordid Lives" is about the horrible Honeysuckle family of New Jersey by way of Corn's Grove, North Carolina. (Westbeth Music Hall, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Fridays at 10.)

One-Man Shows—Todd Alcott in "Living in Flames," his collection of monologues on various subjects, including his father's downfall in the advertising business. (Westbeth Music Hall, 151 Bank St. Oct. 5 and Oct. 12 at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-0391.) . . . ¶ Danny Hoch presents "Some People," which is about "cultural diversity." (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Sept. 30-Oct. 3 at 7:30. Through Oct. 17.)

DANCE

AMAN World Music and Dance—Up to now, there hasn't been a clear exposition of the folk-dance influences on the keenly patterned post-modern dances of Laura Dean. Now, in a repertory program, Barry Glass, artistic director of the AMAN ensemble, will present Hungarian, Romanian, Turkish, Mexican, Bosnian, and Croatian dances that will presumably shed light on Dean's past work and will lead up to the première of her new piece, "Light." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 5 at 7:30. Through Oct. 10.)

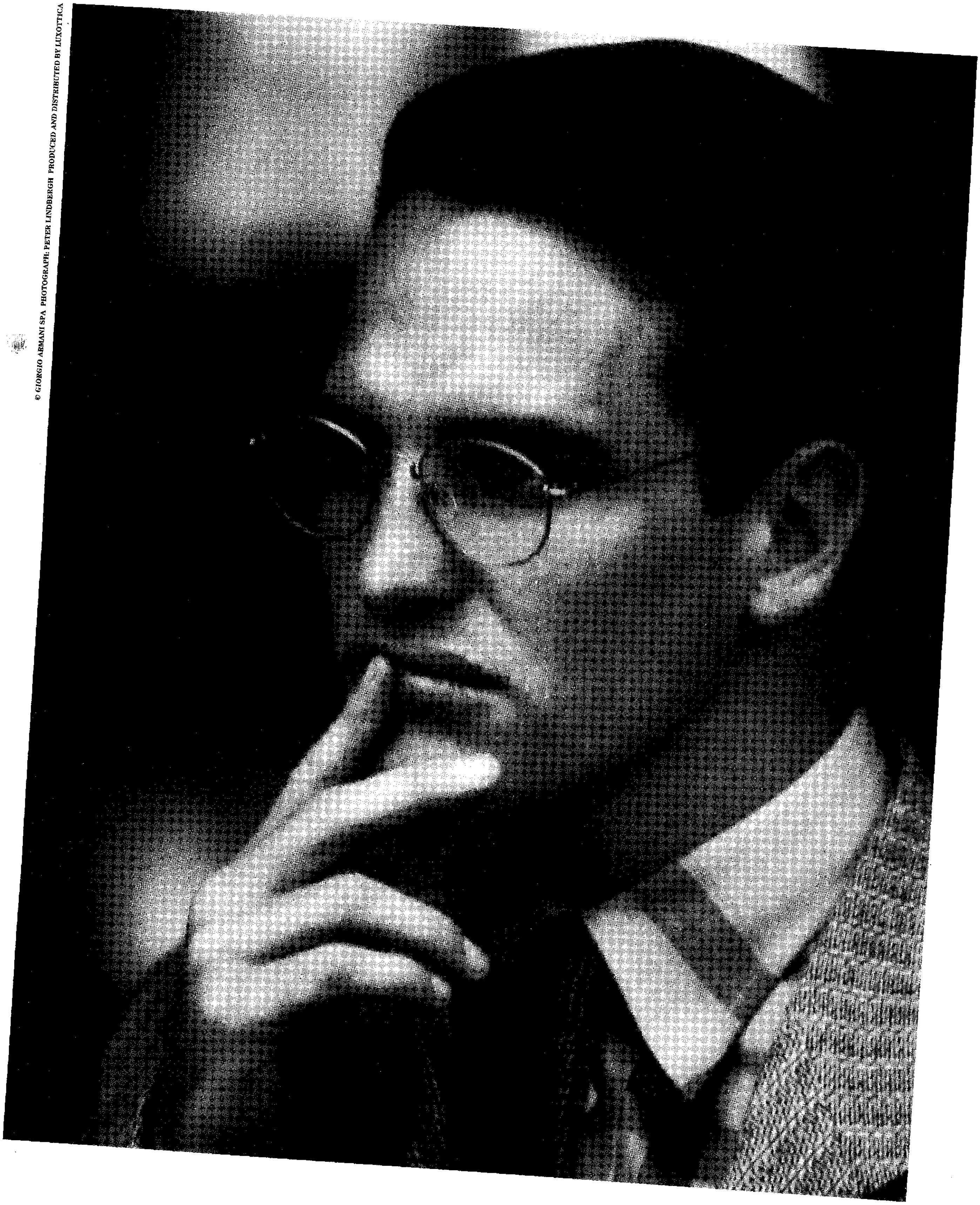
Martha Graham Dance Company—The opening night of a two-week engagement: "Demeter and Persephone" (the première of Twyla Tharp's first work for the company), "Diversion of Angels," "Errand Into the Maze," "The Incense" (with guest artist Natalia Makarova), "Lamentation," and excerpts from "Every Soul Is a Circus" and "Celebration," as well as a screening of some rare films of the Graham company and one of Rudolf Nureyev in "Le Corsaire." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Oct. 5 at 7:30. Through Oct. 17.)

Mario Maya Flamenco Dance Company—A fifteen-member company from Seville. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Sept. 29-Oct. 1 at 8, Oct. 2 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 3 at 2 and 7:30.)

Irene Hultman—Presenting "Blue's Yellow Shadow," a new evening-length piece for three dancers, with a score by Ben Neill. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Sept. 30-Oct. 3 at 9.)

Stephan Koplowitz & Company—In "Thicker Than Water," a full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Sept. 30-Oct. 2 at 8, and Oct. 3 at 3.)

Elinor Coleman Dance Ensemble—A company of nine dancers performing works choreographed by Coleman, including two premières. (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Sept. 30-Oct. 1 at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-5767.)



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GIORGIO ARMANI

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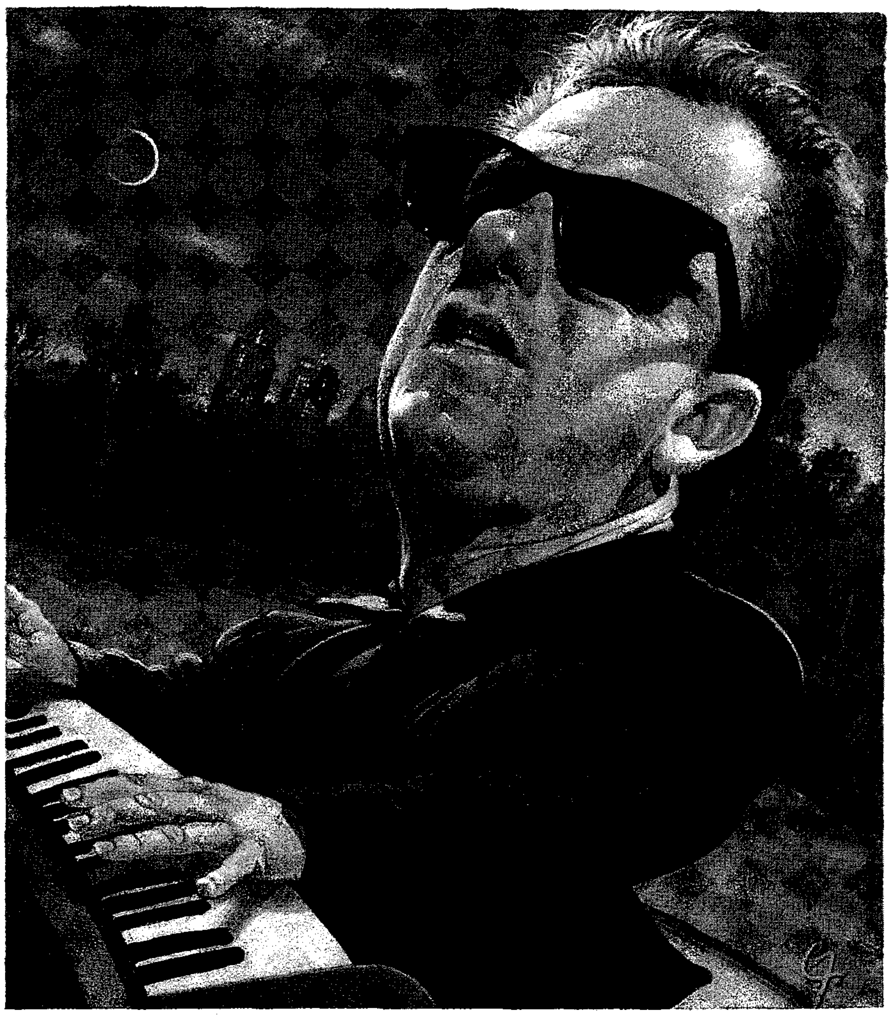

Billy Joel at Madison Square Garden.

C.F. PAYNE

NIGHT LIFE

Midtown Boy

A few years back, Billy Joel sold his apartment overlooking Central Park and moved out to the Hamptons, but the Long Island native hasn't ditched the New York state of mind he once immortalized in song. Besides being close to home, Manhattan is the site of one of Joel's favorite venues: Madison Square Garden, where the singer will be performing six sold-out shows beginning October 2. "It's a temple," Joel says. It's also the only arena at which the singer can rock the house—literally. "I don't know how they did it, but there's actually a sway built into the foundation," he goes on. "In other places, we've felt the walls shaking or the ground trembling—all the expressions you'd use about an orgasm—but at the Garden there's a real give to the stage, a dip and a rise."

Joel is back on the road to promote his first album in four years, "River of Dreams." Comebacks are no sweat, of course, when you're American rock's quintessential piano man: "River" débuted at No. 1 on the *Billboard* chart in mid-August and has been in the Top Five ever since. On tour, the singer is getting support from both old and new friends, including his longtime drummer, Liberty DeVitto, and T-Bone Wolk, "a great New York bassist who also plays accordion and mandolin—a multi-instrumentalist. I call him Fred Stanley, after the guy who played for the Yankees and could play any position."

Such enthusiasm notwithstanding, Joel realizes that his touring days are numbered. "I've had a very long, good career, but now I want a personal life," says the singer, who insists that this will be his last grand-scale concert spree. "I'm forty-four, and I think it may be time to start coaching. I hope I'm not in my fifties, still diving off the piano doing 'Big Shot.' Although, you know, Jagger said he hoped he wouldn't be hopping around like a chicken doing 'Satisfaction.' We're all getting up there, I guess."

CONCERTS

Bette Midler—The giddy trash talk dips low, the singer's blockbuster voice hits musical highs, and jokes about Joey Buttafuoco and breaking wind collide with "Wind Beneath My Wings," "Delta Dawn," and other boffo songs. It's all too fabulous, as Bette will be the first to tell you. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Sept. 29-Oct. 2 at 8 and Oct. 5 at 8. Through Oct. 23.)

Paul Simon—Art Garfunkel, Ladysmith Black Mambazo, and other musicians will join Rhymin' Simon for this marathon engagement of concerts devoted to the songwriter's career, from the fifties to the nineties. The score remains: Bette Midler, 30 nights, Paul Simon, 21. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Oct. 1-2 and Oct. 5, all at 8. Through Oct. 31.)

Terence Trent D'Arby—D'Arby made a promising pop-soul début in 1987, released a bolder but less accessible follow-up, then disappeared for a few years. His current album, "Symphony or Damn," is more than just a fine comeback: it's one of the best and most innovative pop projects our young decade has seen. The British magazine *Q* likened "Symphony" to "Sgt. Pepper's" as sung by Sam Cooke, but retrophobes shouldn't be put off by such nostalgic hyperbole: like Prince, D'Arby recognizes the difference between imitation and inspiration. With Buffalo Tom, Candlebox, and others. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 473-7171. Oct. 2 at 8.)

Tears for Fears—In the eighties, Tears for Fears was a savvy modern rock duo that fit scrumptious melodies into elegant arrangements. Then Curt Smith left the band to pursue a solo career, and Tears became Roland Orzabal's solo act. His first album as such, "Elemental," was released earlier this year, and has spawned the buoyant hit single "Break It Down Again," which is anything but lonely Tear pop. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Oct. 5 at 8.)

"Highlights in Jazz"—The twenty-first season opens with Al Grey, Slide Hampton, and George Masso. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. Sept. 30 at 8.)

Farafina—A troupe of musicians, vocalists, and dancers from Burkina Faso. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Oct. 1 at 8.)

Michael Franks—With George Howard. (Beacon Theatre. 496-7070. Oct. 1 at 8.)

Billy Joel—Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Oct. 2 and Oct. 4 at 8. Through Oct. 12.

Abida Parveen—Performing Sufi songs of Pakistan. (Symphony Space. Oct. 2 at 8.)

Marian McPartland—In a benefit concert. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. 1-718 789-2493. Oct. 3 at 2.)

Dimi Mint Abba—A vocalist from Mauritania. (Symphony Space. Oct. 3 at 8.)

ROCK AND FOLK

Academy, 234 W. 43rd St.—In the heart of the theatre district, a haven for those whose musical tastes run left of "Tommy." The Academy often showcases college-rock favorites that are on the verge of breaking big—sort of an MTV Buzz Bin for live performance. The **Juliana Hatfield Three** appears on Oct. 1. A former member of Blake Babies, Hatfield doesn't enjoy being a girl very much, but critics seem to relish her tales of post-feminist self-loathing and post-adolescent ennui. Perhaps it's her clear, supple voice

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RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A highly selective list of brand-new releases we're curious to hear.

NEIL DIAMOND, "Up on the Roof—Songs from the Brill Building" (*Columbia*).

RIC OCASEK, "Quickchange World" (*Warner*).

KRS ONE, "Return of Da Boom-Bap" (*Jive/RCA*).

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, "Spare Ass Annie and Other Tales" (*Island*).

GOLDEN PALOMINOS, "This Is How It Feels" (*Restless*).

DE LA SOUL, "Buhloone Mind State" (*Tommy Boy*).

"Short Cuts" Soundtrack (*Imago*).

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that so endears her to the rock intelligentsia, or her surprisingly intuitive way with an axe—a guitar, that is. Hatfield's guests will be the progressive bands **MADDER ROSE** and **SCARCE**. *For concert information, call 249-8870.*

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This big, airy folk-and-rock club used to be the site of a lot of music-industry bashes, but now it's an eclectic and hard-to-figure-out venue for the good, the bad, and (sometimes still) the great. On Sept. 30: **THE STORY,** two honey-voiced young folkies, both female, who craft wry, melodic songs and render them with an enchanting acoustic grace. **ADRIAN BELEW** performs on Oct. 1. Belew is best known for his innovative guitar work, which sounds like just about everything except old-fashioned guitar music. His repertoire includes the sounds of elephants, rhinoceroses, and taxis in traffic, all performed with tasteful restraint. Belew has added spice to records by Talking Heads, Paul Simon, and Laurie Anderson, to name a few, and he has released several excellent solo records, but he's never attained the mainstream recognition he deserves. This solo acoustic show, billed as "extremely unplugged," is certainly a departure, but you can bet he's brought his fuzz box.

CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—A small peach-walled storefront, Sin-é is usually given over to an earthy crowd that drinks Rolling Rock or espresso and waits for some Irish musician or other to blow in and play a set. On Oct. 5: **DOROTHY SCOTT,** a singer-songwriter with a bluesy folk sensibility.

GRAND, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A cross between an old-fashioned split-level night club and a parking garage decorated for a senior prom. Guitar hero **ROBIN TROWER** comes to the club on Sept. 29. On Sept. 30: tasty alternative pop with the **CRANES** and special guest **MORPHINE.**

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A two-tiered honky-tonk that looks as if it could have been the inspiration for the Hard Rock Café. (It wasn't, of course; money was.) On Oct. 1: the **NERDS,** a bunch of good-time rockers whose campy insouciance has endeared them to club audiences around the metropolitan area. Following the Nerds, coincidentally, are the Jocks, on Oct. 2. Dining.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. The **VERLAINES** headline on Oct. 3. Named after the French poet, this New Zealand-based band plays artsy, deftly syncopated rock. **ZUZU'S PETALS** and the **SPINANES** complete the bill.

ROSELAND, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—The vast floor here can accommodate ballroom dancing, and does so on Thursday and Sunday evenings. On other nights, Roseland becomes another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers holding forth. The veteran hardcore band **BAD RELIGION** performs on Oct. 1. Its guitarist plays and writes under the name Mr. Brett, but on weekdays he adopts another persona—that of Brett Gurewitz, owner of Epitaph Records, a respected L.A.-based indie label. Bad Religion was scooped up by Atlantic Records recently, but on its current record, "Recipe for Hate," the group retains its raw, urgent, strangely buoyant energy. With guests Green Day and Seaweed.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing in Manhattan to a rain forest. Salsa king **TITO PUENTE** appears on Oct. 4. On Oct. 5, something of a multicultural phenomenon: Japanese dance-hall-reggae star **NAHKI.** Dining. Closed Sundays.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Zydeco, soul, blues, and rock are the main orders of business here. The great New Orleans R. & B. singer **IRMA THOMAS** appears with the Professionals on Oct. 1. More Crescent City soul will be available on Oct. 2, when pianist **DR. JOHN** brings the South north. Dining.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Home to an endless Summer of Love. Wetlands is a groovy, psychedelic, thoroughly Green night club. On Sept. 30: engaging neo-folk, with pop and classical influences, from **JOHN & MARY.** John is John Lombardo, co-founder and original guitarist of 10,000 Maniacs; his current partner, Mary Ramsey, is a classically trained violinist. They'll be joined at Wetlands by musicians who have played in such bands as the Violent Femmes and the Psychedelic Furs.

STANDARDS AND CABARET

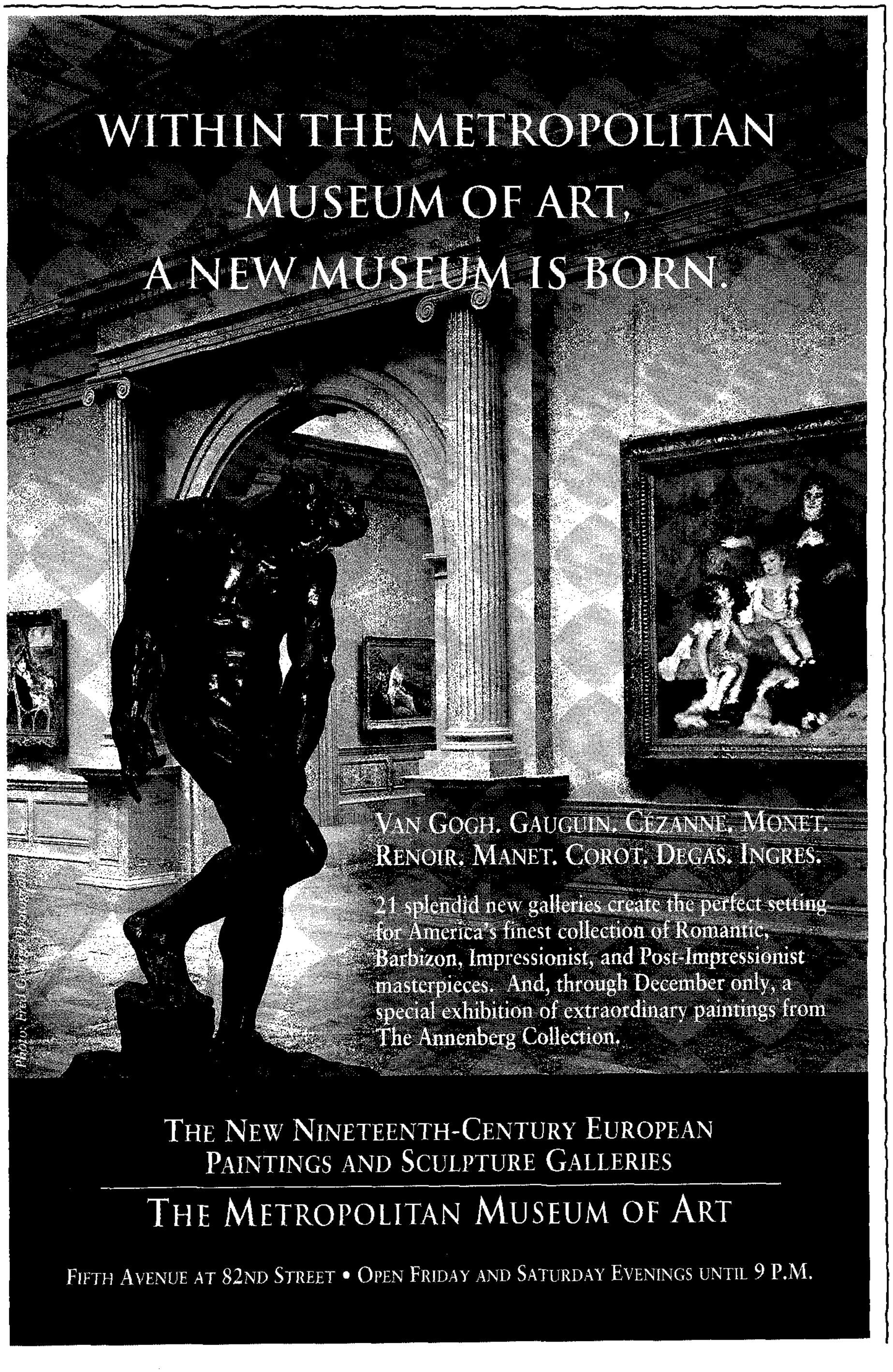
ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—"Peter Howard Celebrates Broadway," a musical-theatre tribute featuring veteran performers **LEE ROY REAMS** and **JEANNE LEHMAN,** continues this week. Howard has been a musical director, conductor, dance arranger, and composer for a number of Broadway hits, with credits including "My Fair Lady" and "Carnival." Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home once again to the sublime soprano of **BARBARA COOK** and the skillful piano work of her longtime accompanist **WALLY HARPER.** . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The main dining room strives for the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. Still, there's a real nice red telephone booth when you walk in the door. The legendary **MEL TORMÉ** continues his not-to-be-missed engagement this week.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret with plenty of niceties. The warm, earthy singer and sometime actress **LAINIE KAZAN** continues all this week. Closed Mondays.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—A new season at this intimate, upstairs cabaret begins on Oct. 1 with an evening of song classics from the forties, featuring **PHILLIP OFFICER** (who will reprise his show Fridays through Oct. 22). Oct. 3 is entrusted to Karen Morrow, and Oct. 4 to Hal David, with Freda Payne and Corky Hale. Dining.



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JAZZ AND BLUES

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Once you get past the rough bits here—the hordes of tourists, the cattle-car seating, the stiff prices—you're likely to find yourself face to face with some of the biggest names in jazz. **LIONEL HAMPTON & THE GOLDEN MEN OF JAZZ** play throughout this week. Time has imbued the music of vibraphonist Hampton and his all-star group with that much more personality and resonance. The seasoned front line—trumpeters Clark Terry and Harry (Sweets) Edison, saxophonist James Moody, and trombonist Al Grey—is magnificent. Drummer Grady Tate, pianist Junior Mance, and former Armstrong bassist Arvell Shaw make up the able rhythm section. The **DAVE BRUBECK** quartet checks in on Oct. 5.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A venerable piano-and-bass preserve. Through Oct. 2: the pianist **MULGREW MILLER,** who has played with Betty Carter and Art Blakey, among others. Miller's latest album, "Hand to Hand," boasts a stellar supporting cast, including vibraphonist **STEVE NELSON,** who'll be appearing with him for this engagement.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—A softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz grotto. **JIMMY MC GRIFF** (on a Hammond B3 organ) and **HANK CRAWFORD** (on saxophone) are here through Oct. 3. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. Through Oct. 2: pianist **LEE MUSIKER** teams up with bassist **SCOTT COLLEY.**

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine where you have to pass within inches of the stage to reach the rest rooms. The **NAT ADDERLEY** quintet appears through Oct. 3, with **VINCE HERRING, ROB BARGAD, WALTER BOOKER,** and **JIMMY COBB.** An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—In the center of this legendary tourist haven is the jazz-oriented Chestnut Room. The club, which resembles a hunting lodge, is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishment, but the bookings are impressive. Through Oct. 3, **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** the last of the great swing-era tenor saxophonists, pilots America's last great big band. Jacquet's arrangements call to mind the rough-and-tumble charm of Count Basie and Lionel Hampton—leaders the young Jacquet apprenticed with. Dining.

Time Café, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden within this trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is a sleek and comfortable spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, Charles Mingus. **JOE HENRY** appears on Sept. 29. Henry is married to one of Madonna's siblings, but he obviously doesn't share his sister-in-law's gift for attracting hype; otherwise, the singer's quirky, haunting acoustic ballads, with their delicately potent country and folk textures, would by now have garnered him more than a cult following. Henry's new album is called "Kindness of the World," and, like its four predecessors, it's a modest gem. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. Guitarist **BILL FRISELL,** who covers everyone from Aaron Copland to the Material Girl on his recent album, "Have a Little Faith," continues here with a trio through Oct. 3. **PINETOP PERKINS** appears on Oct. 5-6. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.**

RADIO WEST 43RD STREET

(The following are some of the songs we've been listening to, humming, playing over and over, and otherwise including on our own hit parade. Updates of this list will appear occasionally in future issues.)

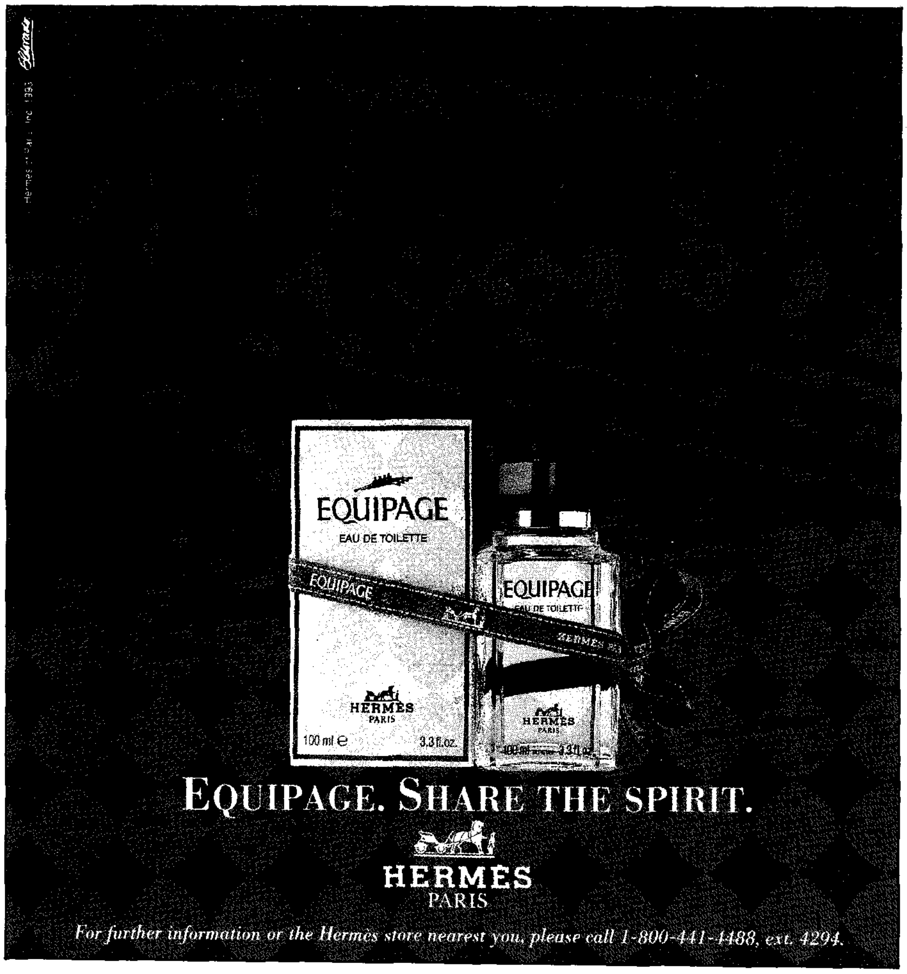
Savanna Dance (Deep Forest, "Deep Forest")
Crazy Mary (Pearl Jam, "Sweet Relief: A Benefit for Victoria Williams")
Runaway Wind (Paul Westerberg, "14 Songs")
My Lonely Sad Eyes (Maria McKee, "You Gotta Sin to Get Saved")
Every Time You Go (The Devlins, "Drift")
State of Mind (Clint Black, "No Time to Kill")
Bring Me Your Cup (UB40, "Promises and Lies")
Come Tomorrow (Patti Scialfa, "Rumble Doll")
Stupid Thing (Aimee Mann, "Whatever")
Johnny Mathis's Feet (American Music Club, "Mercury")
Mr. Man in the Moon (Patti Loveless, "Only What I Feel")
Jupiter and Teardrop (Grant Lee Buffalo, "Fuzzy")
Venus as a Boy (Bjork, "Début")
Eurotrash Girl (Cracker, "Kerosene Hat")

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

MOM and Dad brought the kids to Wigstock, skinheads partied at the Barneys opening, an ex-bathhouse diva named Bette is S.R.O.-ing at Radio City, and def American Russell Simmons seems to turn up in gossip columns as often as Carolina Herrera. Can anyone still be harboring foolish notions about a wall dividing downtown and uptown sensibilities? If so, then the following will trash such notions, sure as your son is dancing to RuPaul.

In an unabashed attempt to undermine nightcrawlers' current predisposition for clear liquors, Dewar's Scotch lured Susanne Bartsch out of her semi-sabbatical to spin her magic Rolodex and hypnotize her funsy people into coming (along pathways lined with flashlight-wielding security resembling the search for E. T.) to Central Park's Wollman Rink for an 86-proof midnight soirée under a mirror ball suspended from a crane. Bartsch's beckoning call produced a crowd more diverse than the Banana Republic ads, a mob that has grown out of sectarian preoccupations. But the hostess, in skin-tights, has grown, too. She's pregnant. What's more, she's getting married. "Imagine us, respectable—sort of," she said, contentedly hugging David Barton, her gym-dandy fiancé. The wedding, of course, will be fabulous. RuPaul may be the best man.

Too early, Bartsch had to go home, "to rest my buns—all of them." She fluffed her swell-concealing baby-doll-style nightie, bid farewell to her aide-de-camp, the Baronessa, and disappeared into the Park. So she never heard the two blue-blazered Dewar's stalwarts badgering the bartender for the address of Jackie 60. "Do you think we'll fit in?" one of them asked. Not to worry.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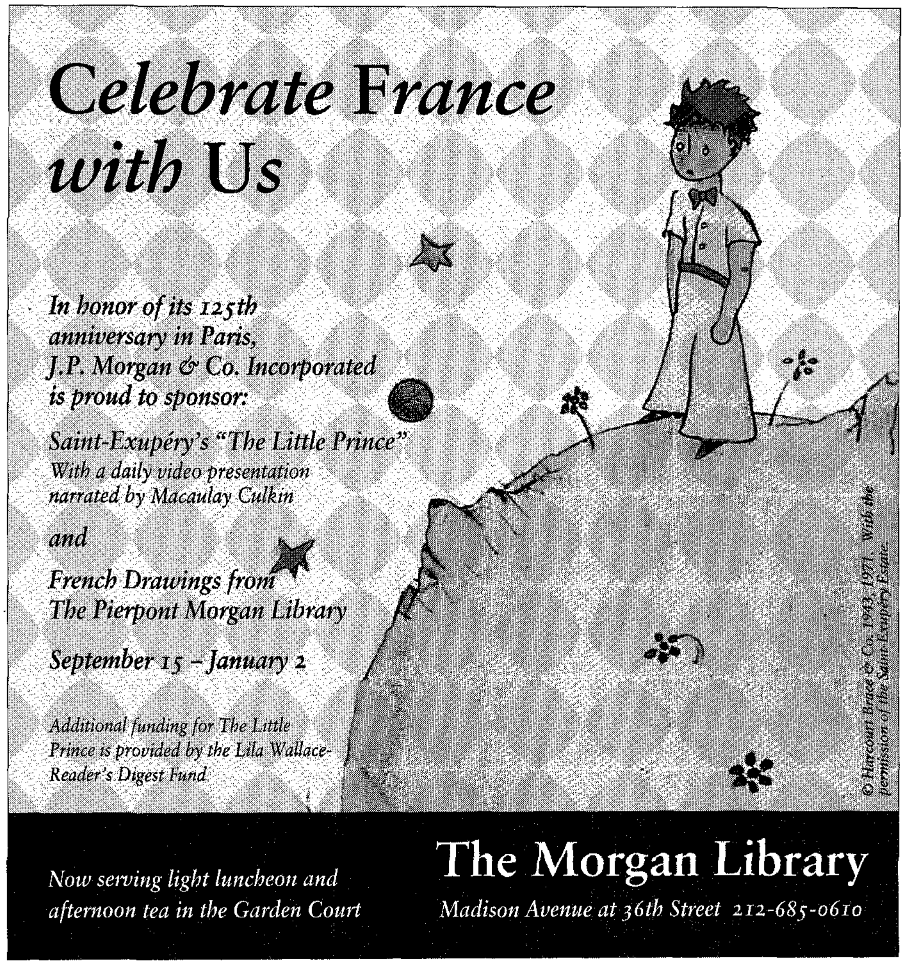
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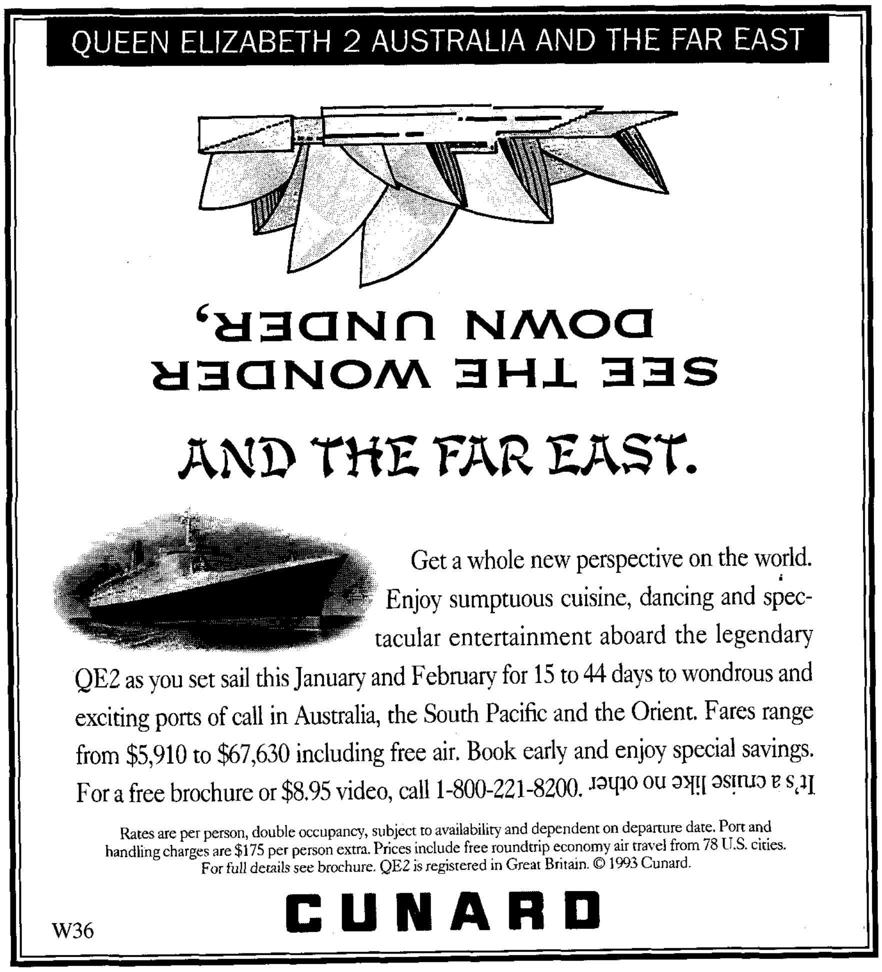
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CUNARD

W36

ART

Passing Through

VIJA CELMINS, whose travelling retrospective of thirty years' work may now be seen at the Whitney Museum (through November 28), is one of our master cartographers of the Void. The show begins with the artist's mid-sixties portraits of dorm-room objects like space heaters, hot plates, and goosenecked reading lamps and culminates with her most recent paintings of oceans, deserts, and galaxies—works so intently detailed as to seem abstract. Taken as a whole, the exhibition suggests something like a map of the voyage of an obdurate self through a series of immutable conditions.

Celmins' actual peregrinations began during the Second World War, when she was a child refugee from Latvia. In 1948, at the age of ten, she emigrated with her family from East Germany to New York and settled the following year in Indianapolis. Between 1963 and 1981, Celmins lived in Venice, California. For the last twelve years she has lived in Manhattan. The imprint of some or even all of these places may be sensed in various pieces, but the low moan of homesickness seems to emanate from all her work. This haunting note of what might be called Americanized otherness brings to mind images from the nineteen-fifties by another chronic nomad, the Swiss-born photographer Robert Frank.

This retrospective is an exquisitely paced essay on loneliness—a grand theme conveyed in fuguelike fashion through the many topographical studies to which Celmins has devoted herself exclusively over the past twenty years. The dynamic high points of the show, however, come early on, with the artist's sixties work. In addition to the depictions of homely objects, viewers will find Celmins' equally subdued paintings of smoking pistols and German warplanes, a curious array of trompe-l'oeil painted objects, and her modest, grayish 1966 "Freeway," a through-the-windshield angle on asphalt and alienation that may just be the definitive road picture of twentieth-century American painting.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Jefferson Burdick (1900-63), an electrician by trade, set out to assemble the world's largest collection of baseball cards, and some of his acquisitions are now on view in the American Wing, a few steps away from the Temple of Dendur. The cards date from 1887 to 1958 and are a charming chronicle of baseball's development, from the sartorial (knickers and drawstring jerseys) to the tonsorial (haircuts, mustachios, and mutton-chops that would make Don Mattingly blush). . . . ¶ The museum's new Nineteenth-Century European Painting and Sculpture galleries are now open, featuring, among other works, van Gogh's "Wheat Field with Cypresses" (recently purchased for a cool fifty-seven million and then given to the Met). . . . ¶ Jade, gold objects, sculpture, ceramics, and textiles from China, Japan, Korea, the Indian subcontinent, and Southeast Asia, dating from circa 2200 B.C. to the eighteenth century—the crème de la crème from the museum's Far East collection. . . . ¶ "Versailles 1973: American Fashion on the World Stage." The title of this exhibition refers to the unprecedented occasion when five American fashion designers were invited to join their French counterparts on the runway, evidently to resounding effect. The apparel on view here was chosen, however, not so much to document the Versailles epiphany as to evoke certain intrinsically "American" qualities in fashion. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A four-decade retrospective of the work of Robert Ryman, a minimalist best known for his elegant, entirely white paintings. . . . ¶ A "sculptural video" installation by John Sturgeon. . . . ¶ "Marco Zanuso and Richard Sapper: Selections from the Design Collection." Twenty objects, including televisions, appliances, and chairs, all designed between 1959 and 1978. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday and Friday evenings until 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum presents Rebecca Horn, a German artist whose work incorporates all manner of objects, from feathers to pistols to mercury—everything except old-fashioned paint and canvas. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—More than seventy paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints by Paul Klee (1879-1940). Through Oct. 31. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A thirty-year retrospective featuring more than fifty paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by Vija Celmins. . . . ¶ "Hand-Painted Pop" includes early works by Rauschenberg, Johns, Warhol, and Rosenquist, and by such less well known artists as Jean Follett and Jess. Through Oct. 10. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Cuba, as seen in photographs, drawings, and biological specimens, including the skull of a previously unknown species of monkey. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Crash! Art Implants Reject Emotions," a new lobby installation by the French artist Patrice Caire, in which the focal points are two computer animations based on magnetic resonance images of her hand and her brain. Opens Oct. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Gertrud and Otto Natzler: Collaborations/Solitude" showcases the elegant contributions to twentieth-century ceramics of this husband-and-wife team. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ "Edible Drawings" by John Cage. Experiments in handmade paper by the late composer. Through Oct. 10. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Korean Arts of the Eighteenth Century: Splendor & Simplicity" includes more than a hundred and twenty paintings, as well as ceramics, furniture, textiles, and imperial regalia. Opens Oct. 3. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—"From the Inside Out" features eight contemporary international artists, including Christian Boltanski and Nancy Spero. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of five centuries' worth of French drawings and prints, from Jacquemart de Hesdin to Gauguin. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Face of the Gods: Art and Altars of Africa and the African Americas" examines various forms of the altar in African civilization, from Bahia to the Bronx. The exhibit will include reconstructed historical altars, altars from South America and the Caribbean, and specially commissioned altars by contemporary artists. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Dreams and Shadows: Thomas H. Hotchkiss in Nineteenth-Century Italy." More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and watercolors by this Hudson River School master. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with shows opening this week.)

John Duff—Recent abstract sculptures of painted fibreglass. Opens Oct. 1. Through Oct. 30. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Boris Margo—An exhibition revealing this Russian painter's evolution from Surrealism to abstraction during the years 1932-52. Opens Sept. 30. Through Nov. 13. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St.)

Stone Roberts / Leland Bell (1922-91)—Realistic portraits and still-lifes. / Paintings from his "Morning" series, self-portraits, and other works. Opens Oct. 5. Through Oct. 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

David Smalley / Andrée Ruellan—Abstract kinetic sculptures designed to be propelled by the wind. / Works on paper, dating from 1920 to 1980, on a wide range of subjects. Opens Oct. 2. Through Oct. 30. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

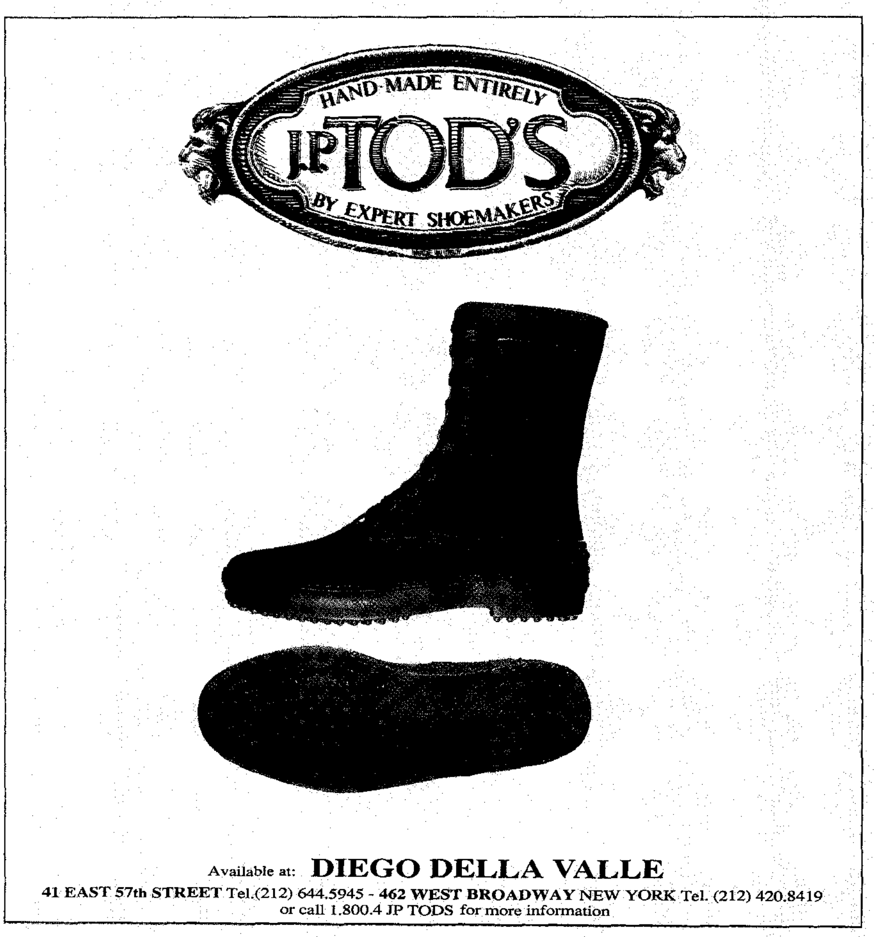
Mario Toral—Organic landscapes with floating, contorted figures by this Chilean artist. Opens Sept. 29. Through Oct. 23. (Americas, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jane Wilson—Luminous abstract landscapes in oil. Opens Sept. 30. Through Oct. 23. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

•

Willem de Kooning / Jean Dubuffet (1901-85)—The idea behind this show of paintings from the mid-eighties is a little weird. It's called "De Kooning/Dubuffet: The Late Works," but given the organizers' emphasis on the venerable age of the artists when they did these paintings, it might as well be subtitled "The Years of Dotage." The implied comparison is less between de Kooning and Dubuffet than between them and great-grandpa Picasso, painting in his senescence with all the fervor of youth, as if staving off the inevitable. The paintings themselves, however, are splendid. The de Koonings, especially, glow with inner light, as graphic stripes of red, yellow, and blue brushwork skim resplendent white surfaces. The Dubuffets, naturally, remain a much rougher affair, the lines cutting and insistent, the colors loud and confrontational. The contrasts between these artists are obvious enough, but their faith in the integrity of painting untouched by the doubts of minimalism, Conceptualism, and Pop provides a strong subterranean link. Through Oct. 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Gerhard Richter—This artist's most recent abstractions include a quartet of brilliant blue-green blurs that resemble huge underwater Polaroids and a group of multicolor grid paintings that suggest greatly magnified closeups of the weave of opulent silk fabrics. These bounteous works have terrific visual impact and are impressive technically, yet they are beginning to seem inevitable and rather like top-of-the-line painting products. Richter's Photo-Realist flip side is represented here by a single smallish still-life,



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Anne's lace, the delicate veins of a cabbage leaf) relies heavily on the Dutch seventeenth-century tradition, and yet the haunting visual impact of his works—they look like photographs taken at midnight and overexposed—is entirely modern. In nine untitled works, Faith Wilding manipulates medieval imagery—juxtaposing a woman's face and skirt with a masculine breastplate—in visually striking constructions that call into question sexual stereotypes. Tom Knechtel combines the tropes of commedia dell'arte with a confrontational sensuality; in "Cocodrillo" the male subject's sombre expression and ruffled collar visually jar with his muscular nude torso. Also of interest: Josie Robertson's Victorian-like tableaux. Through Oct. 23. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Helene Brandt—Architectonic steel sculptures of evolutionary forms. Through Oct. 16. (Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St.)

Craig Fisher—Large raw canvases that have been stained, spotted, and drawn on. Through Oct. 23. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Viola Frey—Unimaginably large ceramic figures—you have to wonder, How are they *fired*? There are also two groups of smaller figures and animals crowded together incongruously on pedestals, and a twenty-five-foot-long tile wall, which, though it is a technical marvel, is pale in comparison. Through Oct. 20. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Allan Graham—Door panels painted and detailed with boreholes, hinges, and peepholes. Through Oct. 13. (Fawbush, 76 Grand St.)

William Hawkins (1895-1990)—Paintings by a self-taught artist. Through Oct. 25. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

Roni Horn—A new sculpture installation, "When Dickinson Shut Her Eyes," in which each line of an Emily Dickinson poem is cast in an aluminum-and-plastic bar and propped upright against a wall. (They read vertically.) Through Oct. 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Peter Hristoff—Paintings by a New York artist whose Turkish heritage is evident in his work's imagery, sense of color, and small scale. Through Oct. 9. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

Richard Kalina—New paintings, some in which the artist continues his use of the grid and collage, others in which he has dropped the grid for biomorphic forms. Through Oct. 30. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid—A series of paintings about a fictional suicide in a New Jersey motel room, and a number of proposals in the form of maquettes for the reuse of totalitarian monuments in the former U.S.S.R. Through Oct. 16. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Jonathan Lasker—Recent large-scale works with contrasting surfaces and thickly painted marks. Through Oct. 23. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Mark Millof—Millof squeezes tube after tube of paint on canvas to create a mostly monochromatic, thickly textured surface. Through Oct. 9. (Stux, 163 Mercer St.)

Robert Morris—A double exhibition: Four large-scale sculptures, made in California in 1991, of precariously balanced industrial I-beams, described by the gallery as *very minimal.* Through Oct. 23. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.) . . . ¶ The fourth in a series of "blind-time" drawings, for which the artist, blindfolded, rubbed graphite onto paper and then documented the process at the bottom of each work. Through Oct. 23. (Castelli, 578 Broadway.)

Kathy Muehlemann—Grisaille paintings with scarified surfaces. Through Oct. 13. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

Peter Nadin—Striking paintings enlivened by the febrile intensity of Nadin's brushwork and the dreamy melancholy of his images. Through Oct. 9. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Dona Nelson—Paintings from the past three years, which have the aura of reveries. Through Oct. 23. (Klein, 594 Broadway.)

Nam June Paik—Prints and multiple video works from the past ten years. Through Oct. 23. (Sigma, 379 West Broadway.)

Christian Schuman—This twenty-three-year-old Texan crams his hectic, amphetamine-pumped canvases with so many references to other artists and illustrators that one's head spins. Carol Dunham, Donald Baechler, R. Crumb, and Jean-Michel Basquiat are only a few of the more obvious sources, yet, in their breathless enthusiasm, these paintings *scarcely seem derivative. They're funny, too.* Through Oct. 9. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

Andrew Spence—Bold abstract paintings in luminous colors. Through Oct. 16. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Alan Uglow—Paintings and three-dimensional forms. Through Oct. 9. (Stark, 594 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Joan Witek—Witek has been probing the complexities of black for twenty years, and her latest paintings (on canvas and Masonite, applied with rag) and watercolors (on paper, applied with brush) are deeply absorbing. The paintings are characterized by a central white-and-black rectangle or square (a mini-abstract in itself), vibrating horizontal white lines, and a sensuous texture. The watercolors are evocations of the artist's concern with "control and accident." Through Oct. 16. (Cevern, 304 Mulberry St. Thursdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Robert Yarber—Yarber seems to be drawn to the effects of natural and artificial light merging over resort-moderne buildings and suburban landscapes. In some of his best new paintings, Yarber's cool eye is trained upon Italian venues. Through Oct. 9. (Sonnabe[illegible] 420 West Broadway.)

"Gone Beyond Gone"—Three new installations by Les Levine, Osvaldo Romberg, and Nancy Spero in collaboration with Abe Frajndlich. The curator says they are "going in different directions with completely different stylistic approaches." Through Oct. 23. (Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway.)

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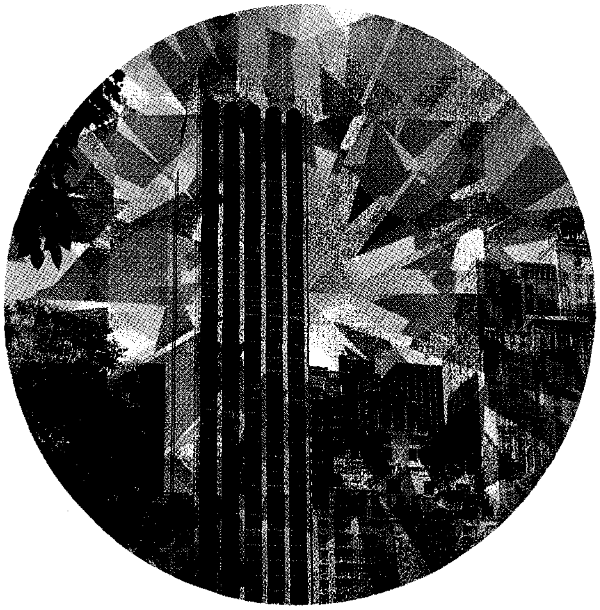

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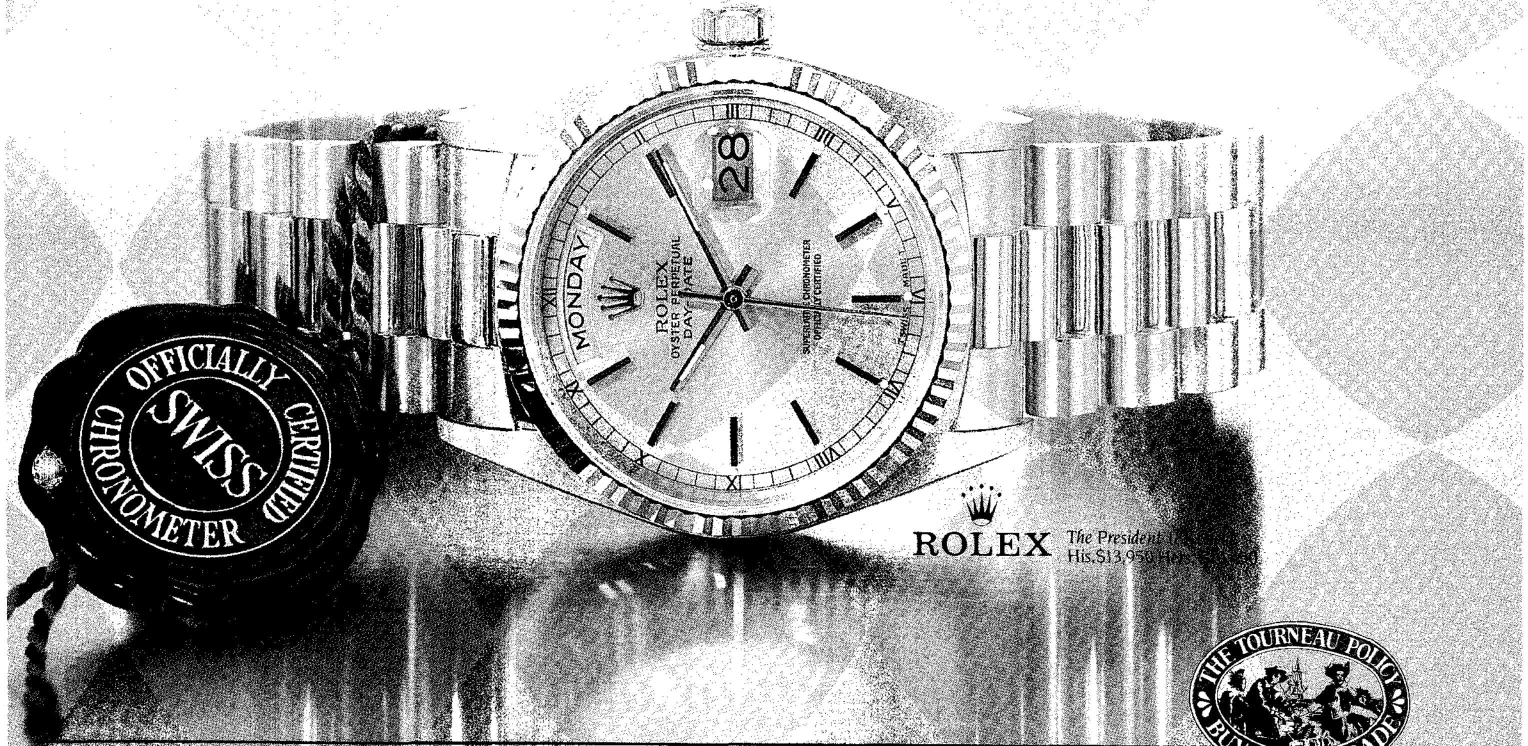
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46 EAST 61 ST. NEW YORK, NY 10021 (212) 980-7961 of techniques, approaches, and influences on view suggests that the medium, however imperilled, is flourishing somehow. Leslie Wayne glops it on wood until it resembles glued-on folds of cloth, then deconstructs it by peeling some back; Milton Resnick builds up a richly textured liver-colored impasto; Cora Cohen uses marble dust and enamel to create a gleaming, splashed surface; Louise Fishman applies bold swaths with rollers. Through Oct. 2. (Painting Center, 52 Greene St.)

"Personal Imagery, Chicago/New York"—Nine artists from each city, who work with imagery as opposed to abstraction. Through Oct. 30. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

AUCTIONS

Sotheby's—The auction house where Ming, Chippendale, and the like have been the order of the day for nearly two hundred years has trained its sights on something a little more of the moment. On Oct. 5, at 10:15 and 2, work by a hundred and fifty contemporary artists who use mixed mediums and high technology goes on the block. It's the first time the three departments involved—painting, prints, and photography—have collaborated. The roster is a veritable *Who's Who:* Christo, David Hockney, Robert Mapplethorpe, Andy Warhol, Cindy Sherman, and on and on. One of the pieces that have drawn the highest estimates—forty to sixty thousand dollars—is David Salle's "The Highest Point in France," a reverse oil on canvas of shimmering glasses against a black ground and a center panel of a mysterious barebacked figure. There are also a few discoveries, such as Eduardo Paolozzi's "Bash," a goofy silk-screen of outstretched hands tipsily balancing coffee cups, which has an estimate of a mere five to six hundred dollars ("very light soiling in the margins"). If you don't care to raise a pinkie finger, you can treat the event as an exhibition: the works are on view from Sept. 30 through Oct. 4. (York Ave. at 72nd St. For information, call 606-7000.)

Self-portrait by photographer Luis González Palma (Lowinsky).

Christie's—Ryohei Ishikawa, a Tokyo businessman, has decided to part with his collection of United States postage stamps—to the tune of nine to twelve million dollars—produced between 1847 and 1869, including classic American issues depicting the Pony Express, Christopher Columbus, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and the expanding railroad. (Park Ave. at 59th St. Sept. 29, at 10 and 2. For information, call 546-1000.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mediums

An exquisite exhibition of vintage prints by the French photographer Eugène Druet (1868-1917), at the Sander Gallery (19 East 76th Street, through October 30), is the first New York show dedicated entirely to Druet's work. The pictures are spectacular examples of the way that photographs not only can be art but can also take us into the heart of sculpture. All the prints here are studies of works by Auguste Rodin, and they communicate Rodin's genius by conveying the qualities that give his art such presence: shape, detail, material, shadow, light, image, and abstraction. As translations, they are utterly knowing. In fact, the photographs were really collaborations between Druet and Rodin: the sculptor was deeply involved in the process of making the photographs, which Druet shot between 1896 and 1916, and some of the prints were signed by both men. Druet, a neighbor of Rodin's in Paris, began as an amateur photographer; the intensity of his engagement and passion proves that, as Blake said, "enthusiasm is the all in all." Photographs of works of art often offer only vague and superficial impressions of what's really there. Not so with these visceral images. They're even more remarkable than the photographs Brancusi took of *his* sculpture—and that's saying something.

Jo Ann Callis—Large-scale color prints of objects draped in opulent fabrics. Through Nov. 6. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Robert Doisneau—A sizable retrospective, including the famous 1950 photograph, "The Kiss at the Hôtel de Ville." In general, the sense of narrative and the pure wit of much of his work are superb. Through Oct. 23. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Ed Van Der Elsken (1925-90)—A three-decade retrospective called "Street Life." Through Oct. 16. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

Luis González Palma—New gelatin silver prints, some with oil and collage, by this Guatemalan photographer. Through Oct. 30. (Lowinsky, 575 Broadway.)

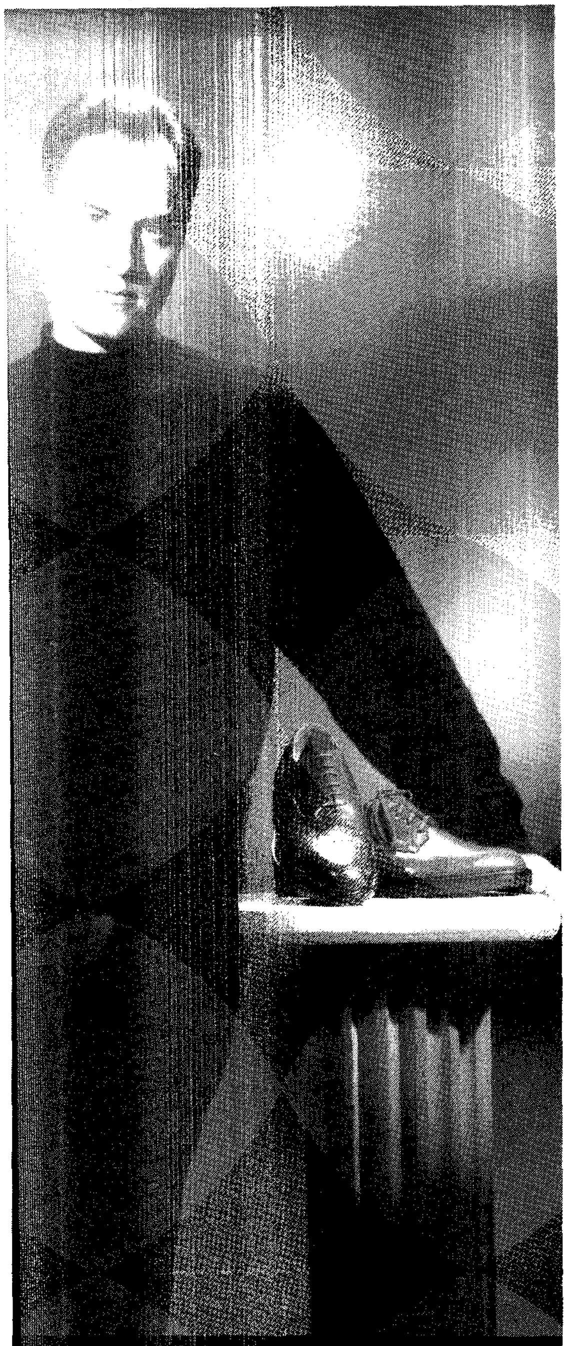
Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—Hine is best known for his harsh realist photography, particularly his work documenting Ellis Island, child labor, industrial squalor, and the construction of the Empire State Building. Through Nov. 13. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

Eikoh Hosoe—Work by one of Japan's most distinguished photographers. Through Oct. 16. (Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St.)

George Platt Lynes (1907-55)—A first-rate exhibition of vintage photographs from the archives of the Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender, and Reproduction. Through Oct. 30. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl.)

Sylvia Plachy—Recent photographs of New York street life. (Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—Photographs from the collection of Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Oct. 23. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)



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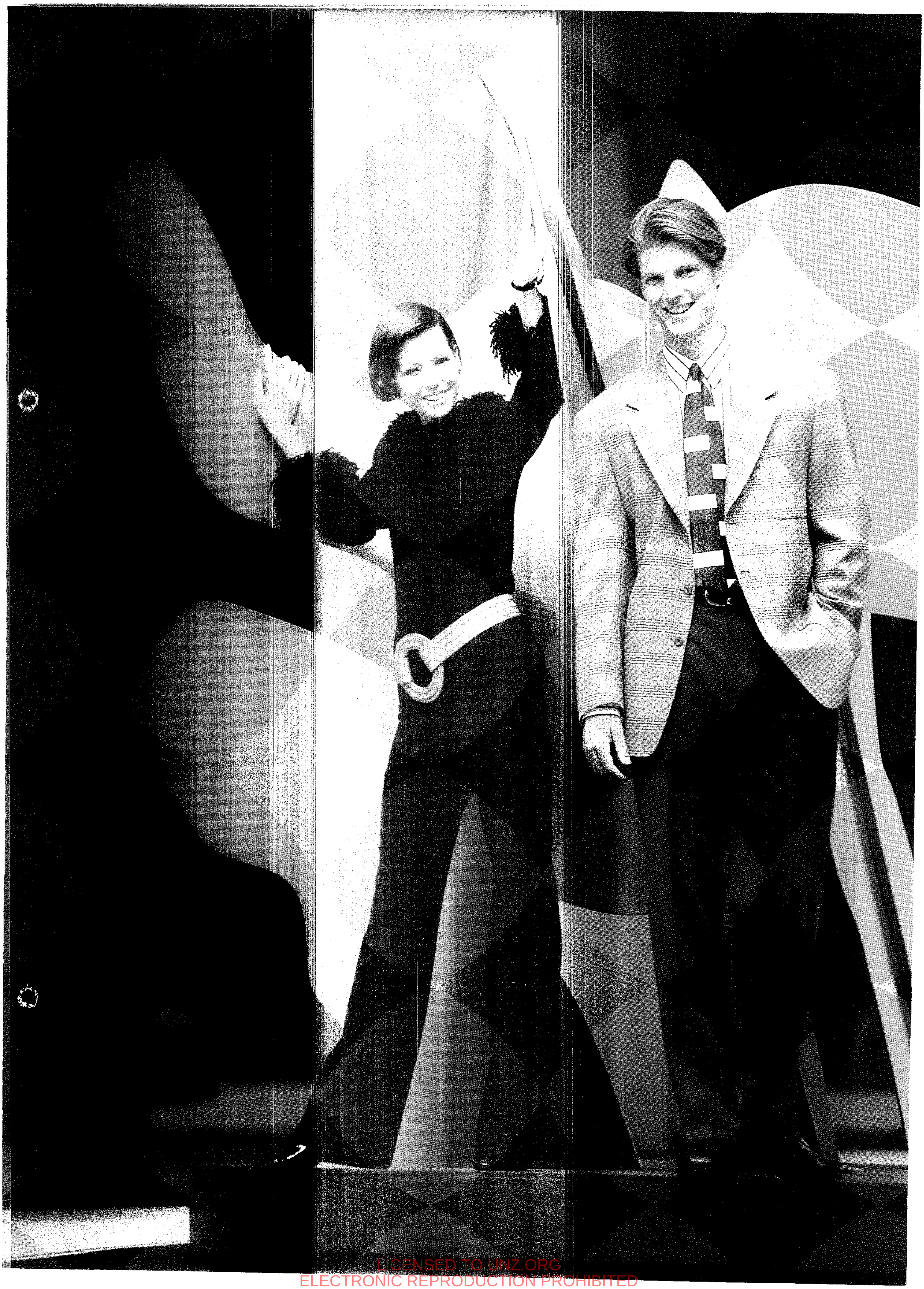

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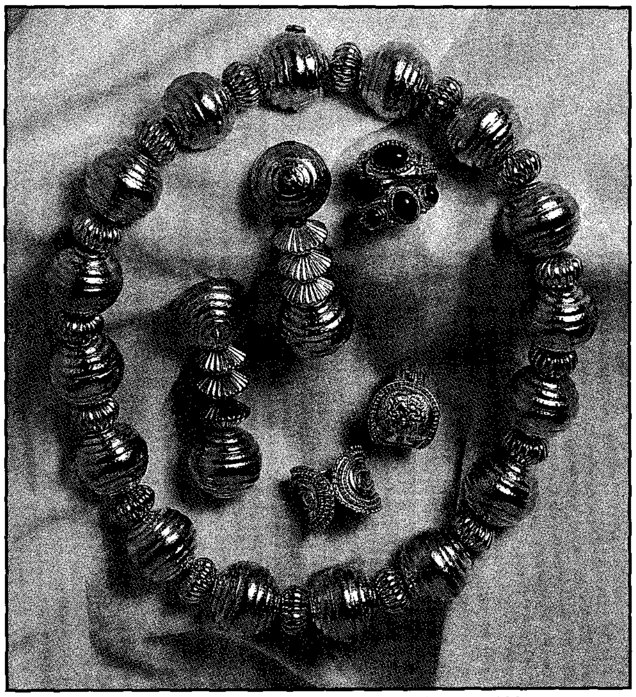

Photo by George Chinsee

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CLASSICAL MUSIC

Evening the Scores

SINCE composers are forever proclaiming how much they love great literature, why, the actor Christopher Plummer wonders, do they often treat authors nonchalantly when surrounding their words with music? Take Mendelssohn's incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the most justly famous of all Shakespearean settings. Look in the standard editions of Mendelssohn's score, and you'll find Shakespeare's play reduced, Plummer complains, to "a few fairies and a bit of Puck." Plummer wonders, "If the composer had been inspired by the author's work in the first place, why would he have given the words such an unjust hearing?"

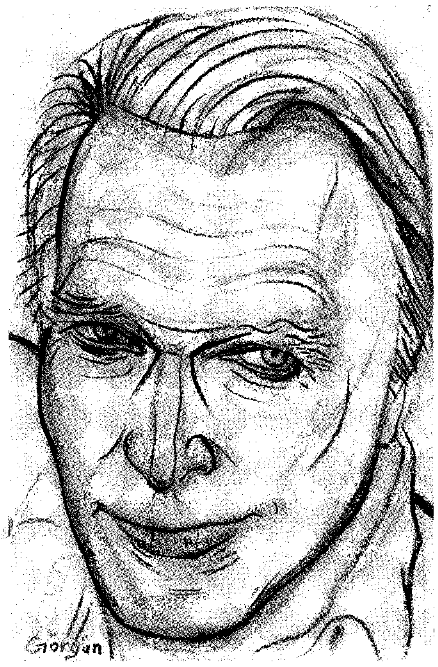
Plummer (whose Iago, Macbeth, and Mark Antony—among many other roles—attest to his sympathy for the bard) has begun to address this perceived indifference, throwing out the dramatic snippets that litter the scores of classic incidental music and replacing them with elaborate condensations that offer a coherent story and dramatic unity. "Peer Gynt" (with Grieg's score), "Henry V" (Walton), and "Ivan the Terrible" (Prokofiev) have all undergone Plummer's textual reworking, and a Shakespeare/Mendelssohn/Plummer "Midsummer Night's Dream" will receive its first hearing on October 2-3 at the 92nd Street Y. Mendelssohn's contribution will be entrusted to conductor Gerard Schwarz and the New York Chamber Symphony, and the actor will supply his "scenario," as he calls it, introducing not just Puck and the usual fairies but also Theseus ("to reinject some irony into the piece"), Oberon ("for the black, ominous wickedness"), and Bottom and his buddies ("to suggest the predicaments mortals get into"), not to mention a few speeches from the frustrated lovers. "It's a new world in terms of medium," says Plummer. "This way, you have two great scores on the stage—Mendelssohn's *and* Shakespeare's."

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**FIDELIO,** with Gabriela Beňačková, Marie McLaughlin, Gary Lakes, Robert Hale, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Hermann Michael. (Sept. 30 and Oct. 2 at 8.) . . . **MADAMA BUTTERFLY,** with Yoko Watanabe, Wendy White, Richard Leech, and Lucio Gallo; Christian Badea. (Oct. 1 and Oct. 5 at 8.) . . . **TOSCA,** with Maria Guleghina, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; Julius Rudel. (Oct. 2 at 1:30.) . . . **DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE,** with Dawn Upshaw, Elizabeth Carter, Jerry Hadley, Mark Oswald, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. (Oct. 4 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—**THE MIKADO.** (Sept. 29 at 7:30 and Oct. 2 at 8.) . . . **CARMEN.** (Sept. 30 at 8.) . . . **TURANDOT.** (Oct. 1 at 8.) . . . The final



Christopher Plummer in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

AHMET GÖRGÜN

performance of Michael Tippett's **THE MIDSUMMER MARRIAGE.** (Oct. 2 at 1:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

"La Traviata"—Staged, with a chamber orchestra; featuring soprano Cynthia Springsteen and tenor Franco Pomponi. (Liederkranz Foundation, 6 E. 87th St. 534-0880. Oct. 1 at 8 and Oct. 3 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts Mozart's Symphony No. 36 (the "Linz") and Bruckner's Symphony No. 4. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sept. 30 and Oct. 2 at 8, Oct. 1 at 2, and Oct. 5 at 7:30.)

Symphony for United Nations—Joseph Eger conducts Beethoven's Symphony No. 9, with soprano Sharon Sweet, mezzo-soprano Dolora Zajick, tenor William Lewis, and bass Jerome Hines, and a chorus. Also on the program is the New York première of "Anatomy of Peace," a one-movement suite (for orchestra, children's choir, and child soprano) by Marvin Hamlisch, better known as a composer for the Broadway stage. (Carnegie Hall. Sept. 29 at 7:30. A benefit concert.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Roger Norrington conducts the overture and finale from Beethoven's incidental music to "The Creatures of Prometheus" and his Symphony No. 3, as well as the première of Nicholas Maw's Violin Concerto (featuring Joshua Bell). (Avery Fisher Hall. Sept. 29 at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson leads a concert that will include a visit from the Canadian Brass and the New York première of "Touch of the Earth," a symphonic work by Sherrie Maricle, inspired by Native American traditions. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 1 at 8.)

Juilliard Symphony—Otto-Werner Mueller conducts Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri" Overture, Brahms' Symphony No. 2, and Mozart's D-Minor Piano Concerto (featuring Avner Arad). (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Oct. 1 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

Manhattan School of Music Philharmonia—Glen Cortese serves up a musical banquet for Anglophiles: Holst's "The Planets," Britten's "Four Sea Interludes from 'Peter Grimes,'" and Vaughan Williams' "Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis." (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Oct. 1 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz will lead the orchestra this season in all of Beethoven's symphonies. In this opening concert, he takes on the Fifth. Also on the program is Christopher Plummer, presenting his "musical scenario" after Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," incorporating Mendelssohn's incidental music. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Oct. 2 at 8 and Oct. 3 at 3.)

RECITALS

Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—The flutist and the harpsichordist perform sonatas by Bach, Handel, C. P. E. Bach, and Mozart, punctuating them with readings that explore the clash between sacred and secular music in the eighteenth century. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Sept. 29 at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0571.)

Maria Bachmann and Jon Klibonoff—The violinist and the pianist, both laureates of the Concert Artists Guild's competitions, perform sonatas by Ravel, Corigliano, and Saint-Saëns (his First), as well as Arvo Pärt's "Fratres." (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Sept. 29 at 7.)

Jennifer Hayghe and Stella Simakova—Pianists, sharing a recital of works by Rachmaninoff, Liszt, and Chopin. (Paul Recital Hall, Juilliard School, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza. Sept. 29 at 9. No tickets necessary.)

Bargemusic—Presenting Barber's Sonata for Cello and Piano, Chausson's "Poème" (for violin and piano), and Smetana's G-Minor Piano Trio; with violinist Ik-Hwan Bae, cellist Jian Wang, and pianist David Oei. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Sept. 30 at 7:30 and Oct. 3 at 4.)

American String Quartet—Performing Haydn's Quartet in B-Flat (Op. 71, No. 1), Bartók's Quartet No. 1, and Schumann's Piano Quintet (with Fabio Bidini). (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Sept. 30 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

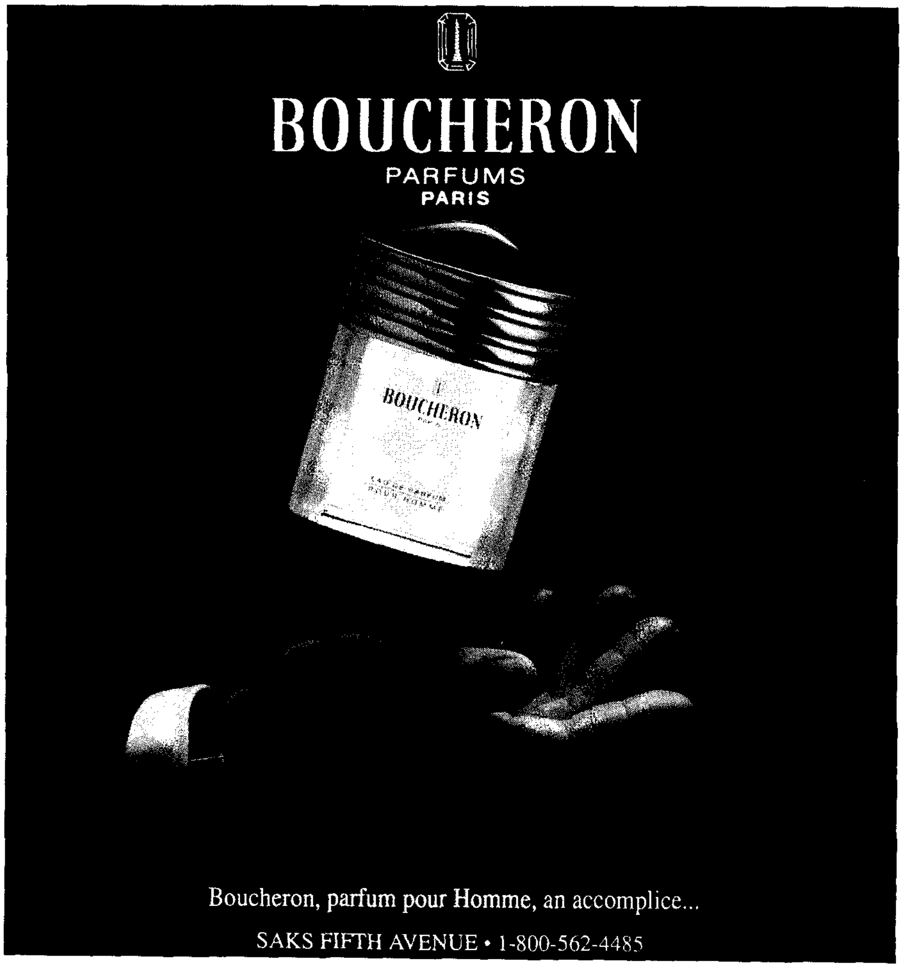
Ying Quartet—The all-in-the-family foursome (violinists Timothy and Janet Ying, violist Phillip Ying, and cellist David Ying) performs quartets by Haydn (in G Minor, Op. 74, No. 3) and Bloch (his Third); Wu Han joins them to perform Brahms' Piano Quintet. (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 1 at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Still at the top of the heap after thirty-eight years and several changes of personnel, the ensemble (which continues to boast founding member Menahem Pressler as its pianist) will perform the New York première of David Baker's "Roots II," as well as Schubert's Trio in E-Flat Major (D. 929) and Beethoven's early Trio in B-Flat Major (Op. 11). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Oct. 1-2 at 8.)

Bachaholic Binge—Hours and hours of the Leipzig master's organ music, in forty-five-minute installments, followed by an evening of two choral masterpieces. Oct. 2 at 1: Judith Hancock. . . . At 2: Christopher Creaghan. . . . At 3: Thomas Schmidt. . . . At 4: Walter Hilse. . . . At 5: McNeil Robinson. . . . At 7:30: Mr. Schmidt directs the St. Peter's Choir and an orchestra in Cantatas No. 140 ("Wachet Auf") and No. 4 ("Christ Lag in Todesbanden"). (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For information about tickets, call 935-2200.)

Ex Umbris—An early-music foursome, presenting works by Byrd, Morley, and others. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. Oct. 3 at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.) . . . ¶ Soprano Shannon Anderson assists the ensemble in Elizabethan English music informed by—or inspiring—the melancholic humor. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Oct. 5 at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-2755.)

Chie Sato Roden—Pianist, performing twentieth-century Japanese and American works,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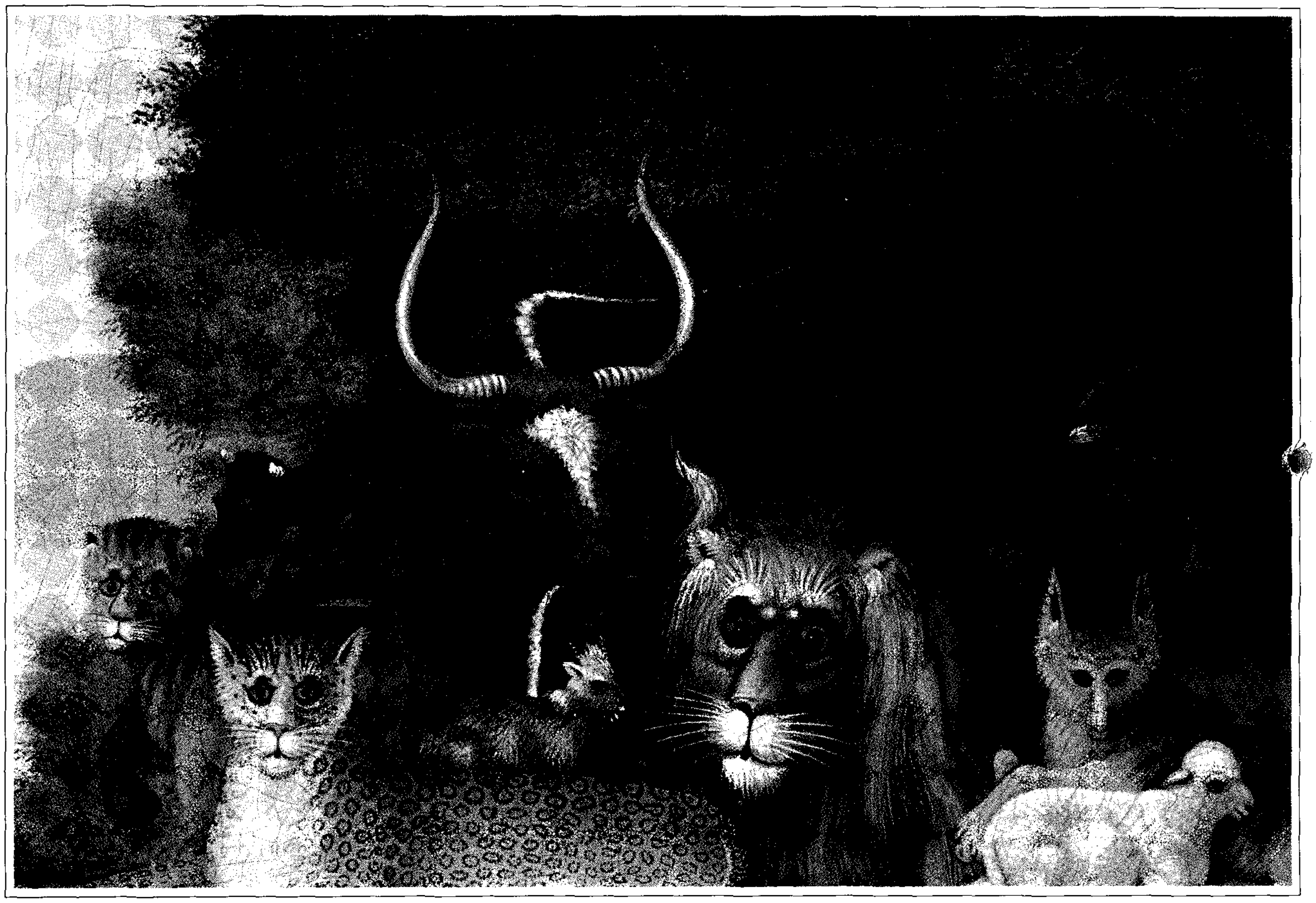

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including David Del Tredici's "Virtuoso Alice" and Frederic Rzewski's "North American Ballad." Reiko Kamata assists, playing a seventeen-string bass koto. (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 3 at 2.)

"Voilà Viola"—In a day of appreciation for the husky tenor of the bowed string family, the viola will be employed in a wide variety of chamber-music applications, from Bach to electronics. The participating violists are Misha Amory, Toby Appel, Paul Coletti, James Dunham, Toby Hoffman, Katherine Murdock, Paul Neubauer (who organized the whole shebang), Cynthia Phelps, Samuel Rhodes, Marcus Thompson, and Michael Tree. The assisting artists include harpist Nancy Allen; pianists Anne-Marie McDermott and Earl Buys; cellists Elena Cheah, Marcy Rosen, and Fred Sherry; double bassist Lewis Paer; clarinettist David Shifrin; flutist Ransom Wilson; singers Wendy Hoffman and Robert White; and the Mendelssohn String Quartet. Comments from New York Philharmonic managing director Deborah Borda, composer Peter Schickele, and violist Karen Tuttle will complete the program. Oct. 3 at 2: Mostly works for viola and voice, including obbligato songs by Brahms, Rachmaninoff, Angelo Mascheroni, Edwin Greene, and Vaughan Williams, as well as Debussy's Sonata for Flute, Viola, and Harp and Brahms String Quartet No. 3.... At 4:30: Works by Turina, John Biggs, Roger Bourland (a New York première), Hindemith, Brahms (his Clarinet Trio, violacized), and P. D. Q. Bach (his Sonata for Viola Four-Hands and harpsichord—yes, that's right, four hands).... At 8: Mozart's "Kegelstatt" Trio, Peter Schickele's "Monochrome IV for Six Violas," Gordon Jacob's Suite for Eight Violas, a D-Minor Concerto Grosso by Bach (transcribed by John Hsu, in an attempt to reconstruct the original version of Bach's Viola da Gamba Sonata No. 3), and Bach's Sixth "Brandenburg" Concerto. (Merkin Concert Hall.)

Silesian String Quartet—The Polish ensemble plays Beethoven's Quartet in E-Flat Major (Op. 74), Schubert's C-Minor Quartettsatz, Grażyna Bacewicz's Quartet No. 4, and Henryk Górecki's "Already It Is Dusk." (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Oct. 3 at 2:45.)

Joan Morris, William Bolcom, and Max Morath—The triple-threat team, who serve as singing and piano-playing custodians of the traditions of historical American popular song, performing works by Kern, Rodgers, Berlin, Porter, and Gershwin. This benefit concert marks a triple celebration: the emergence of the Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse as a newly revitalized venue, the twentieth anniversary of Mr. Bolcom and Ms. Morris's first concert together, and the retirement of H. Wiley Hitchcock—a champion of our nation's musical history—as the founding director of Brooklyn College's Institute for Studies in American Music (which sponsored that first Bolcom-Morris collaboration). (Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. Oct. 3 at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-718 951-5792.)

Hotel Wales—Presenting the Cinelli-O'Brien Guitar Duo, with comfy chairs and sherry. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Oct. 3 at 6. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Yoshiko Okada—Pianist, performing Beethoven's Sonata in D Major (Op. 10, No. 3), Schubert's Sonata in A Minor (D. 537), Debussy's "Children's Corner" Suite, Ravel's Sonatine, and Chopin's First Ballade. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 3 at 8.)

LISTENING BOOTH

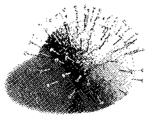
Liszt: Complete Music for Solo Piano, Vol. 23; Leslie Howard, with violist Paul Coletti (Hyperion). In recording all of Liszt's piano works (a monumental project that will continue for years), the Australian pianist Leslie Howard has unearthed many a curiosity. Liszt's piano transcription of Berlioz' symphonic "Harold en Italie," on a recent installment, retains the entire solo viola part, yielding a sprawling but appealing duo concertante. The warm, precise violist, Paul Coletti, will be among the performers at the October 3 violathon at Merkin Concert Hall.

Ruby Helder: "The Girl Tenor" (Pearl). When Domingo and Pavarotti opened the Metropolitan Opera's season last week, they were accompanied by the usual lamentations about how no great tenors are waiting in the wings to take their places. But are we truly tapping all available resources? Are there no heirs to Ruby Helder, "girl tenor" extraordinaire? Her hearty, full-throated "M'appari" and "Avant de quitter ces lieux," sung at pitch, will render you speechless. Twenty-one of her recordings—dating from between 1908 and 1921—are collected here. Caruso was so impressed with Helder that he introduced her to the Met's management. They even proposed to contract her—as a tenor—but she disappeared into oblivion before making good on the offer.

Juilliard String Quartet—The ensemble continues its exploration of the works of Haydn by playing his quartets in D Minor (Op. 42), E Major (Op. 54, No. 3), and D Major (Op. 71, No. 2). (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Oct. 4 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

Moscow Conservatory Trio—Violinist Oleh Krysa, cellist Suren Bagratuni, and pianist Paul Ostrovsky play Rachmaninoff's G-Minor Trio (the "Élégiaque"), the North American première of Schnittke's Piano Trio, and Beethoven's Trio in E-Flat Major (Op. 70, No. 2). (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 4 at 8.)

Ensemble 21—A contemporary-music group, conducted by Bradley Lubman, performing works by Babbitt ("My Ends Are My Beginnings"), Martino ("Notturno," which was awarded a Pulitzer Prize in 1974), Dallapiccola, and Robert Morris, as well as premières of pieces by Alton Howe Clingan and Jason Eckardt. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 5 at 8.)



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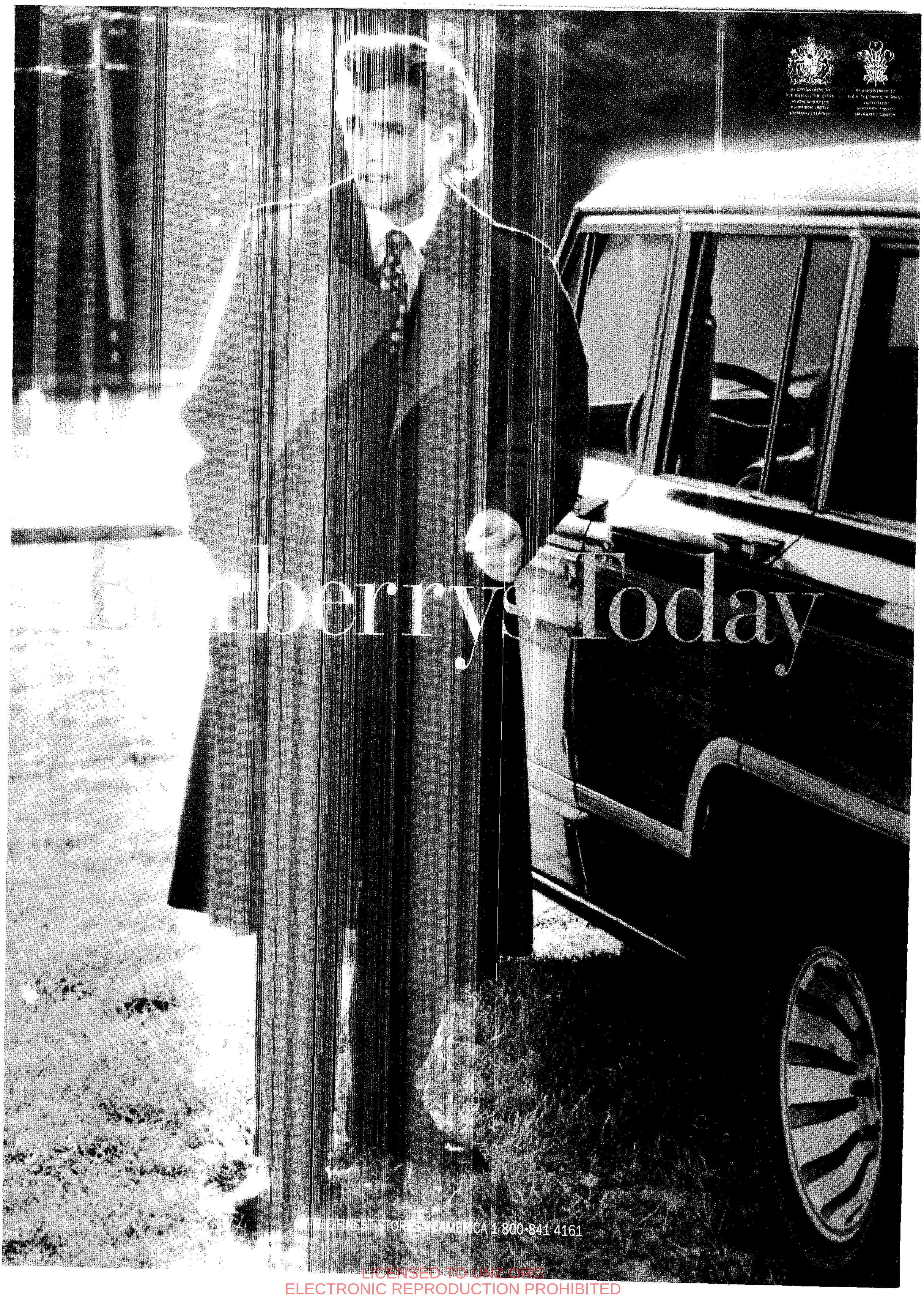
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SPORTS

Mets—The Mets' final home games of the season, against the St. Louis Cardinals, Sept. 29-30 at 7:40. Maybe next year?

Yankees—Vs. the Detroit Tigers, Oct. 1 at 7:30 and Oct 2-3 at 1:30.

Giants—Away until Oct. 17, when they'll face the Philadelphia Eagles.

Jets—Vs. the Philadelphia Eagles, Oct. 3 at 4.

Rangers—The home opener is Oct. 5 at 7:30, vs. the Boston Bruins.

(The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000; the Jets and the Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Junior Dilettantes—The Museum of Modern Art offers weekly guided walks for kids aged five to ten, on Saturday mornings from 10 to 11 (before the museum is open to the general public—lucky ducks). Oct. 2 is devoted to the museum's wonderful sculpture garden. (MOMA's Edward John Noble Education Center, 18 W. 54th St. 708-9807.)

"Lolli-Pops" Concerts—Opening performances of a Little Orchestra Society series that introduces three-to-five-year-olds to classical music. The first program of the season is called "Do You Hear What I Hear?" (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Oct. 2 at 10:30 and 11:45, and Oct. 3 at 12:30 and 1:45.)

Halloween Head Start—A costume-making workshop for children aged five and up. Participants are encouraged to bring used clothes (in addition to those they have on, of course) and paper bags; accoutrements will be provided. (Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 W. 83rd St. 721-1234. Oct. 2 at noon and 3, and Oct. 3 at noon and 4.)

High Drama—On Saturdays and Sundays the Little People's Theatre Company presents "The Three Little Pigs," at 1:30, and "Snow White," at 3. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 765-9540.)

And Don't Forget—"The Mikado," at New York City Opera (870-5570), on Sept. 29 at 7:30 and Oct. 2 at 8. . . . ¶ The new musical "Annie Warbucks," at the Variety Arts Theatre (239-6200).

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Hot Enough for You?—When you consider the number of cuisines—Thai, Chinese, Caribbean, and Indian—that have embraced the native American chili pepper, it could well be the good-will ambassador of the vegetable world. The Chili Pepper Fiesta at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden will celebrate this piquant vegetable's international appeal with, among other activities, an exhibit of Mexican art, a puppet show, a talk titled "Peppers: Why We Like the Bite," a Peruvian dance performance, and lots of chili-driven food. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. Oct. 3, from 10 to 4:30. No tickets necessary.)

Blessing—It's a veritable wild kingdom at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine during the annual Blessing of the Animals at the Feast of St. Francis. For the past eight years, the procession, which will be led by an elephant named Minnie, has included kittens, mice, gerbils, and Teddy bears, as well as camels and boa constrictors. The service begins on Oct. 3 at 11 A.M. The animals will enter at about noon, to Paul Winter's "Earth Mass/Missa Gaia." There will also be animal-adoption wagons, a petting zoo, and environmental presentations when the celebration moves into the Cathedral's close, in the afternoon. (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. No tickets necessary.)

An Anthropologist's Dream—The annual Margaret Mead Film and Video Festival, organized this year around such themes as "Latin-American Visions" and "Indigenous Media," will screen over sixty films and videos, including the première of the documentary film "Madame L'Eau," by Jean Rouch. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. Oct. 4-Oct. 10. For ticket and schedule information, call 769-5305.)

Thought for Food—After a year's hiatus, the Writer's Voice reading series is back. To trumpet the return, Russell Baker, Gloria Naylor, and Grace Paley will read from their own writing. After the reading, Frederick Busch will moderate a discussion about homelessness, in a benefit evening. (Universalist Church, Central Park West at 76th St. Oct. 1 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 7: As part of a nationwide benefit to fight hunger, Roger Rosenblatt, Gay Talese, and Calvin Trillin will read from their own work. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Free Verse—Claire Bloom, Calvin Butts, Jayne Cortez, and Eugene McCarthy, among others, will read from "Six American Poets," a new anthology of poems by Whitman, Dickinson, Stevens, Frost, Hughes, and Williams. The evening is an inaugural celebration of the donation of ten thousand copies of the book to hospitals, airports, and homeless shelters, among other public places, on behalf of the American Poetry and Literacy Project, as envisioned by poet Joseph Brodsky in 1991, when he was Poet Laureate. (Time-Life Building, 1271 Sixth Ave., at 50th St. Sept. 29 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

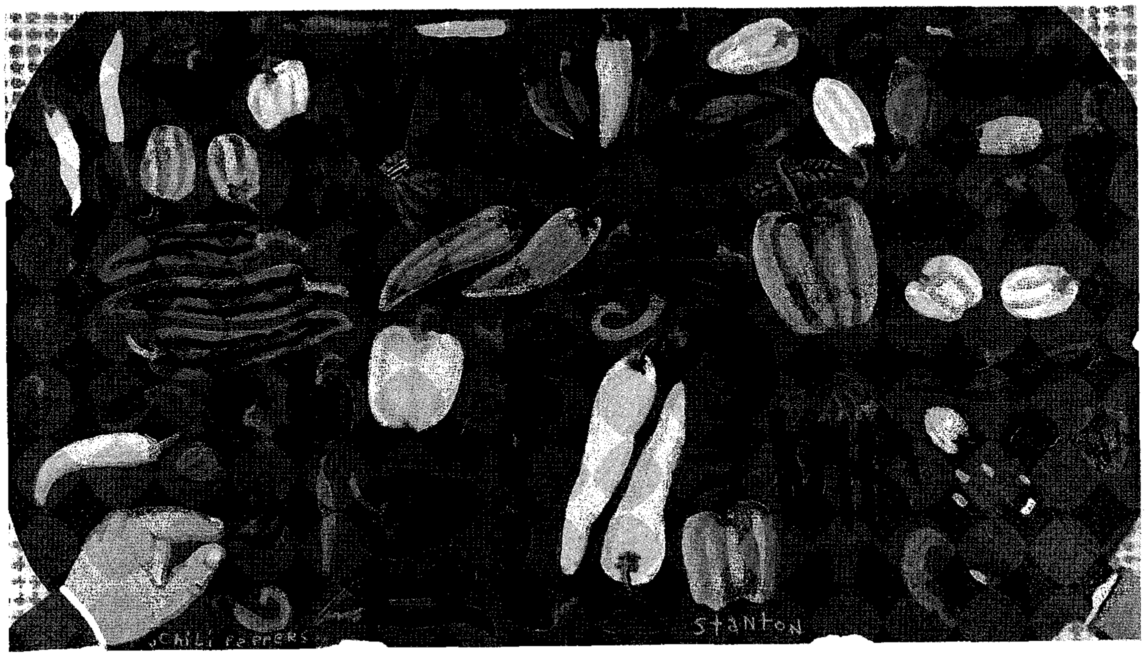
Call Me Me-Losh—Poet and essayist Czeslaw Milosz will be interviewed by Robert Faggen, on Oct. 4 at 6, for the *Paris Review* Writers at Work series, and will give a reading of his poetry beginning at 8:30. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

ArtSpeak—Oct. 1 at 7: Artist Stephen Kroninger, who makes political and satirical collages (some of which have appeared in this magazine), will talk about his own work. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. No charge beyond museum contribution. Free tickets, which are required, are available at 6 at the museum's Edward John Noble Education Center.) . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6:30: Larry Rivers and Lorraine Wild, among others, will talk about the art of the fifties and sixties. (Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. 570-3652.) . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6: Pop artist Roy Lichtenstein will be interviewed by critic John Gruen. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949.)

Readings—Sept. 30 at 8: Michelle Cliff will read from her new novel, "Free Enterprise." (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 7: Ruth Rendell will read from her new novel, "Crocodile Bird." (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave. at 81st St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 7: Richard Wilbur will open the Academy of American Poets series in a reading from his own poetry. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 7:30: John Ashbery and Pierre Martory, whose poetry Ashbery has translated from the French, will read from their own work. (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

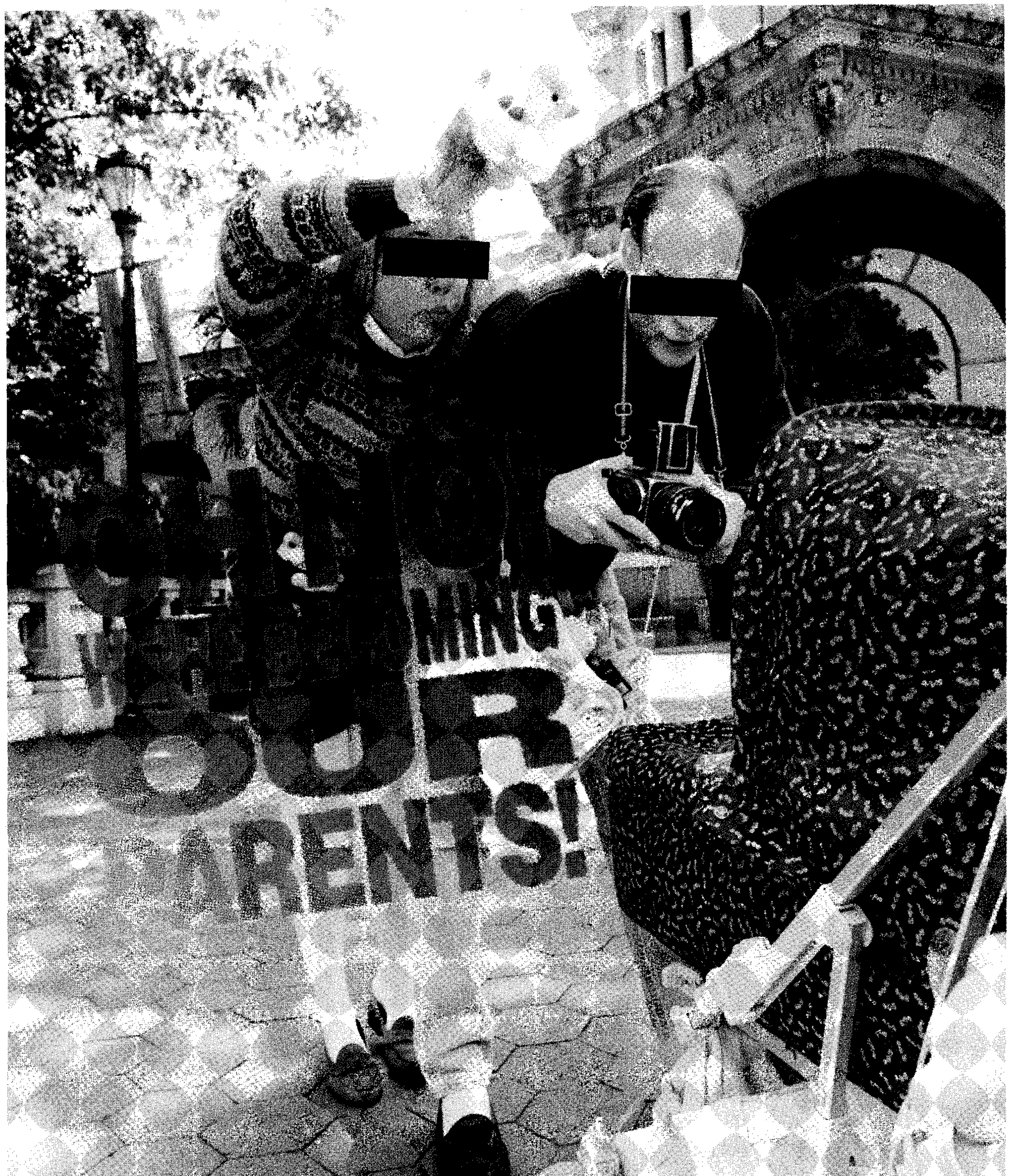
Talks—Oct. 3 at 8: Political pundit Molly Ivins will talk about her new collection of essays, "Nothing but Good Times Ahead." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6: Michael M. Baden will talk about his work as a forensic scientist and pathologist. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.)

Tours & Walks—Oct. 2 at 1: Insider's New York will take in, by bus, the works of architect Stanford White, including Judson Church and the arch on Washington Square. For more information, call 397-3809. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 3: Adventure on a Shoestring will venture out to Roosevelt Island. For more information, call 265-2663. . . . ¶ Oct. 3, from noon to 6: The 1993 Hoboken Artists' Studio Tour, a self-guided walk through New Jersey's version of the East Village, includes over forty stops at artists' studios and homes. For more information, call 1-201 217-2480.



PHILIP STANTON

Chili Pepper Fiesta at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			29	30	1	2
3	4	5				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 59.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Household Saints" (directed by Nancy Savoca), with Tracey Ullman, Vincent D'Onofrio, Lili Taylor, and Judith Malina.
Theatre 2: "Especially on Sunday" (Marco Tullio Giordana, Giuseppe Bertolucci, and Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian).
Theatre 3: "Orlando" (Sally Potter), with Tilda Swinton.
Theatre 4: "Wittgenstein" (Derek Jarman).
Theatre 5: "Like Water for Chocolate" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Wedding Banquet" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Malina" (1990, Werner Schroeter; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).
Theatre 2: "True Romance" (†).
Theatre 3: "Warlock: The Armageddon" (Anthony Hickox), with Julian Sands.

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 2: "Searching for Bobby Fischer" (Steven Zaillian), with Joe Mantegna and Laurence Fishburne.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 30: (Matinées only) "Into the West" (Mike Newell); and (evenings only) "The Age of Innocence" (†). From Oct. 1: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 30: "Boxing Helena" (Jennifer Lynch), with Julian Sands and Sherilyn Fenn. From Oct. 1: "Malice" (Harold Becker).
Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (†).
Theatre 6: "Dazed and Confused" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Age of Innocence" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Sex Is . . ." (Marc Huestis), a documentary.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Kalifornia" (Dominic Sena), with Brad Pitt and Juliette Lewis. From Oct. 1: "Freaked" (Alex Winter and Tom Stern).
Theatre 2: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).
Theatre 3: "Striking Distance" (†).
Theatre 4: "Equinox" (Alan Rudolph), with Matthew Modine, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Marisa Tomei.
Theatre 5: "The Ballad of Little Jo" (Maggie Greenwald), with Suzy Amis.
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 30: "The Crush" (Alison Maclean). From Oct. 1: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).
Theatre 7: "The Program" (David S. Ward), with James Caan, Omar Epps, and Halle Berry.

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "True Romance" (†).
Theatre 2: "Striking Distance" (†).
Theatre 3: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).
Theatre 4: To be announced.
Theatre 5: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Fugitive" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Striking Distance" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Sleepless in Seattle" (†). From Oct. 1: "Malice" (Harold Becker).
Theatre 2: "The Program" (David S. Ward), with James Caan.
Theatre 3: "Undercover Blues" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 30: "Leon the Pig Farmer" (Vadim Jean and Gary Sinyor). From Oct. 1: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Dazed and Confused" (†).
Theatre 2: "Warlock: The Armageddon" (Anthony Hickox), with Julian Sands.
Theatre 3: "The Fugitive" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Airborne" (Rob Bowman).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Like Water for Chocolate" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Household Saints" (Nancy Savoca), with Tracey Ullman, Vincent D'Onofrio, Lili Taylor, and Judith Malina. From Oct. 1: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).
Theatre 2: "The Program" (David S. Ward), with James Caan, Omar Epps, and Halle Berry.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben), with Macaulay Culkin.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Baraka" (Mark Magidson and Ron Fricke).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Warlock: The Armageddon" (Anthony Hickox), with Julian Sands.
Theatre 2: "Sleepless in Seattle" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Age of Innocence" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 2: "The Joy Luck Club" (†). From Oct. 3: "Short Cuts" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Firm" (Sydney Pollack), with Tom Cruise.

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Striking Distance" (†).
Theatre 2: "Undercover Blues" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Wedding Banquet" (†).
Theatre 4: "Into the West" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 5: "In the Line of Fire" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 30: "The Secret Garden" (Agnieszka Holland), with Maggie Smith. From Oct. 1: "M. Butterfly" (David Cronenberg).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dazed and Confused" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "True Romance" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 30: "The Man Without a Face" (Mel Gibson), with Gibson. From Oct. 1: "Malice" (Harold Becker).

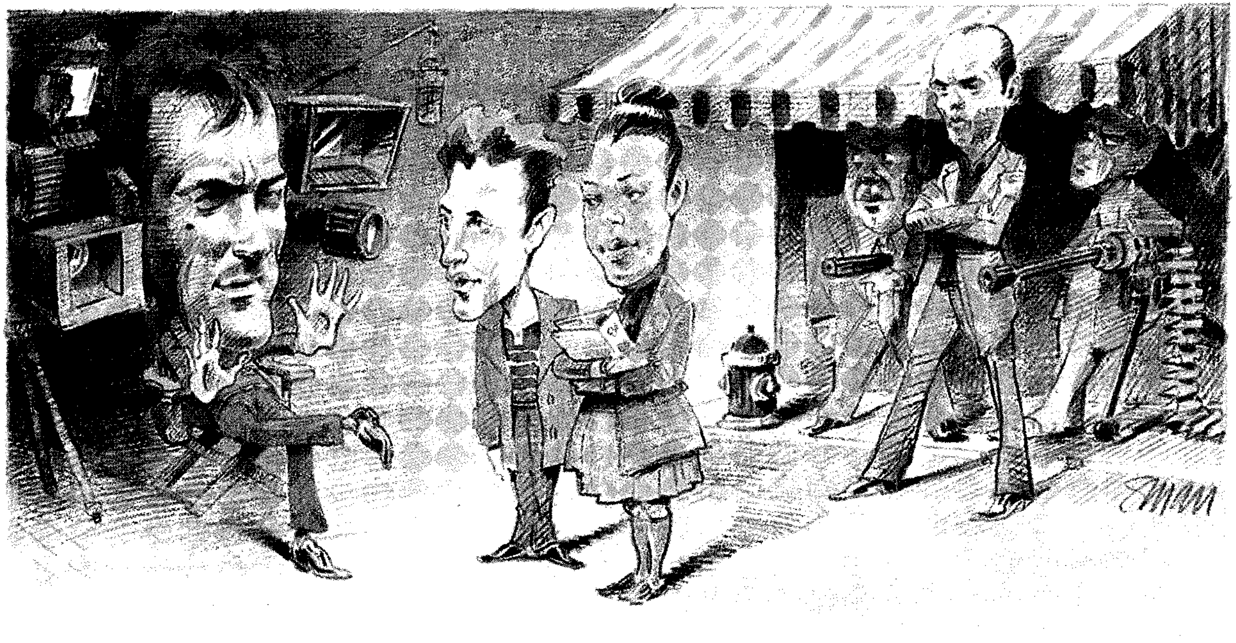
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"King of the Hill" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Bopha!" (Morgan Freeman), with Danny Glover.

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Warlock: The Armageddon" (Anthony Hickox), with Julian Sands.

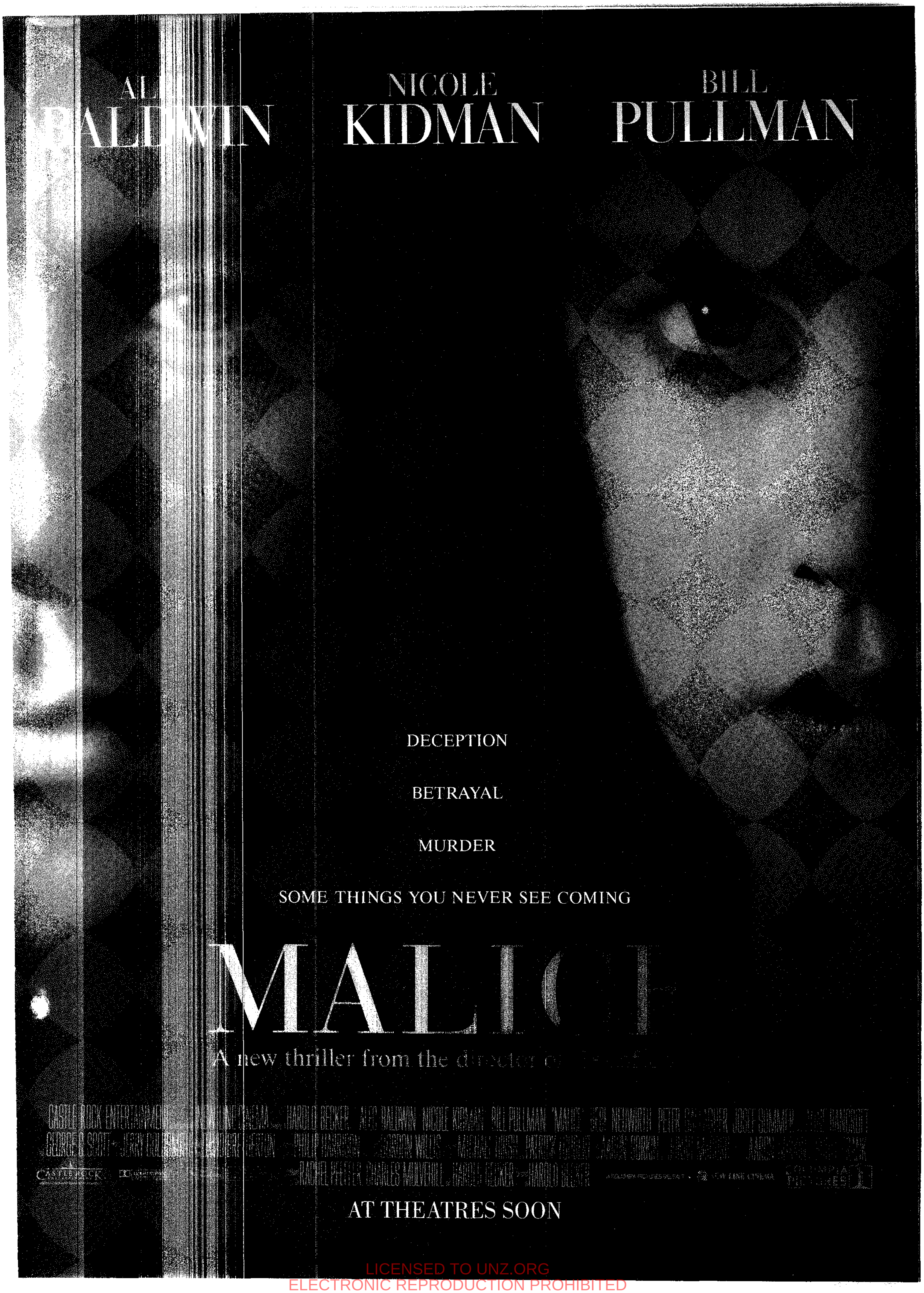
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben), with Macaulay Culkin.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 30: "In the Line of Fire" (†). From Oct. 1: "Malice" (Harold Becker).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "True Romance" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Man Without a Face" (Mel Gibson), with Gibson.
Theatre 3: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 4: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).



Opening September 29: Robert De Niro directs Lillo Brancato, Taral Hicks, Clem Caserta, Chazz Palminteri, and Dave Salerno in "A Bronx Tale."

DAVID SMALL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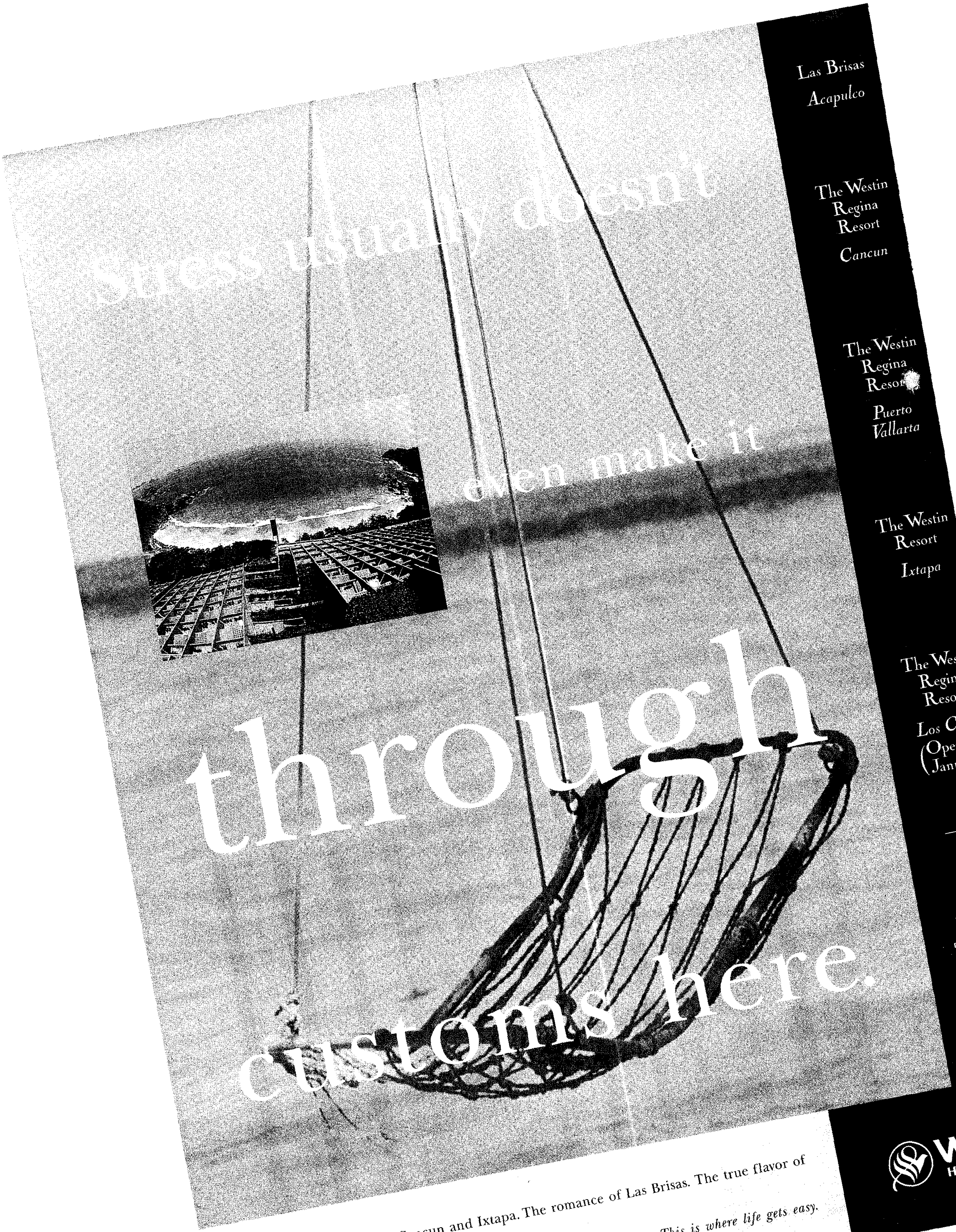
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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Theatre 5: Through Sept. 30: "Airborne" (Rob Bowman). From Oct. 1: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro).
Theatre 6: "Striking Distance" (†).
Theatre 7: "Undercover Blues" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Program" (David S. Ward), with James Caan.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "The Red Circle" (1970, directed by Jean-Pierre Melville), with Alain Delon, Yves Montand, and Gian-Maria Volonté.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media" (Mark Achbar and Peter Wintonick).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Fortress" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Real McCoy" (Russell Mulcahy), with Kim Basinger and Val Kilmer.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Undercover Blues" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben), with Macaulay Culkin.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Bad Behavior" (Les Blair), with Stephen Rea and Sinead Cusack.
Theatre 2: "King of the Hill" (†).
Theatre 3: "Me & Veronica" (Don Scardino), with Elizabeth McGovern, Patricia Wettig, and Michael O'Keefe.
Theatre 4: "Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben), with Macaulay Culkin.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 30: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg). From Oct. 1: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro).
Theatre 3: "The Program" (David S. Ward), with James Caan.
Theatre 4: "Warlock: The Armageddon" (Anthony Hickox), with Julian Sands.
Theatre 5: Through Sept. 30: "In the Line of Fire" (†). From Oct. 1: "Malice" (Harold Becker).
Theatre 6: "Dazed and Confused" (†).
Theatre 7: "Undercover Blues" (†).
Theatre 8: "Into the West" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 9: Through Sept. 30: "The Secret Garden" (Agnieszka Holland), with Maggie Smith. From Oct. 1: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: (Separate admissions) "Hard Target" (John Woo), with Jean-Claude Van Damme; and "Airborne" (Rob Bowman).
Theatre 2: "The Real McCoy" (Russell Mulcahy), with Kim Basinger and Val Kilmer.
Theatre 3: "Fortress" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrmann).
Theatre 2: "The Man Without a Face" (Mel Gibson), with Gibson.
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 4: "Sleepless in Seattle" (†).
Theatre 5: "Free Willy" (Simon Wincer), with Jason James Richter, Lori Petty, and Michael Madsen.
Theatre 6: "Kalifornia" (Dominic Sena), with Brad Pitt and Juliette Lewis.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Age of Innocence" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Me & Veronica" (Don Scardino), with Elizabeth McGovern, Patricia Wettig, and Michael O'Keefe.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Ballad of Little Jo" (Maggie Greenwald), with Suzy Amis.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bad Behavior" (Les Blair), with Stephen Rea and Sinead Cusack.

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"Boxing Helena" (Jennifer Lynch), with Julian Sands and Sherilyn Fenn.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Jamón Jamón" (Bigas Luna; in Spanish).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Joy Luck Club" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Striking Distance" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).
Theatre 2: "Orlando" (Sally Potter), with Tilda Swinton.
Theatre 3: "The Wedding Banquet" (†).
Theatre 4: "Samba Traoré" (Idrissa Quédraogo, in Mooré).
Theatre 5: "Divertimento" (†).
Theatre 6: "Un Coeur en Hiver" (Claude Sautet, in French).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben), with Macaulay Culkin.

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Dazed and Confused" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 30: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†). From Oct. 1: "Malice" (Harold Becker).
Theatre 4: "The Program" (David S. Ward), with James Caan.
Theatre 5: Through Sept. 30: "Into the West" (Mike Newell). From Oct. 1: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 30: "True Romance" (†). From Oct. 1: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Warlock: The Armageddon" (Anthony Hickox), with Julian Sands.
Theatre 2: "Undercover Blues" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "In the Line of Fire" (†). From Oct. 1: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).
Theatre 2: "Airborne" (Rob Bowman).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

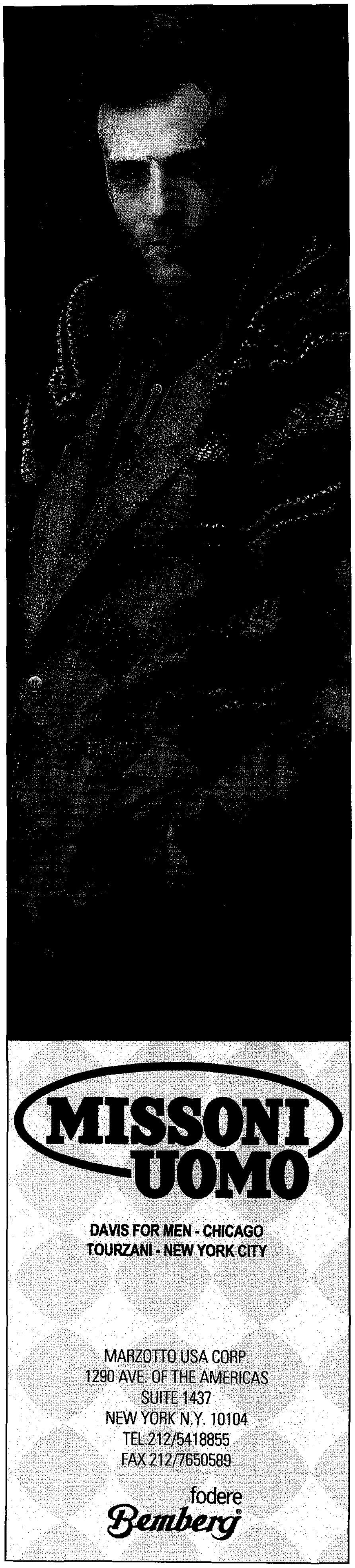
Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "True Romance" (†).
Theatre 2: "Warlock: The Armageddon" (directed by Anthony Hickox), with Julian Sands.
Theatre 3: "Undercover Blues" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben), with Macaulay Culkin.
Theatre 5: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 6: "Warlock: The Armageddon" (Anthony Hickox), with Julian Sands.
Theatre 7: Through Sept. 30: (Separate admissions) "Airborne" (Rob Bowman); and "Fortress" (†). From Oct. 1: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"The Program" (David S. Ward), with James Caan.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "In the Line of Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Firm" (Sydney Pollack), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 30: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson), with Angela Bassett and Laurence Fishburne. From Oct. 1: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Striking Distance" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Hard Target" (John Woo), with Jean-Claude Van Damme. From Oct. 1: "Malice" (Harold Becker).
Theatre 2: "The Real McCoy" (Russell Mulcahy), with Kim Basinger and Val Kilmer.



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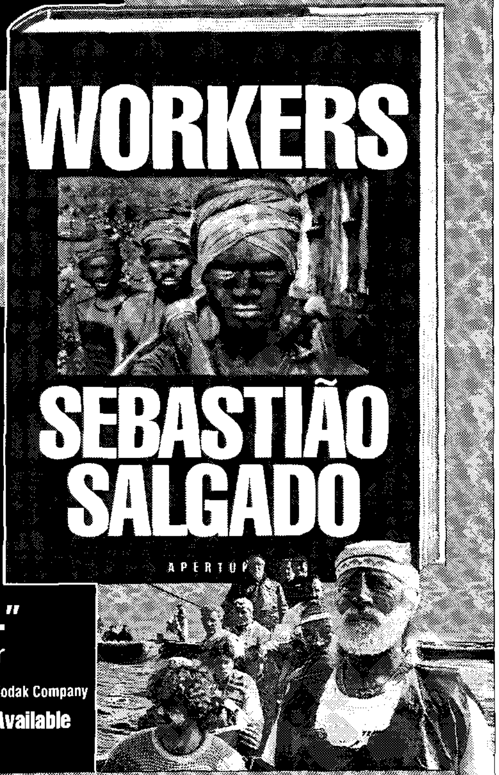

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REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Sept. 30: “The Earrings of Madame de . . .” (1953, directed by Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica.
Oct. 1-4: “Bombshell” (1933, Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan; and “Red-Headed Woman” (†).
From Oct. 5: “Beast of the City” (1932, Charles Brabin), with Walter Huston and Jean Harlow; and “The Public Enemy” (1931, William Wellman), with James Cagney, Harlow, Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Sept. 29: “The Blue Bird” (1976, George Cukor), with Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Fonda, Cicely Tyson, Ava Gardner, and Will Geer; and “A Little Night Music” (1978, Harold Prince), with Taylor, Diana Rigg, Len Cariou, and Lesley-Anne Down.
Sept. 30-Oct. 2: “National Velvet” (1944, Clarence Brown), with Elizabeth Taylor and Mickey Rooney; and “Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?” (1966, Mike Nichols), with Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis.
From Oct. 3: “Prizzi's Honor” (1985, John Huston), with Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, and Anjelica Huston; and “Five Easy Pieces” (1970, Bob Rafelson), with Nicholson.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
Through Sept. 30: “Singin' in the Rain” (1952, Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, and Donald O'Connor; and “An American in Paris” (1951, Vincente Minnelli), with Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant.
Oct. 1-2: “Man Hunt” (1941, Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon; and “Ministry of Fear” (1944, Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea.
Oct. 3-4: “Gambling Lady” (1936, Archie Mayo), with Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, and Pat O'Brien; and “Baby Face” (1933, Alfred E. Green), with Stanwyck, George Brent, and Donald Cook.
Oct. 5: “Elevator to the Gallows” (†); and “The Lovers” (1959, Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 29: “What's New Pussycat?” (†); and “What's Up, Tiger Lily?” (1966, Woody Allen).
Sept. 30: “Repulsion” (1965, Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve; and “Frantic” (1988, Polanski), with Harrison Ford, Betty Buckley, and Emmanuelle Seigner.
Oct. 1-2: “La Dolce Vita” (1960, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Oct. 3: “Rebecca” (1940, Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier; and “The Spiral Staircase” (1948, Robert Siodmak), with Dorothy McGuire, George Brent, Ethel Barrymore, and Kent Smith.
Oct. 4: “The Garden of Delights” (1971, Carlos Saura; in Spanish); and “Cria!” (1977, Saura; in Spanish), with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent.
Oct. 5: “Phantom of the Paradise” (†); and “The Fury” (1978, Brian De Palma), with Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Amy Irving, and Andrew Stevens.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Sept. 30 at 2:30: “Lola Montès” (1955, directed by Max Ophuls; in French), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6: “The Reckless Moment” (1949, Ophuls), with James Mason and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2:30 and Oct. 2 at 5: “The Exile” (1947, Ophuls), with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Maria Montez. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 3 and 6 and Oct. 2 at 2 and 5: “The Mirror of Nature” (1992, Elaine C. Block). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6 and Oct. 3 at 2: “La Signora di Tutti” (1934, Ophuls; in Italian, with no English subtitles), with Isa Miranda. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 2 and Oct. 3 at 5: “The Earrings of Madame de . . .” (1953, Ophuls; in French), with

Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 2:30 and Oct. 5 at 6: "I Know Where I'm Going" (1945, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 5 and Oct. 5 at 2:30: "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Deitrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2:30: "Love Affair" (1939, Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne and Boyer. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6: "Annie Hall" (1977, Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Oct. 1 at 7:30: "Short Cuts" (†). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Oct. 1 at 8: "Short Cuts" (†). . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Oct. 2 at noon: "The Story of a Cheat" (1936, Sacha Guitry; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 2:30 and Oct. 4 at 9: "The Blue Kite" (Tian Zhuangzhuang; Hong Kong/China). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6 and Oct. 3 at 3:45: "Shades of Doubt" (Aline Issermann; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9 and Oct. 3 at 1:30: "Raining Stones" (Ken Loach; United Kingdom). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6:30 and Oct. 4 at 6: "The Night" (Mohammad Malas; Syria/Lebanon/France). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9:30: "Blue" (Derek Jarman; United Kingdom). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6: "Passage à l'Acte" (Martin Arnold; Austria), "Poverties" (Laurie Dunphy; United States), and "Dottie Gets Spanked" (Todd Haynes; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 8:30: "Valley of Abraham" (Manoel de Oliveira; Portugal/France). (For tickets, call 875-5050.)

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Sept. 29-30 at 6:30 and 9: "Why Has Bodhi-Dharma Left for the East?" (1989, Bae Yong-Kyan). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2 and 6: "Those of Our Land" (1914, Sacha Guitry), a documentary; and "Pasteur" (1935, Guitry). . . . ¶ Oct. 1-2 at 4:15 and 8:15: "Good Luck!" (1935, Guitry). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6 and Oct. 3 at 2 and 6: "The Pearls of the Crown" (†). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2 and 6 and Oct. 5 at 4 and 8: "Let Us Dream" (1936, Guitry). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 4 and 8 and Oct. 5 at 2 and 6: "Champs Elysées" (1938, Guitry).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"Silent Movies/Loud Music," a series of silent films with new musical scores presented by the composers. Sept. 29 at 8 and Oct. 2 at 3: "The General" (1926, Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman; silent), with Keaton and Marion Mack. Music by Amy Denio. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 8 and Oct. 3 at 3: "Scar of Shame" (1927, Frank Peregrini; silent). Music by Don Byron.

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—"From Kern to Sondheim: American Musical Theatre on Television." Through Oct. 10: "Show Boat" (1989). Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 2:30. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6: "American Musical Comedy" (1956), with Leonard Bernstein. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6: "Our Town" (1955), with Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint, and Frank Sinatra as the Stage Manager.

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Sept. 29 at 8 and Oct. 5 at 8: "What About Me" (1992, Rachel Amodeo). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6 and Oct. 3 at 9:30: "Buster's Bedroom" (1991, Rebecca Horn). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 7, Oct. 2 at 2, and Oct. 3 at 7: Three different programs of new videos from France. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 8 and Oct. 2 at 5: One hundred and thirty short films by Louis and August Lumière. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 and 3 at 8: Two different programs of films by Paul Shartis. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 2: "Haiti Footage" (1950, Maya Deren), four and a half hours, with intermission.

MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

A Bronx Tale—A son torn between his father and a mob boss. With Robert De Niro (in his directorial début) and Chazz Palminteri (who wrote the screenplay, based on his one-man play). Opening Sept. 29.

Cool Runnings—The Jamaican bobsled team's journey to the 1988 Olympics. With Leon, Doug E. Doug, Rawle D. Lewis, and Malik Yoba as the four team members, and John Candy as their coach. Directed by Jon Turteltaub. Opening Oct. 1.

For Love or Money—A romantic comedy starring Michael J. Fox as a hotel concierge. With Gabrielle Anwar, Anthony Higgins, and Michael Tucker. Directed by Barry Sonnenfeld. Opening Oct. 1.

Freaked—A black comedy about toxic chemicals and a freak show. With Alex Winter, who co-directed with Tom Stern. Opening Oct. 1.

Malice—Medicine and murder in a New England college town. With Alec Baldwin, Nicole Kidman, and Bill Pullman. Directed by Harold Becker. Opening Oct. 1.

M. Butterfly—A romantic drama, based on David Henry Hwang's Tony Award-winning Broadway play. With Jeremy Irons and John Lone, directed by David Cronenberg. Opening Oct. 1.

Short Cuts—Robert Altman's new film. (See brief review on page 61.) Opening Oct. 1 at the New York Film Festival; opening Oct. 3 in limited release.

CURRENT FILMS

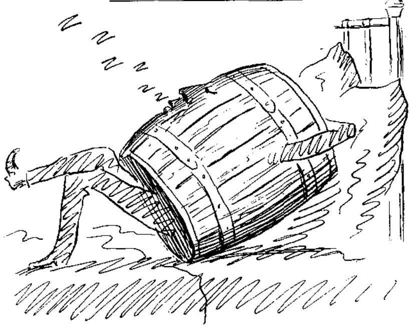
(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in "The Current Cinema," the date of its review is given.)

The Age of Innocence—Martin Scorsese returns to form with this hectic adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel. Life in the New York of the eighteen-seventies may have been constrained, but it was never dull—not if Scorsese's camera is anything to go by, leaping from detail to detail like the gaze of an inquisitive gentleman. Everything looks right, from roast duck to waistcoats, but the movie has no ambitions to be a costume museum; it homes in on the passions that had to be veiled by good manners. As the film begins—a showy, overwhelming scene at the opera—we see Newland Archer (Daniel Day-Lewis) about to announce a perfect match with the young May Welland (Winona Ryder). Such perfection is a prison, with no hope of escape, and the vigorous sadness of Day-Lewis tells the whole story; he will never rebel, but in his eyes you see him wishing he could. Less fruitful is the casting of Michelle Pfeiffer as May's older cousin, the mysterious Countess Olenska, with whom Archer falls hopelessly in love. With her silly blond curls, Pfeiffer looks more plaintive than the dark exotic of Wharton's imagination.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/13/93.) (Village Theatre VII, Coronet, and Ziegfeld.)

Dazed and Confused—Directed by Richard Linklater. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Chelsea Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Divertimento—Édouard Frenhofer (Michel Piccoli) is a celebrated artist living with his wife, Liz (Jane Birkin), in a gorgeous house in the South of France. He is king of the castle, at least until his reign is disturbed by the arrival of a young admirer, who brings with him a ravishing, taciturn girlfriend called Marianne (Emmanuelle Béart). Asked to pose for the master, she refuses angrily yet still turns up next morning and obligingly removes her clothes—just the kind of odd, unreasoning change of heart that tells us we are watching a Jacques Rivette film. Less well known than other leaders of the French New Wave, Rivette continues to make intricate, demanding movies. This one lacks the fluid wit of his best work, yet there is still much to enjoy: the hypnotic atmosphere of the studio, its calm cracked by frustration, and Piccoli's delicious portrait of an artist at the height of his powers, terrified of falling. In French.—A.L. (9/20/93) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

IT SLEEPS ALONE



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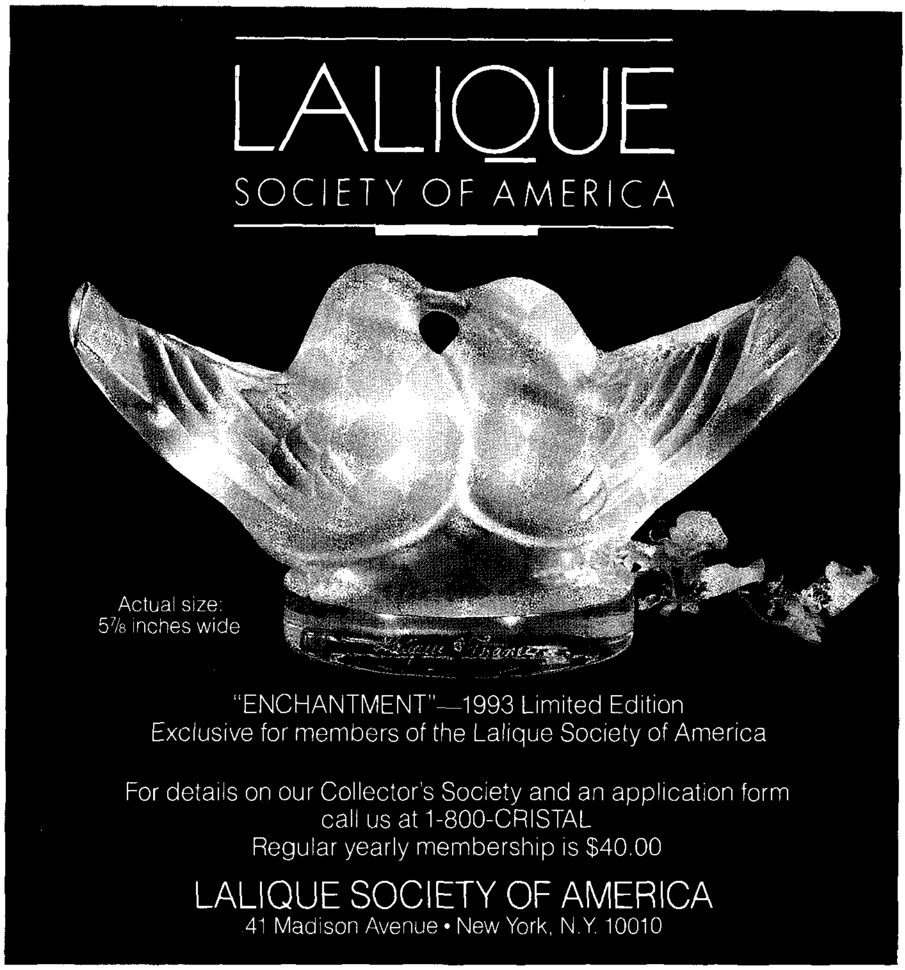

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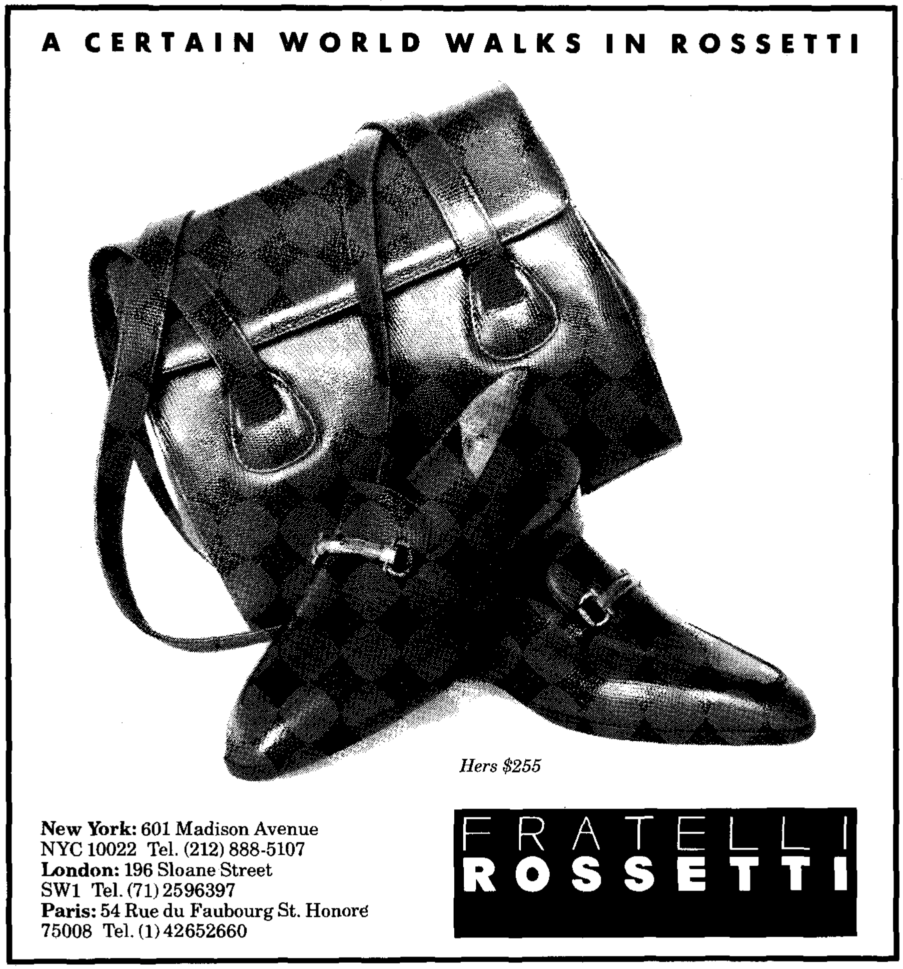

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IN BRIEF–Cont'd

Fortress—The director, Stuart Gordon, and his screenwriters (Steve Feinberg, Troy Neighbors, and Terry Curtis Fox) scatter funny touches and even some signs of warped intelligence throughout this futuristic jailbreak movie. But every iota of their joint imagination has gone into the concept of a privately owned, computerized superprison. Gordon fails to rekindle the manic spark of his 1985 cult hit, "Re-Animator," and Christopher Lambert and Loryn Locklin are disastrous as the hero and heroine, who receive stiff sentences for breaking United States anti-breeding laws. The uncredited female voice of the jailhouse computer, Zed-10, gives the best per-formance; she ends each announcement by stating "crime does not pay" in the cool, even tones of a bank teller. With Kurtwood Smith.—M.S. (Waverly, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Sept. 30.)

The Fugitive—Harrison Ford plays Dr. Richard Kimble, who is wrongly accused of murdering his wife and sentenced to death. What gives this adaptation of the old TV series its extra kick is the presence of Tommy Lee Jones, as U.S. Deputy Marshal Sam Gerard, hot on Kimble's trail, and enjoying the heat. It's a pleasure to find a thriller fulfilling its duties with such gusto: the emotions ring solid, the script finds time to relax into backchat, and for once the stunts look like acts of desperation rather than shows of prowess. The director is Andrew Davis.—A.L. (8/16/93) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

In the Line of Fire—Clint Eastwood plays Frank Horrigan, a tired-looking middle-aged Secret Service agent who gets wind of a plot to kill the President and marshals his flagging powers in an attempt to stop the assassin (John Malkovich). The heroics are stirring, because the star's ravaged face and stiff, weary gestures tell us that *everything* Horrigan does costs him something, physically and emotionally. The director, Wolfgang Petersen, isn't a particularly imaginative or stylish filmmaker but he delivers the goods, and in record time. Both Eastwood's performance and the movie itself have the quality of meat-and-potatoes genre-picture entertainment: nothing fancy, nothing unusual. The only hints of more exotic and unpredictable sensations come from Malkovich, who is threatening to become the most gloriously peculiar screen presence since the heyday of Alastair Sim. Screenplay by Jeff Maguire; music by Ennio Morricone.—T.R. (7/12/93) (First & 62nd Cinemas, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Olympia; through Sept. 30.)

The Joy Luck Club—Amy Tan's 1989 novel is *actually* a collection of sixteen linked short stories about Chinese immigrant mothers trying to impart their knowledge of life to their Americanized daughters. Unfortunately, Tan and Ronald Bass ("Rain Man"), who wrote the movie, have attempted to cram all her mini-narratives into the script, diminishing instead of enlarging them. The contemporary scenes of marital discord and generational strife seem pat or trite, while the flashbacks to the mothers' woeful lives in China seem overblown or empty and portentous. Wayne Wang's limp direction is only part of the problem. Tan and Bass rely so heavily on voice-over narration that it sponges up the possibilities for genuine drama and emotion. By the end, the filmmakers just about beg for tears. The cast includes Kieu Chinh, Ming-Na Wen, Tamlyn Tomita, Tsai Chin, France Nuyen, Lauren Tom, Lisa Lu, Rosalind Chao, and Andrew McCarthy.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, and Columbus Circle. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through Oct. 2.)

King of the Hill—Jesse Bradford gives a stand-up-guy performance as a twelve-year-old who struggles alone in a St. Louis hotel through some of the worst months of the Depression. Steven Soderbergh wrote and directed this adaptation of A. E. Hotchner's autobiographical novel, and he guides his young lead skillfully; Bradford gives the hero a bedevilled dignity, as

Opening October 1, Jeremy Irons in "M. Butterfly."

KRAWCZYK

if he were striving to live up to a boy's idea of manliness. The authority figures are caricatures, the action is often clichéd, and even Bradford's character is a bit simple—a Huck Finn without a moral quandary. But Elizabeth McGovern, as the hotel call girl, and Spalding Gray, as her regular john, are wry and affecting, and there's a haunting central image of locked-up debtors' rooms.—M.S. (68th St. Playhouse, and Quad Cinema.)

Like Water for Chocolate—Alfonso Arau's sticky, lusty, and rather ludicrous movie is set on a Mexican ranch in 1910. The head of the family is the the unyielding Mama Elena (Regina Torne), who determines the destinies of her three daughters. The youngest, Tita (Lumi Cavazos), must stay at home and never marry. Needless to say, she promptly falls in love. It's the old story, passions trying to burst through the shell of repression, and it infects the rest of the film: well-behaved wedding guests suddenly grow weepy or horny, and the old social order is menaced by bands of roaming revolutionaries. But what should be a struggle turns into a giggle; Arau's style loses its balance, swooning into endless closeups of damp brows and heaving bosoms. Scripted by Laura Esquivel from her own novel. In Spanish.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Manhattan Murder Mystery—Woody Allen's new picture is his lightest and most unabashedly frivolous feature since "Broadway Danny Rose," in 1984. All that the movie aspires to be is a speedy, bubbly screwball-comedy whodunit, and it's pleasant enough, but Allen hasn't practiced the simple act of popular entertainment in quite a while, and he's rusty. The main characters, Larry and Carol Lipton (Allen and Diane Keaton), suspect that their across-the-hall neighbor has killed his wife, and try to play detective. You could call the movie a comic version of "Rear Window" if it weren't for the inconvenient fact that "Rear Window" is a much funnier picture. Also with Alan Alda and Anjelica Huston. The screenplay is by Allen and Marshall Brickman.—T.R. (8/23 & 30/93) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Baronet, and Orpheum VII. . . . ¶ 84th Street Sixplex; through Sept. 30.)

Short Cuts—In this wildly ambitious picture, Robert Altman uses nine short stories by Raymond Carver as the raw material for a latter-day "Nashville," set in Southern California. (One story line—by far the weakest—is the invention of Altman and his co-screenwriter, Frank Barhydt.) Most of the stories in the three-hour-and-seven-minute movie are about misunderstandings—often outright hostilities—between men and women, and the juxtaposition of all these poisonous domestic relationships has the effect of turning Carver's closely observed, scrupulously specific small dramas into a big, obvious generalization about men's brutality and women's capacity for endurance. Despite Altman's exquisite control of pace, the movie seems thin and insubstantial, and every moment feels pretty much like every other. The filmmaker hovers above his characters, spraying them with significance, and rarely touches down; he has to work too hard to maintain his overview, and, finally, the correspondences he wants us to see from up there start to look contrived, illusory. Of the twenty-two principal actors, a handful do terrific work here: Jack Lemmon, Bruce Davison, Julianne Moore, Lily Tomlin, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Madeleine Stowe.—T.R. (9/27/93) (New York Film Festival; Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Cinema I; starting Oct. 3.)

Sleepless in Seattle—Tom Hanks plays Sam, left miserable by the death of his wife, with only his young son, Jonah (Ross Malinger), to console him. The consolation goes a bit far; Jonah rings up a radio talk show to say that his dad needs love. Many listeners melt with sympathy, none more so than Annie (Meg Ryan), in Baltimore, shortly to be married and none too happy about it. For the rest of the movie, fate—and Jonah—do their best to bring the couple together. Hanks and Ryan have quick wits, and funny faces to match—they should be striking sparks off each other, not mooching around thousands of miles apart and waiting for something to happen. With Rosie O'Donnell and Rob Reiner. Directed by Nora Ephron.—A.L. (7/19/93) (Manhattan Twin, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Murray Hill Cinemas; through Sept. 30.)

Striking Distance—Bruce Willis plays a Pittsburgh river rescue cop in this unseaworthy vehicle. Even for slop, it's sloppy: a pivotal chase scene takes place in broad daylight and is later shown (via flashback) ending in pitch darkness. The preposterous plot centers on a serial killer who gets away from Willis once, then two years later tries to frame him by killing all the cop's former girlfriends. With Sarah Jessica Parker.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Bay Cinema, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 62nd & Broadway, and Astor Plaza.)

True Romance—Cool jerks rapping about pop culture, titillating torture scenes, acting-class bits in which mild-mannered types bluff their way through perilous situations, and a big action set piece planned like a three-sided game of ticktacktoe. That's the formula behind this slick, repellent couple-on-the-run movie, directed by Tony Scott and written by Quentin Tarantino, who used the same ingredients as the writer-director of last year's "Reservoir Dogs." The outlaw newlyweds are Patricia Arquette, a semi-innocent call girl, and Christian Slater, a former comic-book-store clerk who gets advice from Elvis Presley the way Woody Allen got advice from Bogart in "Play It Again, Sam." (Elvis is played by Val Kilmer.) Slater develops a hankering to murder Arquette's ex-pimp (Gary Oldman), and since this flesh peddler is a figure of pure evil, no one's too upset when Slater offs him—except for the mobsters who want the drug stash that winds up in Slater's hands. The filmmakers try to make Arquette

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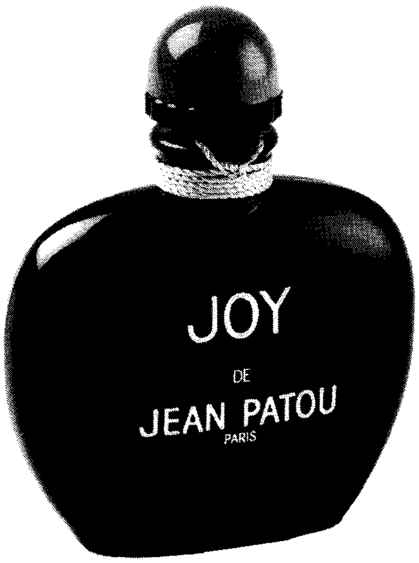

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and Slater lovably goofy compared to the rest of the characters, including the atavistic mafiosi of Detroit and the coke-snorting scuzzballs of Hollywood. Tarantino and Scott are as much prisoners of pop fantasy as Arquette and Slater; they transform everything in their path into a cheap turn-on. With Dennis Hopper, Christopher Walken, Bronson Pinchot, Saul Rubinek, Chris Penn, Michael Rapaport, and Brad Pitt.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 84th Street Sixplex; through Sept. 30.)

Undercover Blues—Kathleen Turner and Dennis Quaid are primed for a good time as married espionage agents with a darling infant girl. But they don't get decent lines, and since the script oversells their characters' fitness, attractiveness, and supposed cleverness, the stars' permanent smiles begin to register as smarmy. Stanley Tucci brings a welcome go-for-broke lunacy to the role of a New Orleans street thug named Muerte; he's the only one in the large, struggling cast (including Fiona Shaw, Larry Miller, and Tom Arnold) who locates the comedy frequency. Herbert Ross directed Ian Abrams' screenplay.—M.S. (Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

The Wedding Banquet—Except for the title celebration itself—a ritualized mob scene that gets weirder and funnier as it goes on—this cross-cultural, cross-sexual comedy-drama, set in New York City, is just a wan getting-to-know-you fable for alternative families. Ang Lee's film centers on the marital subterfuge of a successful gay Taiwanese immigrant (Winston Chao): despite having a longtime companion (Mitchell Lichtenstein), he weds a struggling artist (May Chin) from mainland China to satisfy his traditional parents, who come from Taiwan for an extended visit as soon as they learn he's engaged. Chao and Lichtenstein are likable, but Chin, as the confused, desirous bride, and Sihung Lung and Ah-Leh Gua, as the dignified, well-meaning father and mother, are the ones who deserve cheers.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

At Film Forum 2, a series of films with Jean Harlow.

MONICA LIND

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael.)

Elevator to the Gallows (''Frantic''; 1957)—Louis Malle's first film—a thriller about an attempt at a perfect crime, made in a tense yet velvety style. Jeanne Moreau, who was to become famous the next year in Malle's second film, ''The Lovers,'' is less expansive here; her sullen, sensual mask is just right for this limited but absorbing *policier*, set to Miles Davis's music. The film has an unusual sense of control and style, considering that the plot itself is third-rate; the black-and-white cinematography is by Henri Decaë. With Maurice Ronet, Lino Ventura, and Georges Poujouly. In French.—P.K. (Thalia; Oct. 5.)

The Pearls of the Crown (1937)—The writer-director-actor Sacha Guitry made one-of-a-kind movies, and he made them one after another—quickly, tossing them off. They're glittering trifles; they reek of boulevard insouciance, of chic. And they're among the wittiest and most innovative movies ever made. This one is a comic pageant, a casual succession of jokes and incidents, shifting from ironic high style to low-down put-ons. The picture follows the career of a group of matching pearls over several centuries and several continents; it involves such personages as Mary of Scotland, Empress Eugenie, Napoleon, Henry VIII, Madame DuBarry, and the Queen of Abyssinia—seeing it is rather like flipping the pages of a history book while drinking champagne. Guitry himself plays four roles and is assisted by Arletty, Jean-Louis Barrault, Marguerite Moreno, Cecile Sorel, Jacqueline Delubac, and Jean Coquelin (many of them also play more than one role). Christian-Jacque served as co-director. A trilingual production in French, Italian, and English.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Oct. 2-3.)

Phantom of the Paradise (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, shows an original comic temperament; he's drawn to rabid visual exaggeration and to sophisticated slapstick comedy. William Finley is the idealistic young composer who is robbed of his music, busted for drugs, and sent to Sing Sing, all at the instigation of Swan (creepy Paul Williams), the entrepreneur of Death Records, who has made a pact with the Devil for eternal youth. The composer escapes from prison, is maimed by a record-pressing machine, and becomes the Phantom, who haunts Swan's new rock place, the Paradise, where the girl he loves (Jessica Harper) becomes a star. This mixture of ''The Phantom of the Opera'' and ''Faust'' isn't enough for De Palma. He heaps on layers of acid-rock satire and parodies of ''The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,'' ''The Hunchback of Notre Dame,'' ''Psycho,'' and ''The Picture of Dorian Gray''—and the impacted plots actually function for him. The film is a one-of-a-kind entertainment, with a kinetic, breakneck wit.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 5.)

Red-Headed Woman (1932)—Jean Harlow (with tinted hair) as a girl who exploits her charms and makes the climb from the wrong side of the tracks to a rich marriage and then up higher and higher. She's a smart cookie, and the picture, written by Anita Loos (based on a novel by Katherine Brush), is tough and funny. It caused a scandal in the movie industry, because she didn't suffer for her sins. Directed by Jack Conway. With Chester Morris, Leila Hyams, Una Merkel, Lewis Stone, Henry Stephenson, May Robson, and, briefly, Charles Boyer.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Oct. 1-4.)

What's New Pussycat? (1965)—The script for this lavish production, set in Paris, is by Woody Allen, and his oblique humor is occasionally weird and alienating in this expensive context. It's a frenetic but generally funny psychiatric farce. Peter O'Toole plays a fashion-magazine editor who consults a psychiatrist (Peter Sellers) about how to cure his susceptibility to the girls who pursue him; inevitably, Sellers goes berserk trying to discover the secrets of O'Toole's success. Sellers is in the Woody Allen role, but Woody turns up, too, and there is a trio of beautiful, zingy comediennes—Paula Prentiss (who gets to read a poem called ''Ode to a Pacifist Junkie''), Romy Schneider, and Capucine. Directed by Clive Donner.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 29.)

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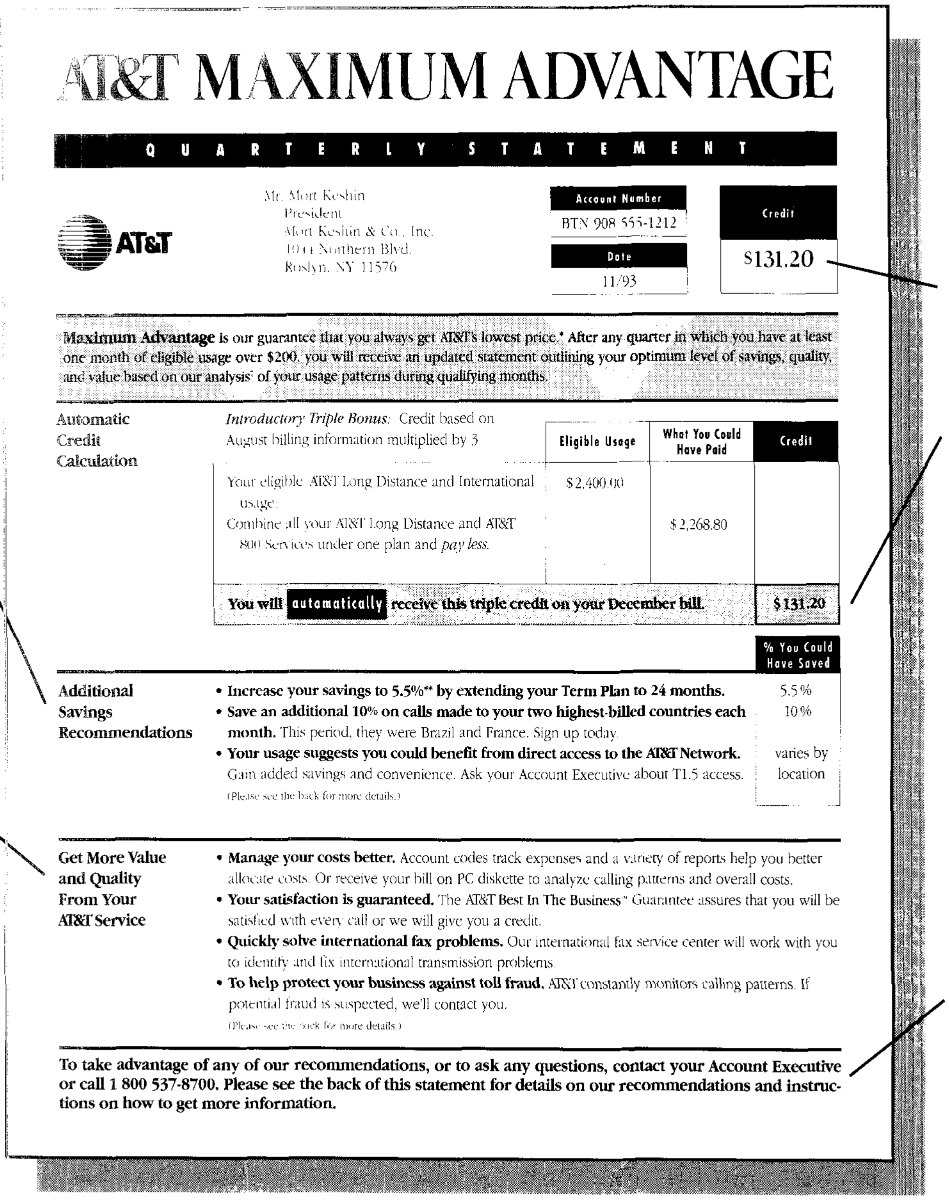

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RALPH LAUREN D

THE NEW YORKER

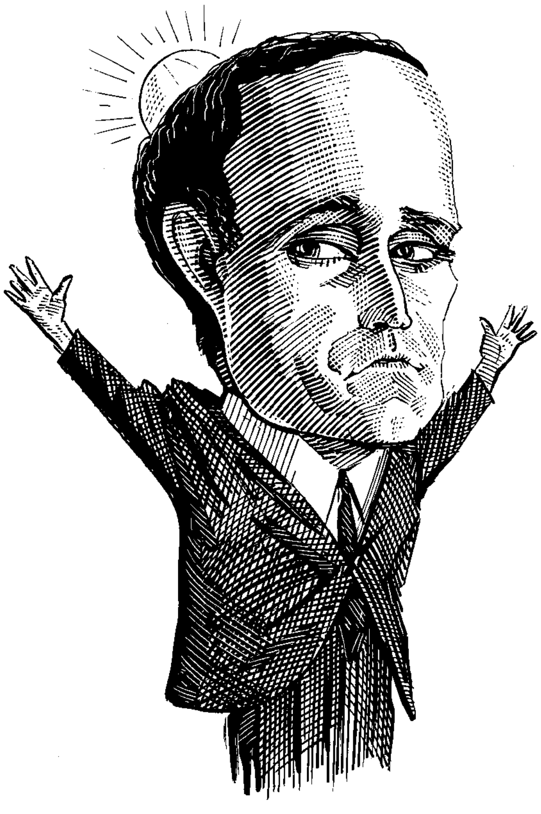
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

IN SEARCH OF THE LIBERAL JEWISH VOTE

A FEW days before Rudolph Giuliani was scheduled to speak at the Jewish Center, an Orthodox synagogue on the Upper West Side, the Center's senior rabbi, Jacob J. Schacter, was fretting over the matter of his own preference for mayor come November 2nd. In 1989, Rabbi Schacter said, he had been delighted to vote for David Dinkins, and many members of his congregation had felt the same way. In his view and theirs, Dinkins was a dependable voice of liberal reform, and a man of good character. More important, he satisfied their craving for harmony in a city increasingly visited by racial bitterness. "There are many of us who wanted to see Mayor Dinkins succeed precisely because he is a black man," Rabbi Schacter said. But now the faithful—liberals, for the most part—seemed to be suffering a grave case of disappointed expectations. "Many people," Rabbi Schacter said, "are switching."

Giuliani was to deliver his speech on an evening when the Upper West Side was still regrouping from its summer in the mountains and at the beach. But by 8 P.M., a half hour before the candidate was scheduled to arrive, some three hundred folding chairs that had been set up in the synagogue were all taken, and the aisles and doorways were filling up. A pre-discussion discussion broke out, and a community activist named Lisa Lehr, a middle-aged woman with a high cone of silvery-blond hair, rose to complain of the mounting numbers of mentally ill drug abusers being quartered on the Upper West Side. "I'm a lifelong Democrat, and I always thought my right arm would fall off if I didn't vote Democratic," she said in a small, firm voice. "I voted for David Dinkins, and now I'm voting for Rudy Giuliani."

The synagogue, as it happened, was crowded that night with former Dinkins supporters who had turned on the Mayor. Waiting for Giuliani, they blamed the Mayor for "Crown Heights"—which in their minds stood for a whole range of tensions between blacks and Jews—and, perhaps even more, for what they saw as the increasing ugliness of their daily lives. Some, like Lehr, had their minds made up; more had turned out to hear what the challenger had to offer. What they wanted most from Giuliani was reassurance: Could they vote for him without betraying their ideals?



If enough Jewish liberals answer yes to that question, Rudolph Giuliani will in all likelihood be New York's next mayor. The electoral math could not be much simpler. In 1989, Dinkins won close to half of the very large and liberal Jewish vote in Manhattan, while more conservative Jews, in the outer boroughs, gave Giuliani almost seventy per cent of their vote. Even a small loss of liberal Jewish votes will cut deeply into the 2.4-per-cent margin by which Dinkins defeated Giuliani in the last election. Giuliani's media adviser, David Garth, who is a veteran of six New York mayoral campaigns, asserts that many of Manhattan's liberal Jewish voters are in "the milling stage." And a series of LH Research polls taken for the local all-news channel, New York 1, do, in fact, show that liberal Jews are moving out of the Dinkins camp and into "undecided." Garth says that most of those voters are so unhappy with the Mayor that they will ultimately vote for Giuliani (who is running on the Liberal as well as the Republican line). A Dinkins aide says that it's the other way around: liberal Jews will not be able to bring themselves to vote for Giuliani. Supporters of the Mayor also contend that the presence on the ticket of Mark Green, who showed tremendous appeal to liberal

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLIOTT BANFIELD

Jewish voters in his successful primary campaign for the office of public advocate, will bring wavering voters to their side.

Many liberal Jews, of course, do continue to feel a strong sense of identity with the Mayor. J. Rolando Matalon, who is a rabbi at B'Nai Jeshurun, a Conservative synagogue that serves the same area as the Jewish Center, says, "*This* crowd would say that Dinkins has done a good job, and he stands for values that are our values." These are the values embodied in the Mayor's depiction of New York as a "gorgeous mosaic," as well as in his personal decency. These are values, too, that inspired people like Lisa Lehr to vote for Dinkins in 1989—Lehr recalled that she felt "euphoric" after the election—but are no longer quite enough.

Thus the apparent defection of liberal Jews from Dinkins' fragile coalition implies something that the polls cannot capture—a shift in the calculus of hope and fear that underlies New Yorkers' feelings about their city. Lisa Lehr has been mugged by reality, in the proverbial phrase. But even those who have not are speaking a language that they would never have expected to use four years ago. Michael Lerner, the editor of *Tikkun*, the bimonthly journal of liberal Jewish thought, whose offices are on the Upper West Side, criticizes the Mayor for "a failure to understand the legitimacy of Jewish fears" in his response to the rioting in Crown Heights.

Yet even as liberal Jewish voters in Manhattan register their disillusionment with Mayor Dinkins they worry that liberalism itself is what they're abandoning. Isn't that what many outer-borough Jews did in 1969, when, fed up with crime and racial tensions, they voted for the law-and-order candidate Mario Procaccino rather than the incumbent Mayor John Lindsay, a liberal they'd helped to elect four years before? Is that tide now lapping at the shores of Manhattan? Lerner says that he has asked his friends who are contemplating a vote for Giuliani, "Does this mean that *Tikkun* is wrong in saying that Jews aren't moving to the right?" and they have assured him that it doesn't—that "it's not a left-right issue" but a question of competence. However, if liberalism involves not only an ideology but a predisposition toward hope—a generosity of expectation—then Lerner's question may not have so easy an answer.

Giuliani arrived at the Center at around 8:30 P.M., listened solemnly to a few introductory remarks, then stepped to the podium, his dark suit jacket buttoned. He began his speech with a long, wooden anecdote designed to show his fondness for rabbis and synagogues—then knocked off his yarmulke in the midst of a staccato gesture. But the candidate did evince a feeling for his audience's sense of vulnerability. He talked about the bygone days when policemen broke up threatening-looking crowds without fear of a civil suit, promised to increase arrests of drug dealers, and declared that it was time to draw the line at sorts of behavior that "a civilized city cannot tolerate." The crowd responded with applause. But Giuliani was also eager to reassure edgy liberals. He promised to offer drug treatment on demand and to increase housing for the poor. Perhaps most important, to judge by the audience's warm reaction, he ended with an appeal to deëmphasize ethnic identity in favor of "common bonds"—his answer to the metaphor of the mosaic.

Afterward, as the crowd was straggling out into a cool night, a number of people said that they had been moved by Giuliani's closing remarks but not by his evocation of a city in the grip of drug dealers and hoodlums—they hadn't come to hear Mario Procaccino. "I just don't think things are *that* bad," said a young woman who had come with her sister. "He made it sound like Gotham City in 'Batman.'" But Giuliani seemed to have satisfied the minimum requirements of more than a few fence-sitters. Rabbi Schacter said that he found the candidate "very impressive." Another former Dinkins supporter, standing under the synagogue's canopy as the last few people left and the doors were closed, said, "Now I can vote for Giuliani with a clear conscience, and I could urge other people to vote for him."

With five weeks left in the campaign, Dinkins has to hope that he can address the fears and disappointments voiced that night at the Center—or that Giuliani commits a terrible blunder. This much seems certain: in the days ahead, both candidates will visit more synagogues in Manhattan.

CANDICE BERGEN GETS THE CALL

For the last ten years, a New York advertising-research company called Video Storyboard Tests has ranked the nation's most appealing product endorsers. The list is based on the results of a telephone-and-shopping-mall survey, and the other day, when we learned that this year's winner was Candice Bergen, and also that she is the first woman ever to occupy the No. 1 spot, we phoned her—which seemed appropriate, since she got to the top by endorsing Sprint long-distance telephone service in that company's television commercials.

Actually, we called her publicist, because we didn't know her telephone number, and then her publicist called her, and then she called us from Los Angeles. She was watching "I Love Lucy" with her eight-year-old daughter, and she didn't seem to be thinking as much about her endorsement victory as we were.

First, we asked her for her general reaction. She said, "It's not often that you can be in the same category as Regis Philbin and come out on top." Regis Philbin came in sixth in the survey this year for endorsing Nabisco crackers.

We asked her how much her life had changed as a result of her triumph. She said not at all.

We asked her whether she endorsed any other products. She said that she did not, "in spite of my greed."

We asked her why she had agreed to endorse Sprint. She said that she had agreed to do the Sprint commercials for the same reason she had agreed to do the television series "Murphy Brown": she liked the scripts.

We'd meant to ask her if, being a Hollywood figure involved with a communications company, she felt she was in some small way part of that larger "interconnectivity" (Barry Diller's word) which has movie studios merging with publishing conglomerates, electronics firms, and cable networks, but we forgot.

Our sense of journalistic responsibility did compel us to ask, Are we actually

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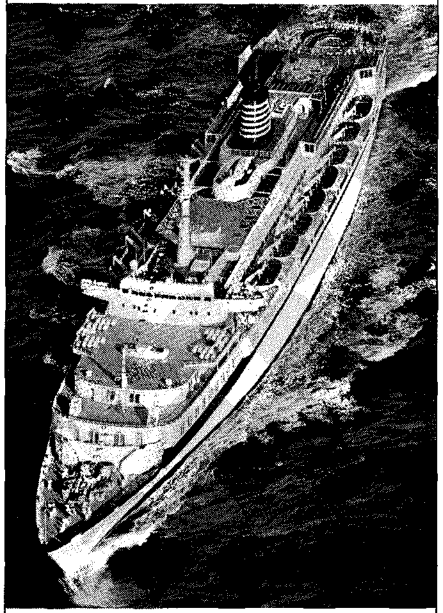

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE HANDSHAKE

Everyone knew what the climax of the peace ceremony had to be, and the White House, relegated to stage-managing history, choreographed every step.

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

MARIO MICOSSI

THREE days before the first agreement between Israelis and Palestinians was to be signed, the White House did not know who would attend the ceremony. On the South Lawn, a platform was being constructed, and thousands of folding chairs were being arranged, although word had not yet been received on whether Yasir Arafat and Yitzhak Rabin would appear, or would leave the ceremony entirely to their foreign ministers. Yet the President's aides were confident that by noon on Monday, September 13th, the two leaders would flank Bill Clinton. This event was too momentous to be consigned to ministers. It was not mere diplomacy. History seemed to insist on a higher protocol—the presence of Rabin and Arafat themselves, the commanders who had waged the war.

The agreement had been secretly negotiated by the Norwegian Foreign Minister, Johan Jørgen Holst, and its announcement took the State Department by surprise. In the *Times*, an overzealous public-affairs officer cast Warren Christopher as the invisible prime mover, but a day later the State Department retreated to a more accurate, humbler account: the Nobel Peace Prize this year will belong rightly to the Norwegian. Diplomatically, the United States could claim the power of suggestion. Politically, control of the ceremony belonged to the White House: for this moment, its statecraft must be its stagecraft.

"It feels like a gift," the President said the weekend before the signing. The Camp David accord had been the fruit of Jimmy Carter's assiduous husbanding, as he tended hour by hour to the sensitivities of Menachem Begin and Anwar Sadat. When the breakthrough came, Carter was not only emotionally but physically relieved: those negotiations had gone on in virtually full view. By contrast, the Israeli-Palestinian agreement was announced after long secrecy, and only the signing ceremony would allow the public a glimpse of the process. For Clinton, the agreement had fallen from the sky. There had not even been a great expenditure of prayer for this manna: it had just descended. Like all new Presidents, Clinton had assumed burdens, such as the deficit, not of his own making. With this peace, he was granted his first unanticipated boon.

The fortuitousness of the "gift" is that it gives him more than an unexpected foreign-policy triumph: it also elevates his Presidential image at precisely the time he needs to deploy it on behalf of domestic policy. "It is part of the process of reflating that has been going on for months now," a Presidential aide says.

Within the White House, the President's aides were consumed with the precise design of the tableau. It was plotted second by second, step by step, gesture by gesture. Rahm Emanuel, a Presidential assistant, was designated chief impresario. He had been the campaign finance director and co-chairman of the inaugural committee, and was now the White House political director. But other qualifications were perhaps more immediately relevant to his new assignment. When he was born, he says, his father, who had fought in the 1948 War of Independence as a member of the Irgun underground, named him for the last Israeli soldier to fall in that war's battle for Jerusalem. (The Irgun, a terrorist group, merged into the Likud Party, which is the party that presided over Israel for fifteen years before the election of Rabin.) During the Gulf War, he volunteered for the Israeli Army, served on the northern border in Qiryat Shemona, repairing brakes for tanks and trucks, and was subjected to bombardments of Katyusha rockets from Lebanon.

The first thing Emanuel did to prepare for the signing was to screen tapes of the post-Camp David ceremony. Carter, Begin, and Sadat were seated at a long table, with Carter in the middle, separating the two former antagonists. When they spoke, they spoke from their fixed positions. There was no movement: everyone stayed where he was. For the new agreement, Emanuel and the other aides wanted motion that would create momentum toward a climax. (The choreographer of the new peace had turned down a scholarship from the Joffrey Ballet School.) Everyone involved in the planning knew instinctively from the start that that climax—the lasting image—must be a handshake.

The President's aides gathered on Saturday in George Stephanopoulos's office to enact it themselves. They rose from their chairs and were standing in positions that they had taken without any forethought, which simply reflected where they had sat when they entered the room. Will Itoh, the executive secretary to the National Security Council, was on the right—in Rabin's position. John Podesta, the President's staff secretary, was in the center—in Clinton's. And Rahm Emanuel was on the left—in Arafat's.

"Wait a minute!" he objected. "I'm switching. I'm playing Rabin. I've earned the *right* to be Rabin."

"No," said Mark Gearan, the communications director, who was playing Warren Christopher. "This is about *understanding*."

Emanuel looked around the room for allies. "This is about bringing down walls," said another Presidential aide.

"All right," said Emanuel, conceding defeat.

But then, how to stage the handshake? The three actors stood awkwardly, trying to figure out this most delicate piece of political theatre. Rabin could not be forced to shake hands. No one could coerce the actors. The handshake had to appear natural. Yet, clearly, the President, as the master of ceremonies, was responsible for making it happen. After some tentative handshaking, Podesta had an epiphany: Clinton should first shake Rabin's hand, then Arafat's. And then Podesta, illustrating, lifted up his arms in what one of those present called a "benediction-like gesture," and said, "If you stand back and move your hands out, that will create natural space." Eureka!

The next day, Yitzhak Rabin was interviewed on CNN's "Newsmaker Sunday." "So," asked Frank Sesno, "do you shake Mr. Arafat's hand?"

Rabin answered, in his gravelly voice, "If it will be needed."

Back at the White House, aides scurried around in search of the right chair for the peace table. Unlike Camp David, there would be only one chair. Each signatory would sit in it, by turns. The movements from the podium to the chair were calculated to show that the participants were going to the same place. It was important that the chair have a low back. It would be in the center of the picture, and its top must not block the shot of the clasped hands. The camera angle would be slightly elevated, just in case. Eventually, an aide found an upholstered chair with a low back in the residential wing of the White House, and it became the inconspicuous crucial prop.

President Clinton was so excited about the event that he awoke at three in the morning, read the Book of Joshua, and inserted scriptural passages in his speech. A few hours later, he rehearsed his movements with his aides, including the gesture that might prompt the handshake. He showed off his tie, decorated with trumpets—a sartorial reference to Jericho.

The day's events had been programmed in a single-spaced, twenty-seven-page script. The ceremony began with the entrance of Tipper Gore. Clinton was the last to enter, with Rabin on his right and Arafat on his left. Underlying the movements on the platform was a deliberate narrative structure: Clinton, Shimon Peres, and Mahmoud Abbas were followed by the signing by four foreign ministers. Each moved from his standing position to sit in the chair. John Podesta handled the documents and the pens. When Warren Christopher finished signing, Podesta pushed the chair forward to set the shot.

Rabin was facing the crowd, but Clinton drew his attention by offering his hand. Rabin shook it. He had now turned and was facing the President—and Arafat. Clinton swivelled to shake Arafat's hand. Without pausing, he took a half step back while raising his arms, silently coaxing Rabin and Arafat together. Arafat stretched out his hand. Rabin tilted his head slightly, hesitated for a split second, and then, feeling the inexorability of the moment, extended his hand, too. Thus, they shook. Now that they had been drawn closer together, an open Clinton hand appeared behind each man's back. Click-click-click-click! And Clinton withdrew his hands, applauding in approval. The crowd rose in an ovation. Arafat did not end his handshaking: he walked toward the Israeli side, shook Shimon Peres's hand, and then shook everybody else's.

After Rabin and Arafat spoke, Clinton led them down the platform toward a grand receiving line—a progress that had been carefully arranged by the President's aides to make points about the difficult process that lay ahead and the history that flows through it. The first person they encountered was Madeleine K. Albright, the United States Ambassador to the United Nations, whose presence symbolized the international aspect of the peace effort. Next stood the bipartisan congressional leadership: Speaker of the House Thomas Foley, House Majority Leader Richard Gephardt, House Minority Leader Bob Michel, and Senators Alan Simpson and Wendell Ford, the Republican and Democratic whips. The message: Support here knows no partisanship. Then the hands of Vice-President Al Gore, Tipper Gore, Leah Rabin, and Hillary Rodham Clinton were shaken. Stationing Mrs. Rabin between the Vice-President's wife and the First Lady was a deliberate statement about the United States commitment to Israel: What borders could be more secure?

Then came Jimmy Carter and George Bush. Of the five living former Presidents, none has a higher standing today than the once discredited Carter. Now, in the line, he represented not only the peace process but a lost opportunity: fifteen years before, when he helped Egypt and Israel reach an accord, the Palestinians might have made a separate peace. Begin had grudgingly offered a tentative proposal for Palestinian autonomy over a five-year period. But the Palestine Liberation Organization had clung to its alternative plan: the destruction of Israel. The P.L.O. defined itself by its romantic dream of armed struggle. Failure after tragic failure was required to reduce the P.L.O. to a condition of near-extinction, so that in Gaza and on the West Bank the moral glamour of its more secular revolutionary ideal was finally supplanted by that of Islamic fundamentalists incited and funded by the Iranian mullahs. The P.L.O. had brought into being a chiliastic fervor that was easily appropriated by religious fanatics, to whom the end of days has a naturally uplifting logic. Peace, the one earthly thing the P.L.O. had not tried, was its ultimate, desperate gambit, which was why, finally, Arafat was now shaking Carter's hand at the White House.

This was George Bush's first return to the White House since he left office. Waiting in the wings to make his entrance during the ceremony, he referred to himself as "ex, ex, ex, ex." His early, blundering intervention in Israeli politics had helped elect Yitzhak Shamir, whom he then spent years attempting to defeat. Only Rabin, not Shamir, would have been willing to risk peace. War was the health of the Likud. Bush's tactics merely turned both Israeli and Jewish-American public opinion against him. After Labor ousted the Likud in last year's election, Israel was poised for a shift. The country was stronger than it had ever been in relation to the P.L.O., but that was because the P.L.O. had become so feeble. If Israel did not sign an agreement, it might not for another generation or two have a negotiating partner. Now Rabin shook Bush's hand. In the Gulf War, Bush had contributed to the further isolation of Arafat, who, with an unerring instinct for defeat, chose to align himself with Saddam Hussein. Now Saddam's humbled ally shook Bush's hand.

As the line turned, the leaders faced the Arab foreign ministers and the Israeli Ambassador to the United States, Itamar Rabinovich—all of whom will play key roles in the negotiations to come. Among them stood the crafty Prince Bandar, the Saudi Ambassador to the United States, in white flowing robes. During the Gulf War, the Saudis had summarily cut off funding for the P.L.O. when it impotently lined up against them. Now the Saudis would be essential in underwriting the nascent Palestinian state. Arafat shook the hand of the man with the petrodollars.

Finally, Clinton introduced Rabin and Arafat to his daughter, Chelsea, standing amid a group of Israeli and Palestinian children who had camped together in Maine over the summer in a venture promoting good will. Clinton showed Rabin and Arafat how to pose holding up T-shirts that read "Seeds for Peace." And then the three disappeared into the White House.

Out on the South Lawn, the heads of Arab-American and Jewish organizations were deliberately mixed together in the seating. "People asked if there would be an Arab section and a Jewish section," James J. Zogby, the president of the Arab American Institute, says. "Well, there was this section for both of us. As you came, you sat. We were all caught up in the emotion of the day and the fact that you couldn't believe that it was happening. Leaders from various Jewish groups were coming up to me saying, 'Can I get my picture taken with you?' I wanted Arab-Americans to meet Elie Wiesel. By the end of the day, there was a warming process. In the three hours we sat on the lawn, the ice melted. It wasn't that work was going to stop. It was a new kind of work. It wasn't one versus the other. When the two hands were shaken they were validating on the stage what we had come to feel. The first thing that caught my eye, at the moment I watched the hand come out and waited for it to be accepted, at the moment it touched, was that people erupted, came out of their seats, looked at each other. Jewish guys sitting on each side of me grabbed for me. From that moment on, through the rest of the day, there was physical embracing. We were being Semites with each other."

Along with many Jews, Zogby (whose Washington office was once bombed) hopes he is being a realist. "There will be bumps on the road, of course," he says. "There are rejectionists on both sides. But they can't come together to oppose. They can find no consolation in each other. Those of us who favor it can now come together. If it was no more than that one moment, that was enough to keep me going. I hope people will now know that I am not the enemy." After the ceremony, he wrote Rahm Emanuel a thank-you note. ♦

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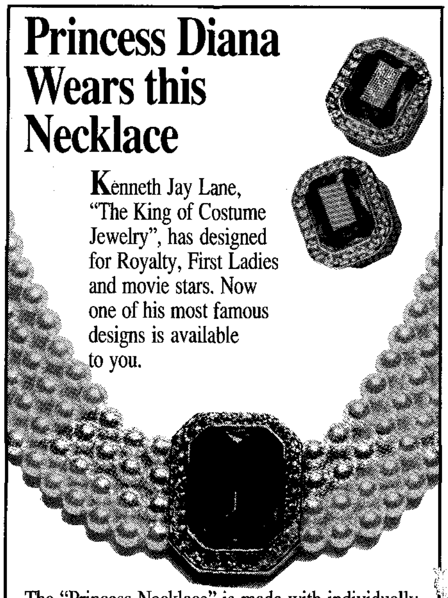

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ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS

THE LAST STUDIO IN PLAY

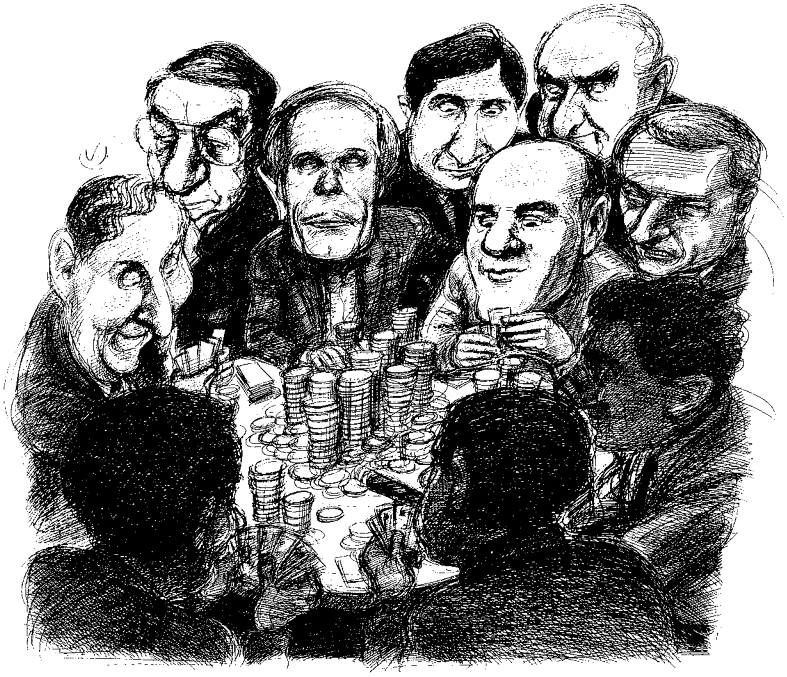
Barry Diller and Sumner Redstone differ about where their industry is going, and Paramount Communications may prove to be their testing ground.

BY KEN AULETTA

ALTHOUGH Sumner Redstone hadn't played poker in twenty years, he knew he couldn't lose this hand. He had five aces—the supreme hand in a seven-card game called day baseball. Redstone was travelling with three colleagues, and this was the final hand before their plane landed. Redstone did not want just to win; he wanted to empty his friends' pockets.

“Explain to me again the rules of this game?” he asked the other players. The four men sat in leather armchairs around a table in the rear of the plane—a G-3 jet taking them from the West Coast to Minneapolis. Nines and threes are wild and the best hand is five aces, Redstone's colleagues told him. After the cards were dealt, Redstone hesitated, munched some nuts, stared at his hand, and lamented, “I don't know whether I should stay in.” The other players—Frank Biondi, who was the chief executive officer of Viacom International, Inc., the company that Redstone controlled; George S. Smith, its chief financial officer; and Julian Markby, then an investment banker with Drexel Burnham Lambert, all of whom, along with Redstone, were on a five-day tour to sell five hundred million dollars' worth of Viacom bonds—paid little heed to Redstone's plight. Each felt that he held the winning hand. Biondi had five kings. Smith had five jacks. Markby had a full house.

While Redstone seemed to dither, the others pushed their remaining capital—matchsticks—into the pot. Then Markby put his hand down. Smith put his jacks on the table, which topped Markby's full house. Next, Biondi showed his five kings, certain that the pot was his. With a blank expression, Redstone put his aces down one by one, and then he jumped up and yelled, “I wiped you out! I wiped you all out!”



At the table: Sumner Redstone, Martin Davis, Ted Turner, Brian Roberts, Barry Diller, Ralph Roberts, and John Malone.

VICTOR JUHASZ

That poker hand revealed the essential Sumner Redstone, Biondi says: “focussed” and absolutely determined to win. Redstone himself says, “I have an extremely obsessive drive to win.”

In 1954, seven years after graduating from Harvard Law School, Redstone joined his father in a family-owned movie-theatre business in Massachusetts, and parlayed some shrewd investments into a company called National Amusements. In 1979, after he was badly burned in a Boston hotel fire, Redstone was told that he might never walk again; he spent five months in a hospital, and, though his right hand remains gnarled, he says he plays a better game of tennis today than he did then. He displayed similar tenacity when, in 1987, people insisted that he could never acquire Viacom, a diversified cable-and-broadcast-programming company; he persisted, sweetening his bid three times and finally succeeding.

Today, Redstone, who is seventy years old, hopes to gain control of Paramount, the last available major studio. On September 12th, he announced that Viacom would acquire Paramount Communications for eight billion two hundred million dollars, or sixty-nine dollars a share. Redstone thought he held the winning hand. Yet, eight days later, Barry Diller, who had become the chairman of Paramount Pictures at age thirty-two, announced that QVC Network, his home-shopping company—backed by QVC's principle partners, John Malone, the C.E.O. of Tele-Communications, Inc. (T.C.I.), and the chairman of Liberty Media Corporation, and Brian Roberts and his father, Ralph, the president and the chairman of Comcast Corporation—was offering eighty dollars a share for Paramount. At stake is something much larger than a single studio, of course. The purchase by either bidder would create a global giant involved in movies, cable, broadcast television, books, sports, and the world of interactive electronics.

The battle for Paramount could trigger a bidding war reminiscent of nineteen-eighties dealmaking. In part, the contest sets software providers who want to circumvent the middleman against gatekeepers who own part of the electronic superhighway—the cable wire—and want to own the software as well. If Redstone wins this contest, he will own a global programming colossus that includes MTV, Nickelodeon, VH-1, Showtime, the eight hundred and ninety or so films in Paramount's library, and network-TV programming produced by Paramount, and also such syndicated successes as “Cheers,” “Roseanne,” and “The Cosby Show,” not to mention one of the world's largest publishing enterprises and the New York Knickerbockers and the New York Rangers. Redstone believes that he does not need to own the highway that distributes his products if he owns brand-name products. By contrast, if Diller and his cable partners prevail, they will own both the cable wire into one-quarter of all cabled homes and the software to help program their cable channels here and abroad. Barry Diller's close friend Diane Von Furstenberg says, "Barry's been dreaming of this for a long time"; Paramount was "the first mountain he climbed" when he was a young Hollywood executive, she adds. Now he sees an opportunity not just to reclaim that mountain but also to oust the man who shoved him from the top in 1984—Martin Davis, the present chairman and C.E.O. of Paramount.

As early as last spring, Davis had reason to be concerned. Since assuming control of the company, in 1983—at the time, it was known as Gulf + Western—he had succeeded in sharpening its focus as an entertainment company: he had shed non-entertainment and non-publishing assets; he had reduced the company's debt, renamed it Paramount Communications, and amassed more than a billion dollars in cash. Yet he knew that Paramount was vulnerable to a takeover. He knew that all the channels that were going to be available someday would need programs. He knew that over the past five years his studio had lost market share, and that even with a new team running it his quarterly earnings for the period ending October 31st might alarm Wall Street. After a string of flops, the studio was expected to miss its private budget targets by up to eighty million dollars, according to two sources. Such swings are not uncommon in the movie business, but Davis knew that investors might panic, and that Paramount's stock price might fall sharply. And he knew, too, that investors were impatient, because Paramount had not made a big deal, even though he had been promising one.

Over the past four years, Davis had had a series of exploratory conversations about a merger of some sort, but nothing had come of these discussions; the companies that he had been talking to turned out to be not for sale. The one contemporary he feared was Malone, whom he showered with compliments and regularly invited to dinner. Davis could not have been comforted to see Malone and Diller become partners last winter, but he was sure that his own relationship with Malone was secure. "He's one of the great visionaries of our time," he told me then, insisting that I attribute the quote to him by name in a magazine article.

Davis grew anxious when Malone, in a telephone conversation late last winter, seemed to confuse something that Davis had said about him with an unattributed quote from a cable-company C.E.O. in the same article. The C.E.O. had complained that Malone was "an evil genius." Davis reassured Malone. He went so far as to order a paperweight with his compliment embossed on one side and the "evil genius" line on the other and send it to Malone. Davis thought it was funny, but he never learned what Malone thought about the gift. "I never heard from him," Davis says. His suspicious nature was now on full alert. Maybe his friend would become an adversary. Maybe his old nemesis Barry Diller was up to something. This suspicion hardened into certainty when Davis invited Diller to lunch last summer and asked whether QVC hoped to acquire Paramount. "I got a vacant answer," Davis recalls.

"We felt that the world was changing," Stanley R. Jaffe, Paramount's president, who is second in command to Davis, says. "It was becoming a world of a few giants in media and communications. We worried that competitors like News Corporation"—controlled by Rupert Murdoch—"and T.C.I. were getting too strong a hold on the gate." Among possible merger partners, Davis felt comfortable with Sumner Redstone, whom he had known for forty years.

By last spring, Davis had relented on something he had long insisted on: that in a merger Paramount would necessarily be the buyer, not the seller. Redstone would be the buyer now. Neither man needed anyone to tell him how snugly the assets fitted: Viacom's growing cable channels—particularly MTV and Nickelodeon—could make movies and have them distributed by Paramount's worldwide distribution system; Paramount's plethora of television programs could appear on the companies' combined twelve broadcast stations, or on Viacom's one million one hundred thousand cable boxes; MTV's and Nickelodeon's characters and merchandise could appear in Paramount's five theme parks; Paramount's book division was a natural match for the interactive technology that both companies had invested in. Together, the two companies would rank among the world's largest communications companies, rivalled only by Time-Warner, Murdoch's News Corporation, Capital Cities/ABC, the Walt Disney Company, and Bertelsmann. Diller and Malone would need Paramount/Viacom to provide programming for their cable channels.

Discussions between Davis and Redstone grew more intense in June, when Davis asked his investment banker, Felix Rohatyn, of Lazard Frères, to begin serious negotiations with Redstone's banker, Robert Greenhill, who had just left Morgan Stanley and become president of Smith Barney Shearson, a firm better known for brokerage than for dealmaking. Redstone said in a statement, "This has nothing to do with money, this has nothing to do with glory. . . . This is an act of destiny."

At various points over the next two months, the deal did not seem destined. Negotiators wrestled over price and over the amount of cash versus the amount of stock the merger would involve. Redstone and Davis squabbled over what one banker called the "social issues": who would be C.E.O.; what role the No. 2 man at each company—Stanley Jaffe at Paramount, Frank Biondi at Viacom—would play; whether the name "Paramount" would precede the name "Viacom" in the new company. "I never thought it would happen," Redstone recalls. Several times last summer, he broke off negotiations.

But by Tuesday, September 7th, after meeting much of the day in a conference room at Smith Barney, the negotiators had reached a tentative agreement on the economic outlines of a deal: Viacom would pay Paramount shareholders sixty-nine dollars and fourteen cents a share in stock and cash, depending on the price of Viacom's stock, which had risen, partly because Redstone was buying it; Sumner Redstone would become chairman of the combined company and own nearly forty per cent of its common stock and seventy per cent of its voting stock; and Martin Davis would become the C.E.O. of the new company. Biondi's and Jaffe's roles would probably be defined after the merger was completed.

Rohatyn asked that his team members

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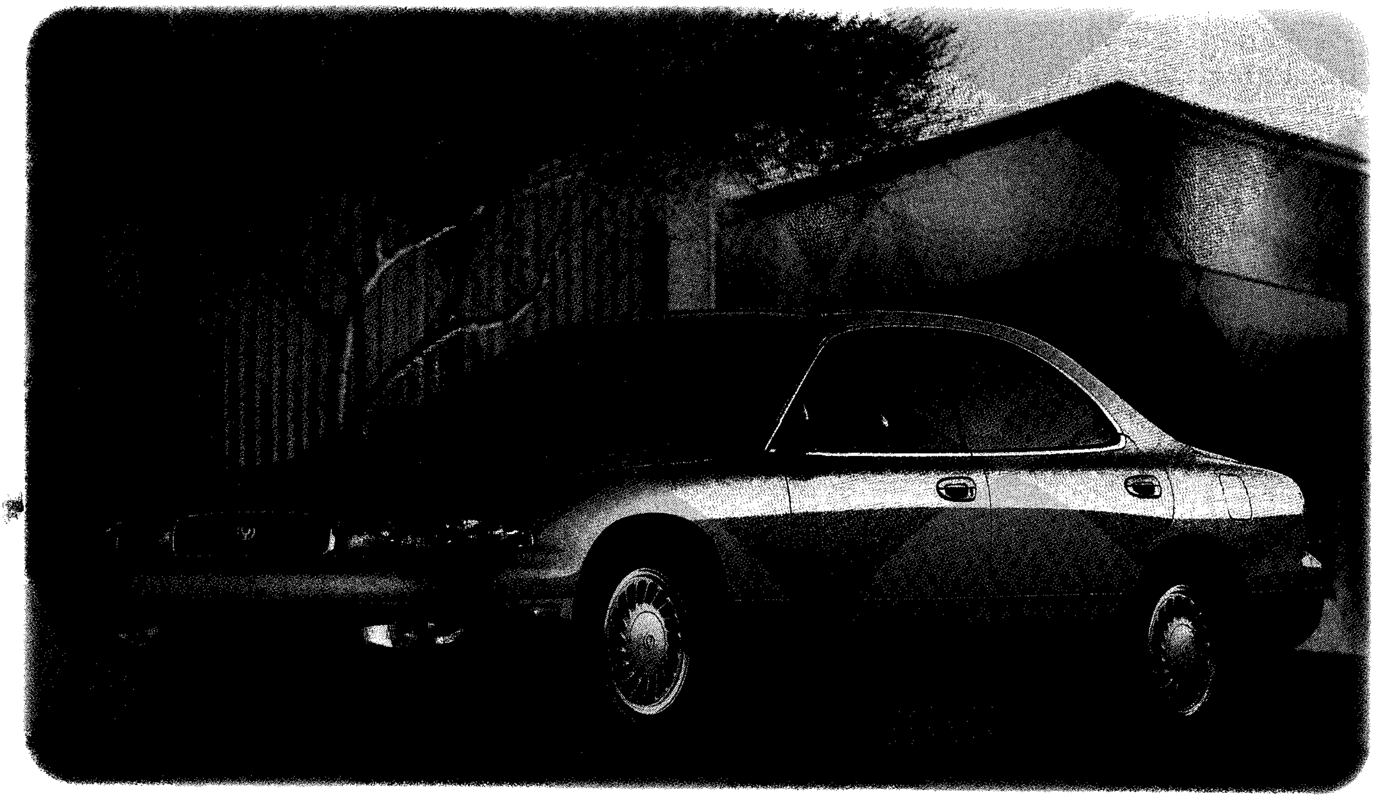

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be left alone in the room so they could call Davis.

Davis said into the phone, "I want to see him face to face."

"Hiya, boss" is how Redstone greeted Davis when he picked up the telephone. It was an appropriately soothing opener, for, though Davis would be the C.E.O., Redstone would sign his checks. Rohatyn, who has done many deals in his sixty-five years, observes, "Most deals are fifty per cent emotion and fifty per cent economics."

Redstone and Davis dined that night in a suite at the Hotel Carlyle. They talked about how, together, they could build a global communications giant, how they would be partners. They also talked about how they were determined to block what they saw as the monopolistic designs of Malone and Diller. Redstone, who calls himself "an old-fashioned liberal" Democrat, and who worked as a young lawyer for Harry Truman and was a supporter of Bill Clinton, accused Malone of seeking a cable monopoly, because he was both a gatekeeper and an owner of much of the programming that he allowed to pass through his gate. That night at the Carlyle, Redstone and Davis shook hands on a deal.

At the press conference several days later, in the Viacom cafeteria, Redstone dominated the podium. "Software is the name of the game," he declared.

What about a potential hostile bid from Barry Diller, John Malone, and Comcast?

Redstone said he had known Diller a long time and did not believe he would attack this deal. Of Malone, Redstone said, "I respect him, but I don't fear him." Besides, he added, the political environment was adverse to Malone. Privately, both Redstone's and Davis's investment bankers saw the possibility of at least one bid. "We recognize that we're opening the door to other bidders. No question," Steven Rattner, a partner at Lazard Frères, told me. The biggest threat, he predicted, was likely to come from Diller and his allies. "They want a studio in order to claim its library and its capacity to produce product," Rattner said. "They know this is the last studio play—until the Japanese get tired of their toys."

At the press conference, however, Redstone and Davis acted nonplussed. In separate turns at the microphone, both practiced the new old math, asserting that one Viacom plus one Paramount equalled not two but four, or even six or eight. "This is Time-Warner without the debt," Redstone declared.

Diller did not agree with such math. "I am not a big believer in synergy," he told me on the eve of the Redstone-Davis announcement. "More money has been thrown away on empty synergistic arguments. It's mostly noise."

Was it possible that Diller's QVC would bid for Paramount?

"There are circumstances that might allow us to make a move," Diller said.

One of Diller's two main partners in QVC—Brian Roberts, of Comcast, which is America's fourth-largest cable system—was eager to pounce. After word of the impending marriage between Redstone and Davis leaked, Roberts said, "When the new highway technology comes down, a way for a cable company like ours to play an even greater role is to own programming."

For the next several days, Redstone basked in his new celebrity. When he arrived in the lobby on the twenty-eighth floor of Viacom, at 1515 Broadway, for a picture-taking session with a *Newsweek* photographer, he could not contain his glee. "See that national press!" he exclaimed to a press assistant. He agreeably posed before a panel of twelve TV screens, which displayed MTV and other channels of his. Obviously, one part of Redstone is ham. "This guy really wants to be a media mogul," says a business associate.

Yet there is a more modest side to Redstone. He wears off-the-rack suits, draped loosely on a six-foot-plus frame. His shoes—black loafers—are scuffed, his shirt cuffs don't show, because he wears short sleeves, and his ties, which are wide, can also be garish. He has lived in the same house, in Newton, Massachusetts, for the past thirty-five years, and owns neither a private limousine nor a corporate jet.

While Redstone can be a demanding—even a rough—boss, his style of management tends to be collegial. He likes to say he treats people as "partners." He is in the office most days, attends the regular meetings that Biondi conducts with other Viacom executives, participates in strategy and deal conversations. In day-to-day management, Biondi sets the corporate style, and the style is one of trust. Family pictures dominate his office. He does not micromanage. He listens. He analyzes.

The management style practiced by Martin Davis and Stanley Jaffe at Paramount contrasts sharply with Viacom's. While Redstone is somewhat dishevelled, Davis always looks as if he had just come from the barber. Not a strand of parted silvery hair is out of place. He wears monogrammed white shirts, crisp and fastened at the sleeves by cufflinks, and tailored pin-striped suits, the pants held by sedate suspenders. Yet there is about Davis a jumpiness, a sense that he is about to pounce. Unlike Redstone or Biondi, Davis regularly converses only with Jaffe and two or three other executives. "Marty does not talk to a lot of people," says Jaffe, who is not only his deputy but his friend and admirer. Jaffe's style is more hands on, but, like Davis, he is known to yell at underlings. While Jaffe is respected as a talented producer, people snicker at what they say is his imperial manner. The most recent Paramount proxy statement reveals that Paramount constructed an elaborate screening room in Jaffe's Westchester County home, at a cost of a million five hundred thousand dollars.

Davis and Jaffe are imposing figures, and are often viewed as mirror images of each other. "Marty Davis would enjoy pulling the wings off flies," one business rival says.

Davis concedes that he is tough, but maintains that he isn't nasty. "Some people misinterpret me," he says. "If I have something to say, I'm direct."

When Barry Diller ran Paramount, in the early eighties, he found Davis too direct. Two days after the merger with Viacom was proclaimed, Davis sat in his office, high above Central Park, and said that even if Diller and his allies made a bid and offered more dollars per share than Viacom, he was prepared to recommend that his board reject the offer. Ironically, he echoed the line taken by executives at Time and Warner when they opposed Davis's hostile 1989 bid for Time. "Nobody can offer this combination," Davis declared. "A few more dollars can't do it, because it can't equal the value we're creating. You can't compete with this future." The offer, he added, would have "to be so extraordinary that Sumner and I would look at each other and say, 'It has to be.' " But he would not define "extraordinary."

Although there was general praise for the comfortable way the holdings of Viacom and Paramount meshed, in the aftermath of the merger announcement people began to wonder how other elements would mesh, starting with the contrasting management styles. "These people can't get along," says a Hollywood studio head who knows them all. "On a scale of one to ten, the possibility of the four of them surviving together is zero."

Redstone challenges this view, saying of Davis, "He'll have a good time with this, because I've never acted like a boss in my life."

The reaction from the Diller camp was harsh, and concentrated on another perceived weakness of the merger: the absence of a dominant creative figure, like Diller or Disney's Michael Eisner. "You have two perfectly adequate pieces of concrete placed next to each other," one of Diller's colleagues said. "There's no energizing force. No one who understands programming. Synergy is different from energy."

"That's a stupid response," Davis says. "Look at MTV. It's creative. I'd match Jaffe's creativity to Diller's. Diller was brilliant in creating a fourth network, but I haven't seen anything happen after that. I respect Eisner, but he relied on people he inherited; Jeffrey Katzenberg has built the Disney studio."

Redstone believes that the cable sun is setting. Whether he succeeds or stumbles in his bid for Paramount, this core assumption provides a much overlooked motive for his proposed merger. When Diller joined up with Malone and Comcast to run QVC, in an attempt to become cable's principal programmer, he bet that cable would dominate the electronic highway into homes. Redstone and Davis are making a different bet. They see that the public is angry about rising cable prices. They see that Congress and the Clinton-Gore Administration are inclined to treat cable the way Washington once treated the three TV networks: as a monopoly. Already, the courts are relaxing strictures that prevented the telephone companies' entry into the video business. There is a clamor within Congress to compel cable companies to choose between owning the hardware (wire) and owning the software (programs), just as TV networks like CBS were once compelled to choose between owning a distribution system and owning a software company like Viacom, as CBS did in 1970. Meanwhile, by rapidly paving the way for other highways into the home—including the telephone wire, the satellite dish, and the wireless radio frequencies of cellular phones—technology has spawned competition, not retarded it, while chasing smaller competitors.

Against this backdrop, one can better understand the business motives of Redstone and Davis versus Diller and cable. Redstone is betting that, with an ample supply of programming for the much heralded five-hundred-plus-channel future, software manufacturers like Viacom and Paramount will be able to treat the cable gatekeeper like a middleman. "Software will get distributed because the public will demand it," he declares. "People want their MTV." He is suggesting that MTV, Nickelodeon, and TV shows like "Cheers" are brand names, and distributors must carry the products on their shelves. And if they don't, "there are other ways to distribute programming," he says. "As competition develops, the life of the programmer improves."

With other means of distributing products, and with more channel choices, the demand for products outpaces the supply, says Robert Iger, the president of ABC. "Shelf space is now so enormous that the ownership of shelf space is less important."

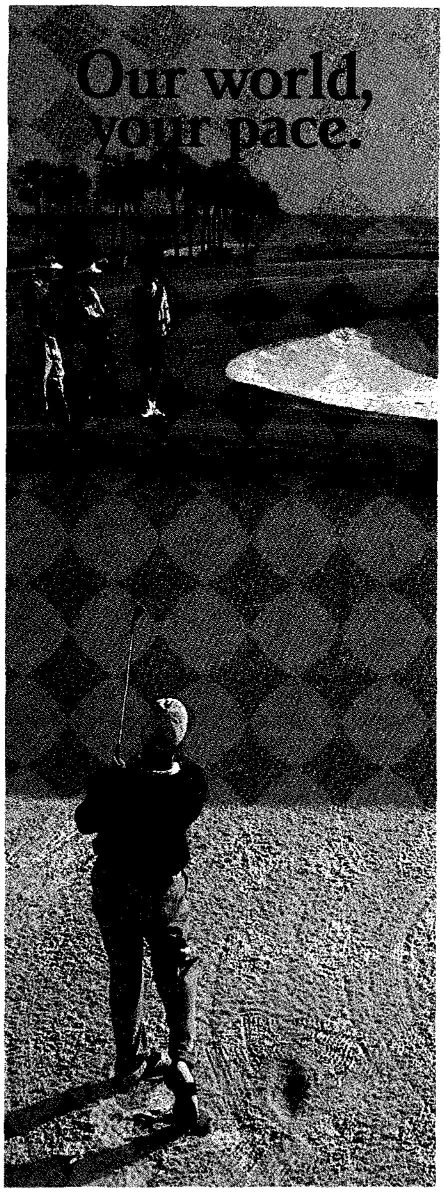
Something else is happening, too: the distinction between software and hardware is fading, for a brand name can guarantee its own distribution. "There's been a little bit of a power shift," Steven Rattner says. "Programming will be king."

Redstone's proposed deal with Paramount differs from some recent entertainment-industry mergers. There are three options that communications companies can select from, Rattner says. The first is to be a studio and produce products. The second is to be a wholesale distributor of products, as MTV, CBS, and HBO are. The third is to be a hardware-delivery system, whether that hardware is a cable wire or a Walkman. MCA's merger with Matsushita and Columbia's with Sony were meant to create synergies between Japanese-produced consumer-electronic hardware and studio software—between Options 1 and 3. The union between Viacom and Paramount would strengthen the joint company in Options 1 and 2, but not appreciably strengthen it in Option 3.

It was with Options 1, 2, and 3 in mind that, on September 20th, QVC bid nine billion five hundred million dollars to acquire Paramount. This bid was about eleven dollars a share more than Viacom's accepted offer. QVC would pay about thirty dollars a share in cash and the rest in QVC stock, and that was about twenty-one dollars in cash more than Viacom bid. "Sumner Redstone can't compete with this offer," a member of Diller's group said. "His package is worth about sixty dollars a share. To compete, he has to come up with thirty-five or forty per cent more cash. And in a bidding contest Diller can call on backers other than just Malone and Comcast"—including Ted Turner, the chairman of the Turner Broadcasting System. Of course, Redstone can also come up with another partner, or sell an asset like his cable system. But by the end of last week one of Davis's advisers was gloomy: "Diller is Secretariat in the 1973 Belmont Stakes. He's lapping the field." Perhaps to slow him down, Viacom filed an antitrust suit in federal court in Manhattan last week, charging that QVC's bid represented an attempt by John Malone to monopolize the cable-TV market.

Behind the Diller-Malone-Comcast bid is an ambitious attempt to become a perfectly vertically integrated company, controlling everything from the idea, through the production of that idea, to the dissemination of it. Look at it this way, Diller said late last week: "If you were at Paramount and you could buy QVC, you'd get a company that is on the frontier of interactivity, a company that is countercyclical to your own. Electronic retailing is countercyclical to the vagaries of the TV and movie business. Along with it, you get a management with a history with Paramount and maybe an ability to operate it. Plus you'd get an alliance with Liberty cable"—John Malone—"and Comcast. If you could do all that, the market and the public would say, 'Wow!' That's what will happen if we complete this."

With the stakes so high, the battle between Redstone and Diller might attract even more players. Today, however, Barry Diller seems to have all the aces. ♦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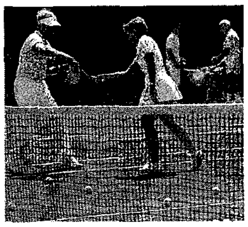

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PROFILE

BHUTTO'S FATEFUL MOMENT

With her old foes still in place, Benazir Bhutto has gambled in staging her reëlection bid. But if voters return her to power, can she govern Pakistan?

BY MARY ANNE WEAVER

AT 1:45 A.M. on April 4, 1979, four wardens entered the prison cell of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, a waifishly thin man, nearly wasted away by malaria, dysentery, and hunger strikes. Two of them lifted him by the arms and two by the feet, and he was carried out. His back was so low that it sometimes brushed the floor. He had insisted on shaving and bathing earlier that night—and had done so, with some difficulty—and he had changed into fresh clothes. He had always been fastidious about his appearance. But now the tail of his blousy shirt, ensnarled in the cleats of one of the wardens' boots, became tattered and soiled.

Outside, in the courtyard of the Rawalpindi District Jail, Zulfi Bhutto, the first popularly elected Prime Minister in the history of Pakistan, was deposited on a stretcher, and his wrists were manacled. There was no guard of honor, and no military salute. As he was carried two hundred yards or so to a wooden scaffold, he raised his head slightly, but he said nothing. Otherwise, he didn't move. The wardens led him up the scaffold, onto a wooden plank, and there a hangman put a hood over Bhutto's head, completely covering his face, and a rope around his neck.

"*Ye mujhai?*" ("This to me?") According to a book by the chief of his security detail, Colonel M. Rafiuddin, who stood two feet away, Bhutto said this in a faint voice, and the Colonel believes he also heard him say, "God help me, for I am innocent!"

At four minutes after two, three hours ahead of schedule, and contrary to the prison code, the hangman pulled a lever, releasing the wooden plank, and Bhutto's body plunged into a well.

"The bastard's dead!" General Muhammad Zia ul-Haq, Pakistan's military ruler, gleefully told his generals when the news came.

The only family members who had been permitted to see Bhutto in the hours before he died were his daughter Benazir, his firstborn and favorite child, who was then in her twenties, and his wife, Nusrat. They had been taken under guard from a deserted police-training camp where they were imprisoned and driven the few miles to the jail. Unlike previous visits, they had not been permitted inside his cell, and Benazir had sat cross-legged on a concrete floor as they received his final instructions through a thick, barred door.

"I pleaded with the jailers, I begged them to open the cell door, so that I could embrace him, and say a proper goodbye," Benazir told me this summer. "But they refused. When I left him, I couldn't look back; I knew that I couldn't control myself. I'm not even sure how I managed to walk down that corridor, past the soldiers and past the guards. All I could think of was my head. 'Keep it high,' I told myself. 'They are all watching.' "

Some fourteen hours later, Benazir remembers, she awoke suddenly at precisely two o'clock in the morning and sat bolt upright in bed. "No! No!" she screamed. "Papa! Papa!"

Five years ago, in her autobiography, she went on:

> I felt so cold, so cold, in spite of the heat, and couldn't stop shaking. There was nothing my mother and I could say to console each other. Somehow the hours passed. . . . We were ready at dawn to accompany my father's body to our ancestral graveyard.
>
> "I am in *Iddat* [mourning] and can't receive outsiders. You talk to him," my mother said dully when the jailer arrived. . . .
>
> I walked into the cracked cement-floored front room that was supposed to serve as our sitting room. It stank of mildew and rot.
>
> "We are ready to leave with the prime minister," I told the junior jailer standing nervously before me.
>
> "They have already taken him to be buried," he said.

I felt as if he had struck me. "Without his family?" I asked. . . .

"They have taken him," he interrupted.

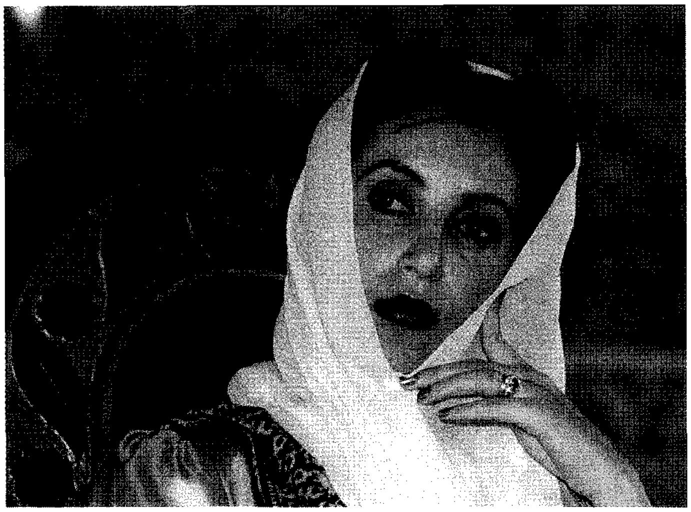
"Taken him where?" The jailer was silent.

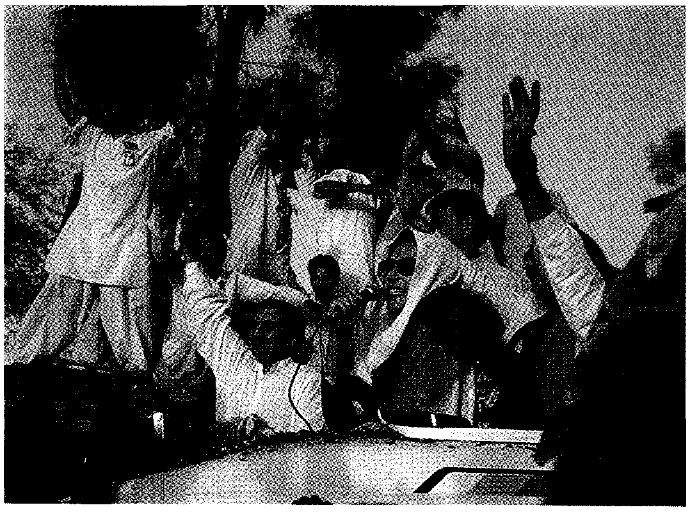
"It was very peaceful," he finally replied. "I have brought you what was left."

THIS year, on an oppressively hot evening near the end of May, I travelled with Benazir Bhutto and her entourage from Islamabad, the capital, to Rawalpindi, fourteen miles away, for a *jalsa*, or public meeting—a time-honored relic of the Raj, in which rulers are presented to their subjects atop lofty wooden platforms in sweeping British gardens and public parks.

Pakistan's ever-turbulent politics were in even greater confusion than usual that night—and so they continued to be for the next six weeks, until the Army intervened and ended a paralyzing power struggle between the Prime Minister and the President, by securing the resignations of both, appointing a caretaker Prime Minister, and calling new elections, for October 6th. During the time I was in Pakistan, each day brought increasingly bizarre events.

The standoff had begun in mid-April, when President Ghulam Ishaq Khan, a septuagenarian bureaucrat, dismissed Prime Minister Nawaz Sharif, a multimillionaire and a former protégé of his, on grounds of corruption, nepotism, and mismanagement; then, thirty-nine days later, to the astonishment of many, and amid much fanfare, Sharif was reinstated by the Supreme Court. The wily old President, undaunted by the court's decision, was determined not to let Sharif rule. He consequently proceeded, at a dizzying pace, to dismiss two of the country's four provincial assemblies, including that of the immensely important province of Punjab—Sharif's power base. The Prime Minister's infuriated supporters, in a move considered less than prudent even by the rough-and-tumble standards of Pakistani politics, kidnapped the Punjab Assembly's unfortunate secretary, Chaudry Habibullah, and then spirited away some hundred and fifty of its legislators—to prevent their defection from the Sharif camp—bringing them to Islamabad aboard specially requisitioned planes. They were all now living in my hotel—luxuriously, but under armed guard. The country's powerful Army generals were not amused. And by the end of May everyone was waiting to see what Benazir Bhutto would do.





Bhutto campaigning in October of 1990, at the time of her husband's arrest and three months after she was forced from office: "I have found myself embroiled in a life larger than my own, on a much larger canvas. In a sense, my life has not been my own."

TOP PHOTO: ROBERT NICKELSBERG/TIME MAGAZINE
BOTTOM PHOTO: D. HUDSON/SYGMA

Fourteen years had passed since her last meeting with her father, on that morning in 1979, when she had taken up the political mantle that went with her family's feudal fiefdom, in Sindh. She was just two years out of Oxford, and was not yet twenty-six. Since then, against the odds, she has managed—so far, at least—to survive five years of imprisonment and house arrest and then a succession of political crises, conspiracies, and attempts on her life. In December of 1988, at the age of thirty-five, she became the first woman Prime Minister of a Muslim country, and one of the youngest Prime Ministers in the world. Her election was a vindication against a military establishment that had overthrown and then hanged the father she adored.

Her Prime Ministership was stormy and lasted only twenty months; now she was the opposition leader in the National Assembly, or lower house of parliament. In one sense, she was only a marginal player in the power struggle between the President and the Prime Minister; in another, the votes she could attract and her galvanizing popularity in the streets were of crucial importance to both men. She was playing the kingmaker's role, and her choices could well determine Pakistan's future course.

Much to her discredit in the eyes of many—and to the incredulity of a large number of her aides—she had aligned herself with a vastly unpopular President, to unseat a democratically elected Prime Minister; and it was the same President who, less than three years before, had unseated her own government, and largely on the same grounds. Now the President had begun undermining her again, by refusing to give her control of the Sindh Assembly. She was furious at his betrayal.

As one of her aides and I drove from my hotel toward her residence in Islamabad, we travelled along wide, tree-lined avenues nearly empty of cars, past a succession of public buildings whose institutional architecture was bleak—a sprawl of white, gray, brown, and ochre concrete. Islamabad, which was laid out

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some thirty years ago at the behest of Pakistan's first military ruler, General Muhammad Ayub Khan, is a mostly featureless place populated mainly by bureaucrats. It had always seemed to me detached, somehow, from the rest of Pakistan.

Then, just in front of us, I saw the King Faisal Mosque, a huge expanse of marble topped with a golden dome. It is one of the largest mosques in Asia, and its size and ostentation dwarf everything else in the town. I had last come here in August of 1988, a few days after the burial, on the mosque's grounds, of General Zia ul-Haq, who had proclaimed himself President in 1978. He was the man who had overthrown Benazir Bhutto's father, and tried him on a much disputed conspiracy-to-murder charge, and then ignored the narrow verdict—four to three for conviction—of his own Supreme Court and the pleas for clemency from leaders around the world. Less than a decade later, he died in a mysterious crash of his military transport plane, along with ten other ranking generals and Arnold L. Raphel, the Ambassador of the United States.

Now, driving through an iron gate and into the garden of Benazir Bhutto's bungalow, I was struck by the realization that she lived in the shadow of Zia ul-Haq's grave. Her home—a modest two-story stucco building—was drawn up next to others in squat formation along the neatly ordered road, and was distinguished by guards with machine guns, standing at somewhat imperfect attention at the gate; a satellite dish on the roof; and larger-than-life campaign posters of her—and her father—pasted on a ten-foot-high wall surrounding the property.

Inside, there was perpetual motion, as there always is in Benazir's entourage: guards strapping on their firearms; aides quibbling about an absurdly esoteric detail; fashionably dressed women rushing from room to room, Chanel bags swinging from their shoulders as they shouted into cellular telephones. On this occasion, at least, there was legitimate reason for stress. Benazir's popular support was said to be at a record low, and some aides had argued that this was no time to be testing that support by holding a public meeting.

Benazir calmly slipped a lipstick and a homemade anti-tear-gas kit—a satchel containing a wet towel, salt, and a lemon—into a black handbag, then donned her chador and swept through her office and out into the driveway, where a silver truck was parked. She quickly jumped into it, and it sped off. We all dashed behind her—some hundred aides and guards and me—and weaved our way, rather recklessly, into a motorcade.

Benazir is a difficult woman to describe, for each time I saw her over several weeks she looked astonishingly different, depending upon whom she was seeing, where she was, and the mood in which she had dressed that day. Her face can change dramatically, transforming her entire look; one of her aides told me, "She's a chameleon. She can be anything." Her skin is clear and pale, which prompted her father to call her Pinkie when she was born; the nickname is still used by her closest (but only her closest) friends. She is a tall, elegant, handsome woman, with large, luminous brown eyes, arched eyebrows, and a swanlike neck.

It sometimes seems that she intentionally deëmphasizes her looks, hiding behind owlish glasses, various head coverings, and bulky shawls. Some women criticize her for it; some men sympathize, because the nation she once led, and hopes to begin leading again next week, has an appalling human-rights record on women, and is among the most conservative Islamic societies in the world.

As we sped along the highway, I listened as her aides talked about Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and about Benazir, both charismatic populists. But he was a leftist; she is not. He was a product of the seventies, a pillar of the nonaligned world, who played the Americans off against the Soviets, and favored the Chinese; she is more like General Zia in that she follows an essentially pro-American foreign policy. He was a man of more than average vanity; she reveals little about herself. It is actually quite hard to say who Benazir Bhutto really is.

She is part Radcliffe and Oxford, with an extremely well-stocked mind, full of feminist literature, peace marches, the Oxford Union, and with a very liberated social life. She is also part feudal Sindh, a haughty aristocrat, the daughter and granddaughter of immensely wealthy landlords, whose inheritance

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threat which, a month and a half later, would be a key factor in forcing a reluctant Army to intervene and schedule the new polls.)

"We came to power not with silver spoons in our mouths but from the jails!" Benazir now shouted to the crowd, with a forceful jab of her hand. "Do you want elections?"

"Yes! Yes!" the onlookers thundered back. "Benazir! Benazir!"

"Everyone should be equal before the law, so why did the same court that had ruled that the dismissal of our government was justified rule differently now? The final verdict should be in the people's court! Will you join me in our campaign to march on Islamabad?"

"Yes! Yes!" thousands of voices roared.

For thirty minutes, Benazir played the crowd like a maestro—fiery, impassioned, her eyes blazing and her slender hands slicing the air. From time to time, she adjusted a white veil to keep it modestly covering her head.

As I looked down from the platform and out into the crowd, I realized that there were no women, as far as I could tell. Then I spotted them, behind the platform, in an enclosure roofed with dark-green sheeting hung from poles. Most were exceedingly well dressed, each wearing a silk *shalwar kameez,* the tunic top and blousy trousers that are Pakistan's national dress. Their hair was painstakingly coiffed, and none of them had covered their heads. On their fringes, milling about and straining to glimpse Benazir, was a group of perhaps sixty women dressed in black burkas. They had come to the Bagh from the Rawalpindi slums.

"What is the price of meat today?" Benazir demanded of the crowd. "What is the price of flour?"

The women on the fringes craned forward. Their heavy burkas contrasted sharply with Benazir's embroidered silk *shalwar;* their gnarled fingers with her soft, manicured ones. You could tell that they wanted to like this populist aristocrat, and that they did.

THE political game is in Benazir Bhutto's blood. And if it is a paradox for the daughter of a patrician family to be preaching mass politics, then she fails to grasp it. It is just one of the anomalies of her life. She is an Eastern fatalist by birth, a Western liberal by conviction, and a people-power revolutionary—who has carefully modelled herself on Evita Perón and Corazon Aquino—through sheer necessity. She is an expensively educated product of the West who has ruled a male-dominated Islamic society of the East. She is a democrat who appeals to feudal loyalties.

Most people who know her describe her with stock phrases: "She's her father's daughter," or "She lost her youth in jail," or "She's the bravest person I've ever met," but they are used only after considerable thought. For Benazir is not an easy woman to talk to or to know. She doesn't like discussing emotions—you have to read between the lines. Invariably, she steers a conversation into politics and foreign affairs, gliding over what appears to be a troubled relationship with her mother; the fact that her marriage, to Asif Ali Zardari, was arranged; and any talk of her enigmatic brother Mir Murtaza, who disappeared in 1979, after his father's execution, and formed a terrorist organization, Al-Zulfikar, that was dedicated to overthrowing General Zia's regime. He now lives in Damascus, and is Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's only surviving son.

A shadow crosses Benazir's face when she is asked about her father's well-documented acts of repression—the tortures and imprisonments—and the charges of a rigged election in 1977, which was his final bid to retain power. She remembers only one side of him: the genius, without flaws; the populist reformer and spellbinding orator, who restored national pride after a humiliating defeat by the Indian Army in 1971; the man who returned Pakistan to civilian rule. She has firmly shaped her memories, as she has compartmentalized her life, and I had been warned by her friends that her demand for loyalty to her father's legacy was absolute. She simply would not tolerate any criticism of him.

To reach Bilawal House, Benazir's Karachi residence, named after her first child and only son, you pass No. 70 Clifton, her father's spacious villa, where everything began. At the entrance gate is a simple brass marker that reads "Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, Bar-at-Law." When Benazir was growing up in the house, her father served as Foreign Minister from 1963 to 1966; administrator during a period of martial law; and President between December of 1971 and August of 1973. Then he became Prime Minister, a post he held until he was overthrown, in July of 1977, by Zia ul-Haq, his handpicked Chief of the Army Staff, whom he had promoted over several other generals. That promotion was a move that he later described as "the biggest mistake of my life."

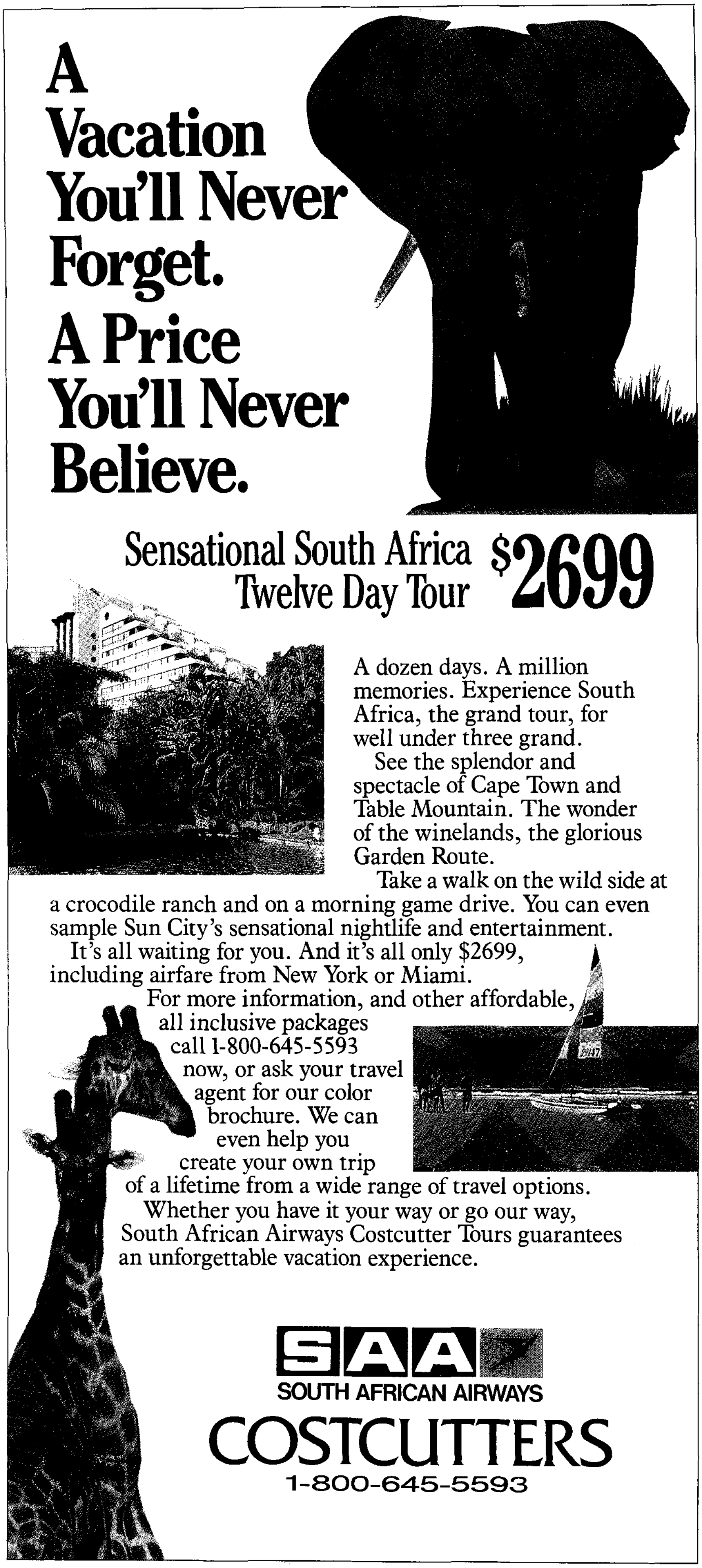
Benazir's home is undistinguished at first glance. A modern white stucco complex of two buildings—one her residence, the other a headquarters of the P.P.P.—it is enclosed by a high concrete wall, and sits in the midst of a desolate marsh of salt flats and sand, not far from the sea. As I approached the house, I was struck by a physical reminder of the harassment that Benazir has undergone: Bilawal House is surrounded by an abandoned building site approved by General Zia in an attempt to intrude upon her privacy—an acre or so of pylons and concrete slabs, long since deserted but an eyesore nonetheless.

Disorderly lines of men stood outside Benazir's gate when I arrived, three days before the *jalsa* at Liaquat Bagh. Some carried petitions; others wanted jobs; still others hoped to be put on the P.P.P.'s election ticket. There was not a woman in sight.

One of Benazir's aides accompanied me as I walked across a well-manicured lawn toward her residence. We passed a carport, in which bicycles, scooters, and toys were lined up in neat rows. Sitting in a hallway just inside the entrance door, Benazir was waiting for us. "You're late," she said, standing up to receive us. Then she gave a dazzling smile. It was a characteristically revealing welcome: a hint of steel embossed with charm.

She wore a fitted violet *shalwar kameez*, with an embroidered bodice, and sandals. Her *dupatta*, or long scarf, had slipped slightly off her head, revealing a cascade of auburn-tinted hair. Around her neck was a gold *tawiz*, or charm, meant to protect her from evil spirits with a verse from the Koran.

This was intended as an introductory meeting—I had not seen her since her 1988 campaign—and I had been told that her advisers were sharply divided over whether she should agree to my request for a series of interviews during the coming weeks. But she had clearly al-



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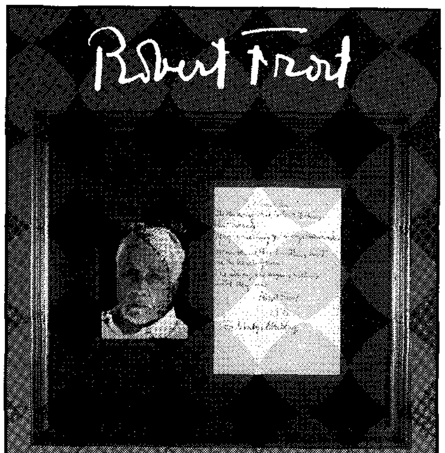

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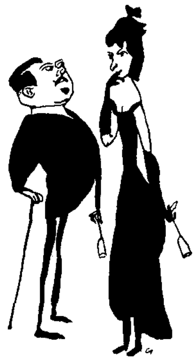
ready made up her mind. "Let us begin," she said abruptly, discouraging all small talk—something she always seems to consider totally irrelevant.

The condition of our first meeting was that no personal questions be asked, and she was exceedingly guarded about herself yet full of opinions on everything from the political crisis in her country to Clinton's election campaign.

"No, this is not my most serious political crisis," she said, and "No, I was not born to rule."



Her quicksilver temperament and fierce intelligence were never more evident than now, as she hectored her way through the interview. She sat perched on the edge of a rattan chair, ever at the ready, sometimes examining her short, pink-polished nails.

One of her former ministers, a distinguished-looking man nearly twice her age, came into the hallway and whispered something to her. She was obviously not pleased by the interruption, or perhaps by the news. She snapped instructions to him in a blend of Sindhi, English, and Urdu. She then stood up with finality, whereupon he went out. I discovered that this is what she always does when she wants someone to leave.

She called for tea and coffee—she herself drank diet 7UP—and eyed me across a large coffee table, whose surface was bare except for a box of Kleenex, her purse, and two books: "Islam and the Economic Challenge," by M. U. Chopra, and Shaista Suhrawardy Ikramullah's colorful essays on Moghul women, "Behind the Veil." Almost at once, she was interrupted by a telephone call, and I studied my options as quickly as I could. Our political conversation had not gone well, so I decided to disregard the condition. Clearly, I could not understand her politics until I had a measure of her personal life.

She had spent an eighth of it in prison or under house arrest: she was about to turn forty, and had first been arrested at the age of twenty-four, after returning home from Oxford, where she had studied politics, economics, and international affairs. Street protests against her father had begun earlier that year, and, within days of her return, he was arrested, and she set aside her plans to enter the foreign service and devoted herself exclusively to his defense. Within two years, Zulfi Bhutto was dead.

The remaining family members scattered across the globe. Her brothers, Mir Murtaza and Shah Nawaz, went into hiding in Afghanistan. Her sister, Sanam, the only apolitical member of the family, lived in London exile. And Begum Nusrat, the long-suffering family matriarch, who had spent four years in and out of prison or under house arrest, and had been successfully treated for lung cancer, went into exile in France.

When Benazir had concluded her telephone call, I asked her what her starkest memory from those years was.

"What an unusual question," she replied, and her entire look changed. She became pensive and reflective, and then she said, "The martyrdom of my father, and my own feeling of helplessness. I knew that morning that he was going to be killed, but there was nothing—nothing—I could do. That's my starkest image, the one that comes back to haunt me, over and over again."

She paused, and seemed to be studying the room. After a few moments, she went on, "Equally stark was finding my brother Shah Nawaz dead on the floor." (The youngest of the Bhutto children and Benazir's favorite brother, Shah Nawaz died, apparently of poisoning, in July of 1985, in his apartment in Cannes, after having spent a number of years on the fringe of the guerrilla world, in Libya, Afghanistan, and Syria, as the "military commander" of Al-Zulfikar.)

"I had never seen a dead body before," Benazir went on. "He looked as if he were sleeping. But he was so immobile, like a marble statue." She stopped, and said nothing more about him.

Then she continued, "My life had been so different before my father was overthrown. I had been exceedingly protected by my parents, and had done only fashionable things. Then, suddenly, I was thrust onto a stage, where life became stranger than fiction. My life became so bizarre. In a sense, it was larger than life.

"So much has happened. After I won the election, I was of the naïve view that

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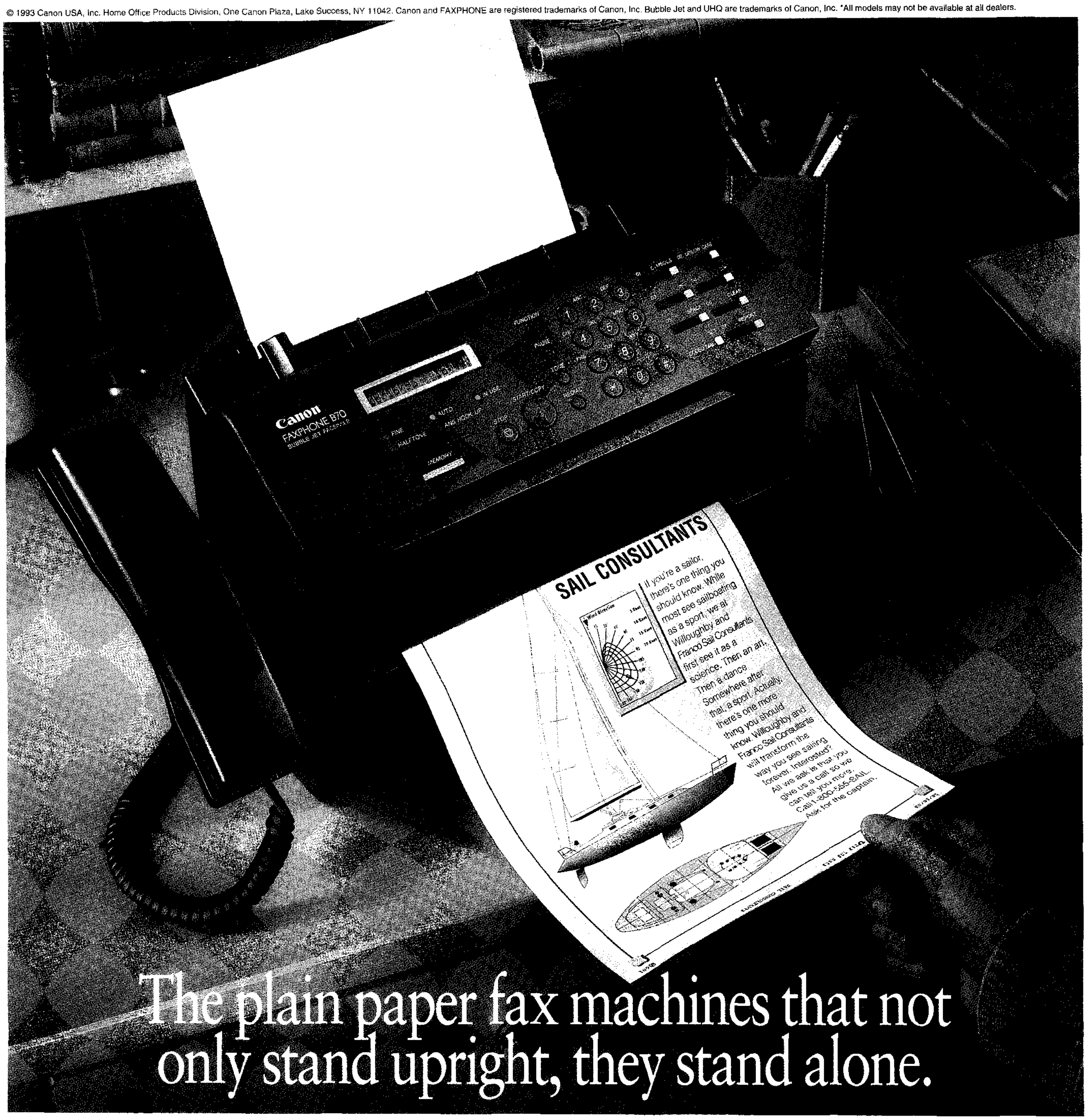

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an electoral victory would end the hardship, the trials. But this wasn't true. During the time I was Prime Minister, I lived under the shadow of a strong military, a hostile President, an entire constituency that Zia had built: extreme right-wingers, religious bigots, and politicians bred during that era of military dictatorship. They had one thing in common: they were dead set against allowing me to rule.

"Then, when my government was dismissed, there were the same death threats, the knocks on the door, the torture of my party workers—although it was not on the same magnitude as during my father's time. I remember when my husband was arrested"—Asif Ali Zardari was detained on politically suspect charges of murder, kidnapping, and extortion, in October of 1990, after her government fell—"it brought back all the images of my father, and his arrest. When my father was arrested, we never changed his room. We kept his bedroom slippers as they were, his reading glasses, his writing pen. Everything was kept as it had been, waiting for him to return. He never did.

"When my husband was arrested, I would look at *his* glasses, *his* writing pen, *his* papers, and wonder if *he'd* ever come back. It was an enormous joy when he was finally released, this February, so I'm not saying that there have not been moments of great triumph and great happiness: my swearing in as Prime Minister, the first such woman in the Islamic world; the birth of my children; my relationship with my husband. But there have been far more moments when I have found myself embroiled in a life larger than my own, on a much larger canvas. In a sense, my life has not been my own."

PAKISTAN is not an easy country for anyone, let alone a woman, to rule. Its current population is a hundred and thirty million, and fourteen thousand people are born each day; more than a thousand of those will die within a year. Angry students cling to a vision of a Marxist utopia, and equally angry mullahs chant prayers from the country's countless mosques. For this is the *Islamic* Republic of Pakistan, which was carved out of British India in 1947 (six years before Benazir Bhutto was born) to provide a homeland for the subcontinent's Muslims. The idea of a Muslim home-

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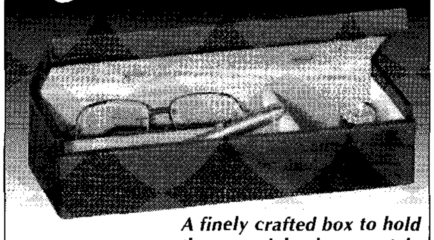

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land has never fully worked. No leader in the forty-six years of the country's independence—neither Benazir nor her father nor the Army generals who have ruled for twenty-four of those years—has been able to bind the nation's disparate people together in the name of Islam, because in Pakistan you must ask, "Whose Islam?"

It is perhaps because of this sometimes antagonistic religious diversity that Pakistan, more than most countries I've known—and especially its dynastic families, like the Bhuttos—has embraced the legacy of the Empire. Consequently, the country's power structure has changed little since the British left. It is still dominated by the military, the tribal chiefs, and the feudal landed aristocracy, none of whom are by nature democratic, and all of whom find a woman leader unnatural at best. Only the Islamic clerics have joined the triumvirate since independence. And today mullahs seem to be everywhere.

Nonetheless, it is the Army that remains the final arbiter of affairs, and when I returned to Pakistan this summer I found that it was effectively in control of Benazir's anarchic home province of Sindh. Truckloads of commandos, backed by armored personnel carriers, riot equipment, and jeeps, had fanned out through the province in May of 1992 to restore order across a vast desert plain from which heroin—approximately thirty per cent of the West's supply—was exported, where dacoits, or bandits, were indigenous, and where murder was commonplace.

It was from the town of Larkana, on this plain, that Benazir's political inheritance sprang. She was born in June of 1953, into one of Sindh's wealthiest and most influential feudal families, the oldest of four children of Zulfi Bhutto and his second wife, Nusrat Ispahani, an Iranian beauty and débutante, who was considered by the conservative Bhutto family to be far ahead of her time. (Bhutto's first wife, a cousin whom he married, in an arranged match, when he was twelve, lives on the family compound.)

Benazir spent much of her childhood on the sprawling estate—it covers at least ten thousand acres—in the midst of the desert, where families live in walled compounds, ringed by rifle sights; where landlords are often brutal and peasants are serfs; where women are in purdah

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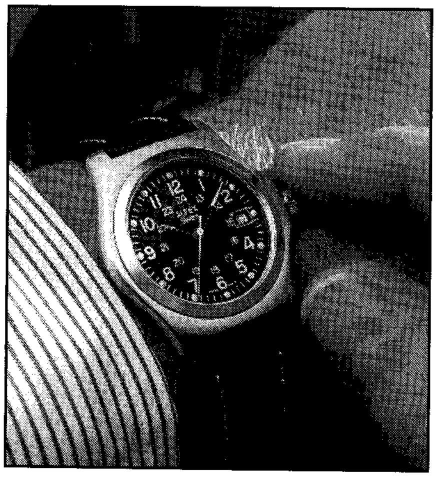

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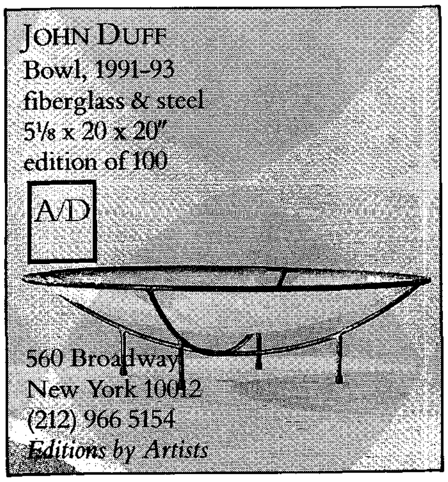

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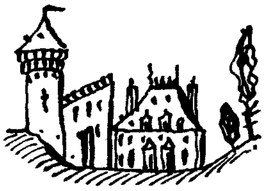
and men enjoy their whiskey and their pheasant shoots.

Her father was one of the first sons of a Sindhi feudal lord to be educated abroad: he was sent to Berkeley and Oxford, and returned home a highly sought-after barrister and a brilliant raconteur. He soon attracted the attention of the military ruler General Muhammad Ayub Khan, and in 1958 the General offered him a ministerial position in his martial-law regime. Bhutto was only thirty, and he never looked back.

He moved his family to Karachi, and there Benazir, Mir Murtaza, Sanam, and Shah Nawaz grew up under the watchful eye of an English governess, who taught them table manners, netball, and cricket, and recited nursery rhymes. Their father, ever indulgent, bought their clothes from Saks Fifth Avenue—the measurements of all the Bhutto siblings were on file there—and, although he pampered them all, more or less, it was clearly Benazir whom he was molding and tutoring to become his political heir. When she was six, he began reading her tales of the exploits of Napoleon, from his library—thousands of first-edition volumes, one of the largest private collections in the world. When she was eight, and was studying under Irish nuns at Karachi's Convent of Jesus and Mary, he introduced her to Chou En-lai. And when she was ten, and Bhutto was Foreign Minister, he woke her in the middle of the night to sit at his side as he received bulletins on the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.



In 1969, when she was sixteen, her father insisted, in spite of her own misgivings—and those of the college—that she enter Radcliffe. There, by her own account, she was initially lonely and shy, hated the cold weather, but relished the first anonymity of her life. Nonetheless, one of her classmates told me, during her first semester she cried most of the time. Things were decidedly better by her second term; she had abandoned her silk-lined *shalwar kameez* in favor of sweatshirts and jeans. She became addicted to peppermint-stick ice cream and rock concerts; memorized lengthy passages of Kate Millett's "Sexual Politics"; and marched against the war in Vietnam. "I felt very strongly about it," she told me. "I was an Asian, and Asian blood was being spilled."

The following year, blood was being spilled even closer to home, and 1971, Benazir's third year at Radcliffe, proved to be a turning point for her. After nearly a year of anarchy and revolt in East Pakistan, which the Pakistan Army had brutally suppressed and which left more than a million Bengalis dead, the Indian Army moved in, and the third Indo-Pakistani war in twenty-three years began. In December, East Pakistan, backed by a victorious India, became the independent nation of Bangladesh. Benazir Bhutto had become a fiery, defensive Pakistani nationalist.

When professors criticized the Pakistan Army's genocide, she would lecture the lecturer in a vehement, angry voice. When, that December, her father summoned her to join him at the United Nations—where he was fighting a futile battle to forestall Pakistan's dismemberment—he tutored her in the importance of deceit, having her interrupt his meetings, in the Pierre hotel, with the Americans or the Soviets or the Chinese, to announce imaginary phone calls from one or another of the delegations not in the room, in order to keep his adversaries guessing about his next moves. "One of the fundamental lessons of diplomacy is to create doubt: Never lay all your cards on the table," he told her.

"I follow[ed] his instructions but not his lesson. I always lay my cards on the table," she wrote in her autobiography—the closest she was able to come to criticizing her father in it. Some Western Ambassadors who have dealt with her find her assertion difficult to accept.

During these marathon negotiations, Benazir met George Bush, who was then the United States Ambassador to the United Nations and spent many acrimonious hours in the Pierre suite.

"Ah, you're at Radcliffe," he said when they were introduced. "My son is up at Harvard, too. Call me if you ever need anything." And he handed her his card. Eighteen years later, they met again, this time at the White House, and she requested sixty F-16s.

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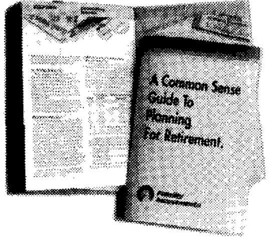

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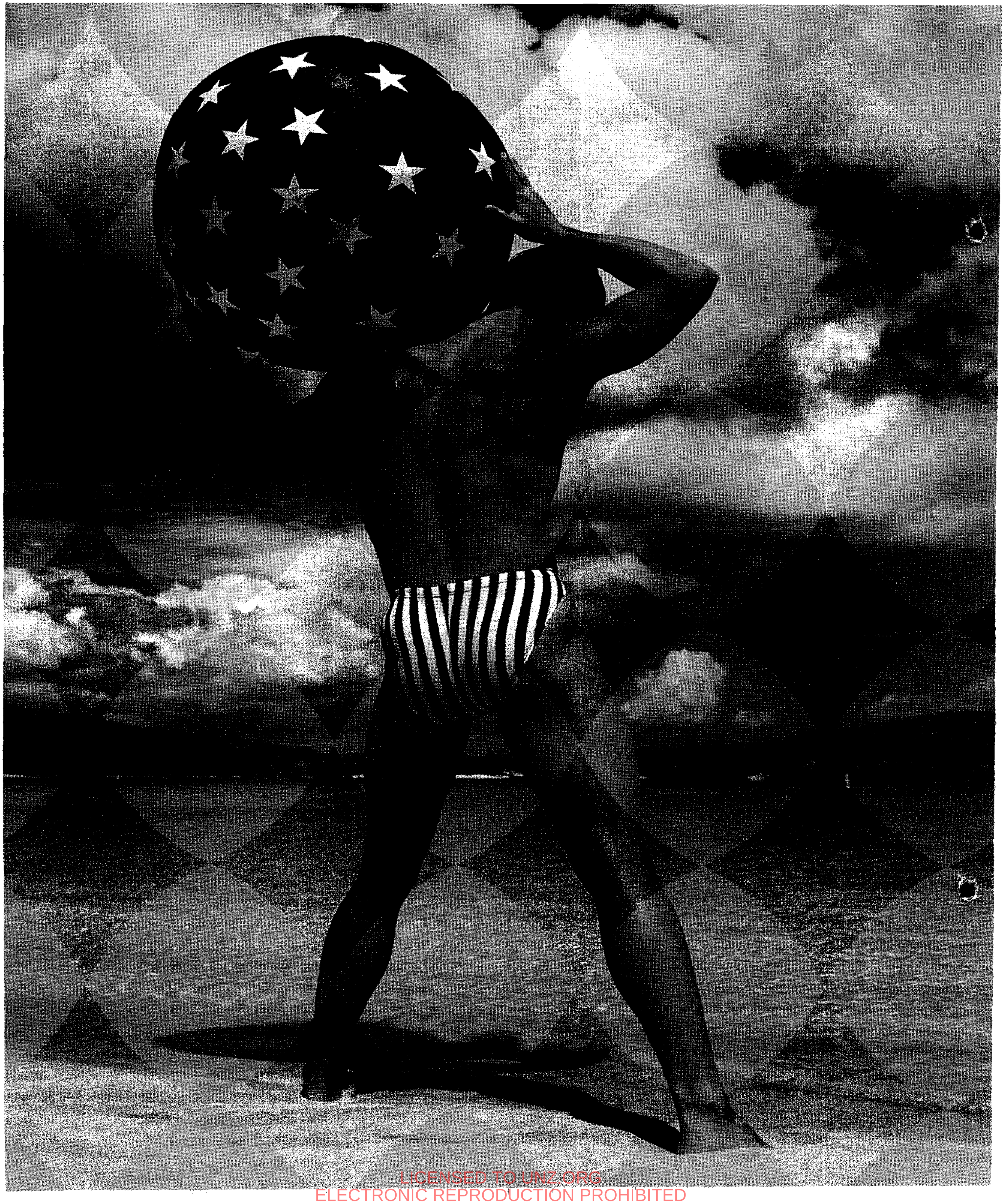
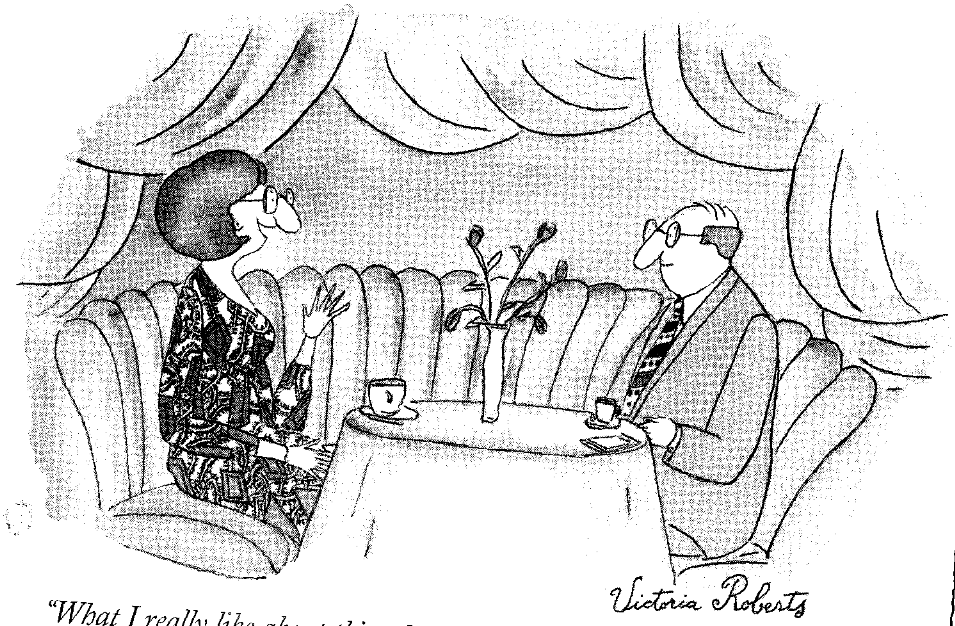




"What I really like about this relationship is that the italics are always mine."

the palaces of the Raj, in the British summer capital of Simla, which had become the capital of the Indian state of Himachal Pradesh. Benazir was part of her father's ninety-two-member entourage, which was otherwise exclusively male, and she continued to absorb the fine art of foreign affairs. "Everyone will be looking for signs of how the meetings are progressing, so be extra careful," her father cautioned her. "You must not smile and give the impression you are enjoying yourself while our soldiers are still in Indian prisoner-of-war camps. You must not look grim, either, which people can interpret as a sign of pessimism. . . . Don't look sad and don't look happy."

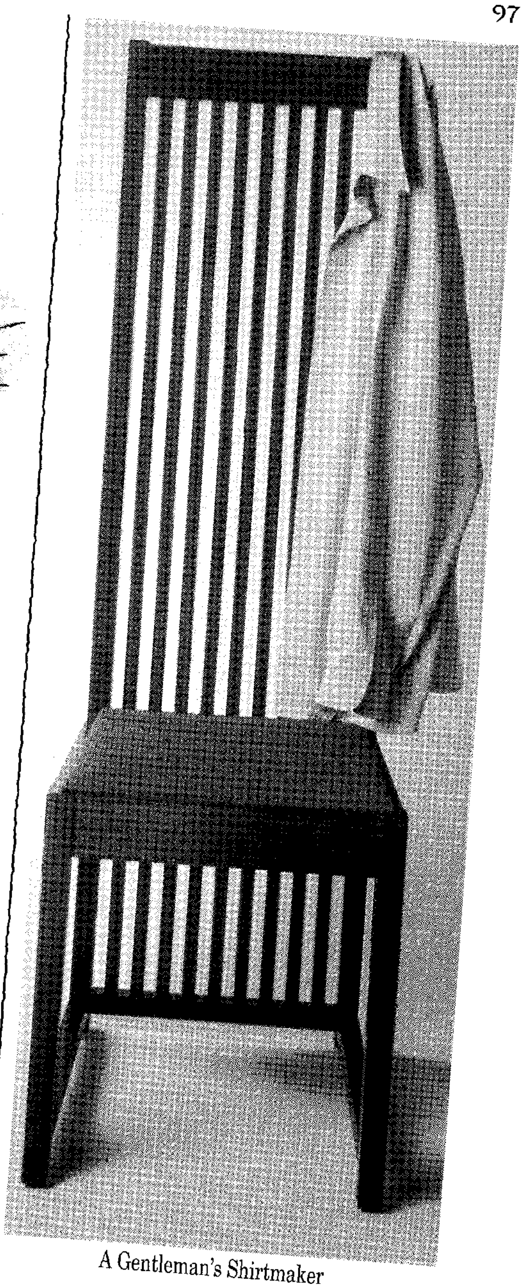
In Simla, Benazir met Indira Gandhi—who had also been groomed by her famous father as his dynastic heir—and was unnerved but intrigued by her. She describes Indira in her autobiography as a woman of "silk and steel," with "a cold aloofness" about her. "She kept staring at me," Benazir writes. "Was she seeing herself in me? . . . She was so small and frail. Where did her famed ruthlessness come from?" She points out that Indira's father was dead, and asks, "Was she lonely?"

As Benazir's Radcliffe graduation neared, she pleaded with her father to allow her to stay in the United States to do her master's degree, but he was adamant that she go to Oxford instead. He had already enrolled her there, at birth.

The years there proved to be the happiest of her life. Classmates have described her, variously, as resembling a maharani, beautiful, monarchical, and very rich, and as a jet-setting princess, given to driving a yellow sports car—which was littered with parking tickets—at considerable speed, and being squired around by handsome young men in velvet jackets, who competed for her attentions at Lady Margaret Hall.

It was at the Oxford Union that she gained her formidable debating skills, under the tutelage of invited guests who ranged from Germaine Greer and Arthur Scargill to Harold Macmillan and Edward Heath. She became the Union's president, the first in many years to paint the president's office (powder blue) and change its décor: an antique Bukhara carpet—a gift from her father—covered the floor, and a print of ancient Rome, which had been in his room at Christ Church in 1950, hung on the wall.

While Benazir was at Oxford, she was invited to tea by Margaret Thatcher, who was then the Opposition leader in the House of Commons, and was returning her father's hospitality. Despite their age difference, the two women had much in common, and became fast friends. They were brought even closer together when they were both Prime Ministers, and they consulted frequently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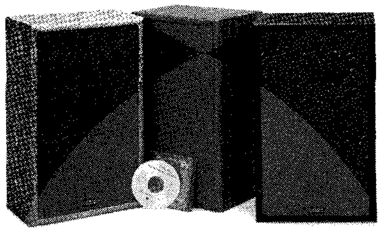

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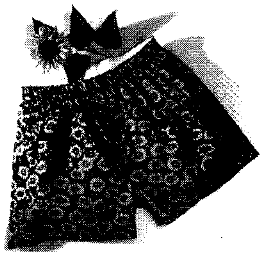

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on their scrambler telephones, sometimes planning common strategy, sometimes charting the political downfall of a common foe.

I asked Benazir one morning, as we sipped coffee in her Karachi sitting room, what the basis of her friendship with Lady Thatcher was.

"Oh, I'm very fond of her," she said, perking up immediately. "Of course, she did many things that I can't defend: her cuts in health and education, for example. But privatization, in the Thatcher sense, was innovative. I admire it enormously. And she has political conviction; she's not an opportunist, and she doesn't test the wind. She goes where she wants to go. I admire her single-mindedness. It's far better to have firm convictions than to study the Gallup Polls. And she's got tremendous courage. I remember the Falklands War. There were many who felt she was foolhardy. The Falklands were far away, small, unknown. But she fought for them, as some women wouldn't have had the courage to do. And with Bosnia, again, I admired the way she spoke out; that's leadership. I can't bear smoke-filled rooms and weaselly politics."

The two women had met over scones and tea sandwiches at the Dorchester Hotel one afternoon, when the power struggle between the President and the Prime Minister was assuming a threatening form. Benazir briefed Lady Thatcher, and implored her, "What *should* I do?"

"Side with neither of them," Lady Thatcher advised. "They will use you and dump you. Let them fight it out and bleed each other."

And that is exactly what they did.

BENAZIR underwent profound changes between 1977, when her father was overthrown, and 1986. These were the years of imprisonment, London exile, and house arrest. She and her mother, sometimes together but most often separately, were shunted across the country and detained in some of its most hideous jails. There were also further, extended periods of house arrest, at No. 70 Clifton or at the Larkana estate, where prison rules still applied.

Her worst period of imprisonment came in 1981, when she was held for five months, from March until August, in solitary confinement in the Sukkur jail—a sprawling brick complex, medieval in design, in the Sindh desert, where temperatures often reached a hundred and twenty degrees.

One late June evening over dinner at a fashionable Karachi restaurant on the Arabian Sea, two of Benazir's friends and aides, who had been imprisoned in Sukkur at the same time she was, told me about prison life. Like Benazir, they had been charged with no crime and had been offered no promise of release. Along with some fifteen thousand other political prisoners, they were being held "preventively." Shammin N. D. Khan is a rotund woman of cheerful disposition and hennaed hair, in her late middle years, who is a former member of the National Assembly, and who, along with her husband, joined the P.P.P. at its inception, in 1967. As a consequence, she spent more than six years in Zia ul-Haq's jails. Muneera Shakir is younger, perhaps forty, with black hair, oval eyes, and a slightly shy smile. She had been pregnant when she was imprisoned, and was denied any medical care. On the day she was released, she gave birth, and within hours the baby died.

"Of course, we never *saw* Benazir during that time," Shammin recalled. "She was kept totally isolated, locked in a wing of the prison that had been emptied of all other inmates before she arrived. We were held in a crumbling barracks at the other end of the grounds, or, sometimes, in tiny cells, with no windows—no ventilation—and it was unearthly hot. We were all being held under what is called 'rigorous imprisonment': that meant we were being punished, and we had to work."

Some two hundred women political prisoners in Sukkur, all from the P.P.P., scrubbed the prison's floors and disinfected their cells; killed mosquitoes, flies, and rats; worked in the kitchen; did the laundry; or stitched and repaired their jailers' uniforms. Muneera often spent five or six hours a day washing a hundred or so uniforms by hand, beating them against rocks, then ironing them on a cracked concrete floor. Benazir, by contrast, had absolutely nothing to do.

Benazir's health deteriorated badly during her prison years; the medical facilities in Sukkur were nonexistent. And, according to Amnesty International, lashing and torture were not uncommon in General Zia's jails, nor was

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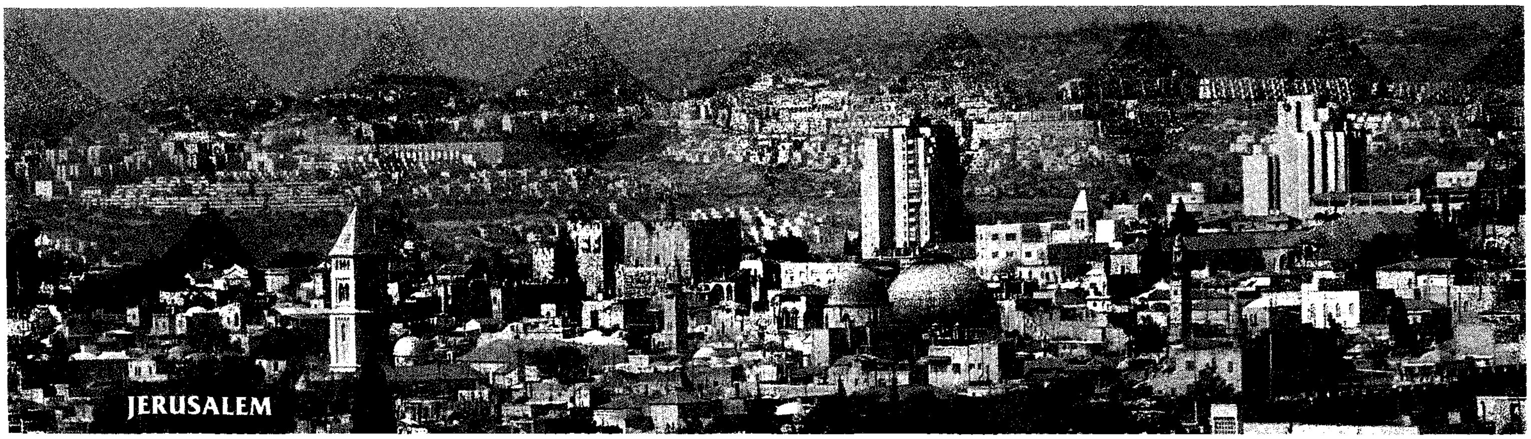

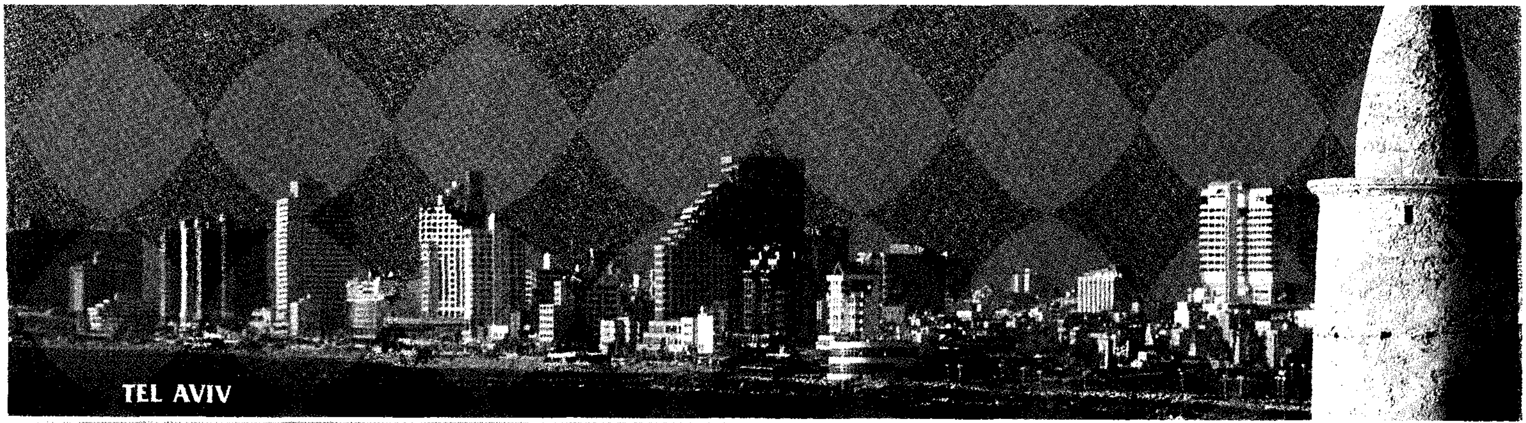

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rape. Most of the victims were from the P.P.P.

Once a month, the women were permitted visitors, but only family members. And most of their family members were in prison themselves. From time to time, small groups of women were taken into the prison courtyard and, under guard, were ordered to do gardening; but nothing grew. They would glance across the prison grounds, toward the dun-colored isolation wing just beyond an open sewer, where Benazir was being held. Her cell was separated from the rest of the compound by four sets of padlocked gates, and consisted of four walls of open bars. She was confined, to all intents and purposes, in a giant metal cage. There was no furniture except a rope cot, and no toilet or running water; she bathed, when she could, from plastic buckets, under the watchful eyes of her female guards. There was only one light—a bare ceiling bulb—and it was extinguished every evening at seven o'clock. From time to time, one or another of her guards would leave a bottle of poison in her cell. If General Zia had a purpose in mind in subjecting her to all this, it was apparently to break her and to humiliate the Bhutto family.

Some days later, as I sat with Benazir in her drawing room, munching chips and sipping cranberry juice, the conversation turned to the past, and I asked her about her Sukkur imprisonment.

"Even now, though so many years have passed, I shudder when I think of it," she replied. "It was like being buried alive in a grave. You live, yet you don't live. The days turn into months. You grow older, but there's no measure—nothing is a landmark. I'll never forget how hot the desert was. There seemed to be a constant dust storm swirling inside my cell. I was always sticky from sweat, and often coated with grit. My skin cracked open from the dryness, and the sweat felt like acid as it cut into my skin. My entire body changed: I couldn't eat, yet I always felt bloated—my stomach seemed to expand. I discovered later that I'd become anorexic, and, as though that were not enough, my teeth began to rot, and my hair fell out."

Her voice was flat, perhaps too controlled, as she talked; only her flashing eyes betrayed the emotion that she must have felt. "Sounds become so important in solitary confinement," she went on.

"Like the sounds of dead bats falling on the roof of my cell. What did I do all that time? It's strange, when you're released you can't remember how you passed the time. I used to ask my father in his death cell how he survived in prison, and he said that he'd pick a day from his life and go through the entire day, minute by minute. And that's what I did. It forced me to keep my memory intact. I also kept a diary at the beginning; I exercised; and I read the one newspaper that I was permitted each day as slowly as I could, doling it out, word by word." It was from a paper she saw while she was imprisoned that she learned that her brother Mir Murtaza was alleged to have masterminded the hijacking, in March of 1981, of a Pakistan International Airlines plane, securing the release of fifty-five political prisoners at the cost of one passenger's life.

I asked Benazir what her most difficult moment in prison had been.

She didn't answer immediately. Then she said, "The day that a jail official told me"—falsely—"that I was to be tried inside the jail, by a special military tribunal, and sentenced to death. I was stunned—I couldn't believe that they'd do it, though one side of me said that they would. A few hours later, someone left a bottle of poison inside my cell."

She fell silent, as if she were considering whether or not to go on. Then she said, "You have tremendous mood swings in prison. Sometimes I would think to myself, My father is dead, my brother is dead, my mother has cancer, and I'm rotting away in this cell. I have suffered and made sacrifices—and for what?"

She looked away, and then turned back toward me, and I asked what had sustained her during those years.

She responded without hesitation. "Anger," she said.

DECEMBER 1, 1988, was a beautiful late-autumn day, and that afternoon there was just a slight chill in the air as guests arrived at the jarringly ornate Presidential Palace in Islamabad for Benazir's swearing in as Prime Minister—only the second, after her father, to be popularly elected in the history of Pakistan. Prior to the elections the previous month, she had never run for office; nor had she ever held a salaried job. On one side of the center aisle in the lavish audience hall were her friends and aides: young, elegantly dressed women in brocade and silk, whose *dupattas* hung from their shoulders, rather more Paris chic than Islamic pure; young men in double-breasted blazers and houndstooth suits who were full of witticisms, bantering in Oxonian English—the language they always spoke. On the other side of the aisle were the generals, straight-backed and unsmiling, and vaguely Kiplingesque, some with their mustaches waxed into curls, and all carrying swagger sticks. Here and there—sitting together in protective pockets, it seemed—were groups of anonymous bureaucrats, dressed in the traditional *kurta shalwar*, and groups of mullahs, in large turbans and long, flowing robes. In the front row, Nusrat Bhutto, who, as co-chairman of the Party, had worked exhaustively on the running of the P.P.P.'s campaign, dabbed at her eyes; across the aisle, Lieutenant General Hamid Gul, the chief of the I.S.I., or Inter-Services Intelligence, looked on disapprovingly.

Such a mixture, and such an occasion, would have been unthinkable only a few months before, but, following the crash, in August, of General Zia's plane, the new Chief of the Army Staff, General Mirza Aslam Beg, had pledged to hold free and fair elections, and had done so.

Just after three o'clock, the lofty gold-mosaic doors leading from a foyer into the audience room were opened, and Benazir, escorted by Presidential guards resplendent in gold turbans and starched white uniforms and carrying golden swords, walked the length of a red carpet, accompanied by the dour, dome-headed President, Ghulam Ishaq Khan. She told me this summer that her first reaction as she glanced around the room at the generals, at the President, and at the mullahs and bureaucrats was "Can I trust them?" All of them, in one way or another, were products of the eleven years that Zia ul-Haq had ruled.

Zia had three passions—the spread of Islam, the war in Afghanistan, and the destruction of the Bhutto legacy and myth—and the actions they moved him to take had powerful effects: he divided the country by his imposition of the harsher aspects of Islamic law, by his agreement to provide the Afghan-resistance armies with ever-increasing shipments of arms

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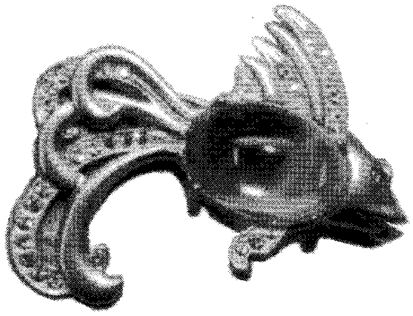

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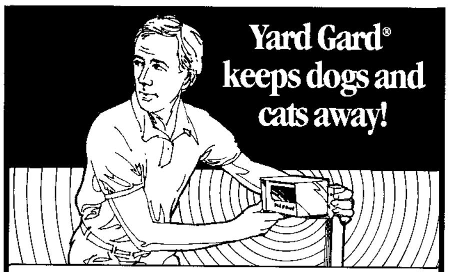

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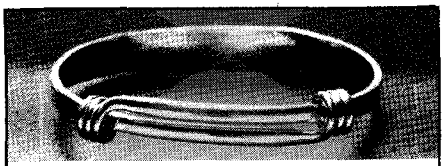

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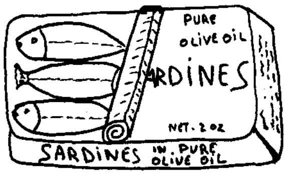
supplied by the C.I.A., and by his ruthless suppression of the P.P.P. He found ready allies within the Army establishment and among the Islamic clerics and the bureaucracy.

As Benazir and President Ishaq Khan continued down the aisle, she glanced at him. He had been her father's Secretary of Defense and was reliably believed to have warned General Zia that Bhutto was about to remove him, thereby provoking the General, if he had any lingering doubts, to stage his 1977 coup. She passed General Hamid Gul, a key Zia lieutenant and a committed Islamist, who had assumed formidable authority during the Afghan war, as the dispenser of C.I.A. arms; he and his predecessor had also politicized the I.S.I. as it had never been politicized before. More recently, he had used the I.S.I.'s considerable power and funds to cobble together a rightist and religious electoral alliance to oppose the P.P.P.; he and the I.S.I. had also created Benazir's chief rival, Nawaz Sharif, a leader of the Muslim League. A pale and plump industrialist in his forties, who was from Lahore, Sharif had been plucked from obscurity by Zia to become one of his key protégés. He was now the chief minister of Punjab, and Benazir knew that without the support of Pakistan's most populous and powerful province she would not be able to rule. Would Sharif permit it, she wondered? Would General Gul?

When she reached the dais, a mufti began chanting prayers, the generals stood at attention, and Benazir, dressed in shimmering emerald-green silk and a white *dupatta*—the colors of Islam and of Pakistan—took the oath of office, administered by the President.



I had asked Benazir during the last days of her 1988 campaign what it was like to be the first Pakistani woman to run for Prime Minister.

"I've never thought of myself as a woman," she said. "I am, of course, but I'm more a person who was caught up in dictatorship. Circumstances pulled me into political life—my father's murder, my mother's illness. I never sought leadership of the People's Party for myself. But fate has such turns and shifts. When I was a child, there were many attempts on my father's life. Politics *scared* me. I remember the hushed voices when we would tiptoe into the drawing room, where the grownups were talking about demonstrations and guns. 'Don't speak in front of the children,' someone would say when they noticed us. This is a life that I never wanted for myself."

When the swearing in was completed, a rather austere reception began, in a nearby banquet hall, and, over sweetmeats and milky tea, Benazir greeted her guests. For a fleeting moment, she looked slightly bemused, apparently noticing that more of the dignitaries had clustered around General Beg than around her. Groups of them came and went by turns: first, the Army generals, to whom she had already committed herself to effectively cede control of the country's nuclear-weapons program, of its high-risk policy in the Afghanistan war, and of its support to the anti-Indian insurgency in the disputed border state of Kashmir, over which India and Pakistan had twice gone to war. (Her authority over the military proved so marginal that when she requested the I.S.I. files on her brother Mir Murtaza the agency refused to send them to her.) The generals were followed by the mullahs, who had already begun to shriek with despair at the evils that would befall a nation with a woman at its head. "They'd been saying the most audacious things," Benazir told me this summer. "They issued *fatwas* that I must be stopped, and they circulated pamphlets saying that the Holy Prophet was weeping tears of blood: 'Oh, why, why, a woman elected Prime Minister?' Some of them even rushed off to Saudi Arabia to seek advice. Clergymen from Yemen to Egypt pulled out their holy books. I must say, my election did trigger a great debate in the Islamic world." During the campaign, the mullahs, assisted by Sharif and General Gul, had also airdropped thousands of leaflets featuring doctored photographs of Benazir dancing in a Paris night club, and her mother, in a sequinned Western evening gown, waltzing at the White House with President Gerald Ford. "Anti-Islamic" was scrawled across the leaflets in thick lettering.

Standing slightly aloof in the mirrored, wood-panelled hall, as Benazir

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continued to receive her guests, was Robert Oakley, the Ambassador of the United States, who had played a not insubstantial role in her swearing in. For thirteen days following the election, in which the P.P.P. had amassed the largest number of electoral votes, President Ishaq Khan had nervously consulted with his generals and bureaucrats, and with Nawaz Sharif, while Benazir, just as nervously, had paced the floor of the drawing room of her dentist's bungalow, near the Presidential Palace, as she waited to be invited to form a government. On the fourteenth day, Ambassador Oakley called on the President and made it clear that the United States believed that Benazir should be sworn in.

Now the President and the Prime Minister stood together in the banquet hall, scrutinizing each other warily. The President wiped samosa from his lips and muttered a few words of congratulations. Then he abruptly turned to leave. "It's prayer time," he said.

"May I join you for prayers in the mosque?" Benazir asked.

"It's for men only," the President replied, and he began shuffling off. Then he turned around and added, "But you can watch."

ONE senses in talking to Benazir that the role of Prime Minister was not an easy one for her to adopt, and that she was never quite certain how to project herself: Should she be the avenging feudal daughter of Sindh? The urbane internationalist? The demure Muslim mother and wife? Or the impetuous aristocrat who, with arrogant ease, could plunge into the maelstrom of political maneuvering and intrigue?

She had little time to decide which persona fitted her best, for after twenty turbulent months in office she was dismissed. Confronted by a deadly combination of political, military, and religious foes, she did well, according to many Pakistanis, to last as long as she did; it was longer than many had expected she would. For although she cut a glamorous and popular figure abroad, at home she never really seemed to get a grip on either the country or the government. Pakistanis grew weary of her supporters' chants of "eleven years of tyranny" to explain away the nation's ills. Disillusionment followed, and Benazir's inexperience showed. In its nearly two years of existence, her government passed virtually no legislation.

She presided over a sliding economy, a deteriorating security situation, a growing communal threat, a confrontation between democracy and the Army, and dangerous diplomatic drift. She was harassed by an energetic opposition, led from Punjab by Nawaz Sharif; she was destabilized by violence in her home province of Sindh; and she was faced with the growing hostility of both the Army and the Muslim clerics. Above and beyond this, she laid her administration open to the charge of corruption. Among the worst offenders, according to the President and the generals, were her flamboyant, controversial husband and her father-in-law.

There was a familiar ring to the President's charges against her to justify the dismissal of her government: corruption, nepotism, mismanagement, and loss of the people's confidence. Three times in the last five years, Pakistani Prime Ministers have been dismissed on those grounds—real or imagined—by the President, or the Army, or both. But Benazir had to live up to higher expectations than the others.

"People were expecting a liberal, Western-educated woman with forward-looking programs," I was told by Dr. Hamida Khuhro, who is a formidable woman herself—an Oxford-educated friend of the Bhutto family but a political opponent in the feudal Larkana constituency. "When Benazir came to power, she could have set the trend, but the first thing she did was to shroud herself in a chador, the most obstructionist, outward manifestation of Islam, and begin praying incessantly at saints' tombs, the most superstitious part of Islam. She's vastly superstitious, and it shows. She could have been a reformer, but she wasn't; she did nothing for women, which she could have done. And, with her education and her background, she simply has no excuse." (Benazir later told me, "There are some who would have liked me to solely champion women's causes. As a political leader, I can't.")

A Western Ambassador says, "Benazir's a dreamer, a great conceptualist. She says all the right things, but she has no follow-through. She wasn't able to focus, to move things forward, or to control situations. Maybe she'll pick bet-

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ter people next time. It's her streak of loyalty that kills her; she always goes back to what people have done in the past—how they served her father, how much time they spent in jail—rather than considering what they could do in the future. She therefore failed to tap an enormous pool of brilliant young intellectuals and technocrats who could have turned this country around. Instead, she relied on the feudal landlords, who catered to her illusion that it was her birthright to rule. She's one of the most bewildering women I've ever met: one moment, she is utter charm; the next moment, she's so antagonistic that she comes perilously close to impertinence. But she's not a sulker; she's a battler and a survivor, and that's not all bad. Basically, she's driven: She's a P.P.P. politician with the name Bhutto, and she never stops. She'll do anything to get elected, and she simply cannot accept that anyone can do this country any good except her. She's a wonderful campaigner; she gives wonderful speeches. But the basic question we always come back to is: Can she rule?"

A top Presidential adviser and one of Pakistan's ranking bureaucrats remarked to me one morning that he was perplexed by Benazir. "I told her from the beginning that she simply must try to get on with the President. Here is a man, Ghulam Ishaq Khan, who has been around forever; in him she could have found a friend, a philosopher, a guide. He was seventy-three, for God's sake, and she was only thirty-five. But she thought she knew better; I think she was very badly advised. She should have tried to understand him, but she was arrogant and impetuous, and acted, on occasion, slightly like a Moghul empress. But, that being said, in spite of everything—she's been out in the cold now for quite some time—she remains the only political leader in this country heading a political party with roots nationwide. She is, in every sense of the term, the only national leader we have, and the only one who has genuine support in the West." He paused for a moment, and then he said, "Her main weakness is her husband. It's a pity. I wish she had married someone else."

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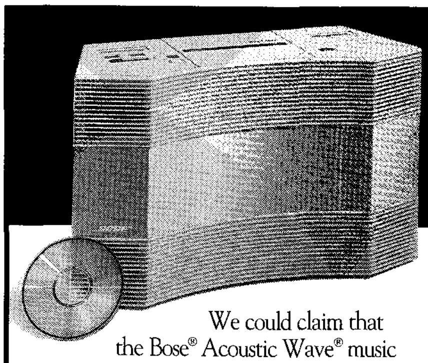

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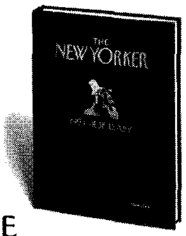

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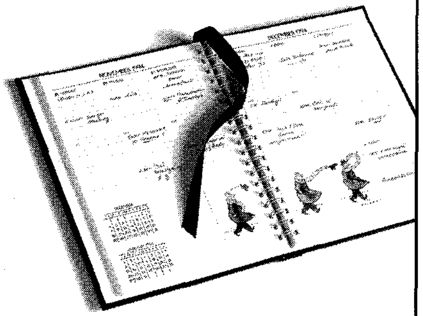

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nessman. He has a handsome, rugged face, set off by jet-black hair and a thick black handlebar mustache. His main preoccupations before he married Benazir were polo by day and discothèques by night. His one concession to her political vulnerability, after their engagement was announced, was to dismantle the disco in his Karachi living room.

Their marriage was an odd alliance, and astonished many of Benazir's friends—even those already accustomed to unpredictability on her part—not only because she was marrying Zardari but because she had agreed to a marriage that was arranged.

She had been present during most of the negotiations between the two families (which took place in London in July, 1987, over five nerve-racking days), as had he. "I avoided him as much as possible," Benazir said of the man whom she had met only once before, at a dinner party, but really couldn't remember very well. She maintains—not altogether convincingly—that it was not an "absolutely" arranged match, since she had been given the power of veto after Asif was chosen by her aunt.

Over the five days, the Bhuttos and the Zardaris came and went from a Bhutto-family flat. But unlike conventional arranged marriages in Pakistan, before which investigations are made into family finances and status, the London talks were dominated by the question of whether Asif could cope with a wife as powerful and politically dominant as Benazir.

On the evening of the fifth day, she decided that he could, she told me one morning, adding, "Fate presented itself in the form of a bee."

Twelve of us were wedged—somewhat precariously, I thought—in one of Asif's Pajeros, as he drove us along a precipitous mountain road on our way to an old hill station of the Raj for a family outing. Benazir had invited me along the night before, explaining that it would be quite simple and casual, and it clearly was: Benazir and Asif, three children—Bilawal, four; Bakhtawar, three; and Asifa, four months—two nannies, three security guards, Benazir's political assistant and constant companion, Naheed Khan, and me, together with baby carriages, picnic baskets, baby bottles, baskets of cherries, boxes of diapers, and two mobile telephones. In front of us and behind us were two more Pajeros, one Mercedes, and two security cars. "My husband likes to travel in an entourage," Benazir said.

"What about the bee?" I asked now.

She explained that on the fourth day of the negotiations she had gone, with a niece, to Windsor Park—while Asif had gone to a polo match—and a bee had stung her on one hand. By the evening, when the Zardaris arrived at the flat, Benazir's hand was swollen and she was in considerable pain. Asif had insisted on taking her to a hospital, and had arranged for a doctor and a car. Her most revealing comment was "For once, I was not the one in charge."

She nonetheless still shows a notable lack of enthusiasm for arranged marriages generally, and when the subject of her own comes up she discusses it almost as one removed. So one morning over coffee, a few days before, I had asked her mother, Nusrat, why Benazir had agreed to such a marriage. (Despite the fact that Asif had been chosen by Zulfi Bhutto's sister, his widow—who had been rather desperately urging Benazir to marry for years—had been an ardent supporter of the match.)

An elegant woman with large eyes, a spirited disposition, and an easy smile, Begum Nusrat Bhutto is now in her mid-sixties, yet it is easy to imagine her as the striking, raven-haired beauty that she was when she married Zulfi Bhutto, in Karachi, in 1951. Theirs was not an arranged marriage but, rather, a love match, which was almost unheard of then. And all their children eventually followed their example and married for love—except Benazir.

"Things were very different in the fifties," Begum Nusrat explained. "Fundamentalism wasn't strong, and I was always a free bird. Zulfi was also not yet in politics—he was still studying at Oxford—so we could do as we chose. But with Benazir it was a very different situation. She was already in politics, meeting loads of men; she couldn't afford a scandal. What if she fell in love? What if it was with the wrong man? Her life—her political life—would be ruined. She had resisted even the idea of marriage for years. I remember one day when we quarrelled, and she said, 'Mummy, if you ask me one more time I won't marry at all.' But finally she relented, and agreed to an arranged match."

Ironically, the marriage, a liaison of convenience that was meant to silence gossip and, perhaps as important, to provide heirs to carry on the Bhutto legacy, has proved to be one of Benazir's greatest liabilities. Zardari is no Dennis Thatcher. "Her husband is her jugular," a Western Ambassador told me. "He is generally perceived to be corrupt, and is known as Mr. Ten Per Cent, but she seems to be absolutely infatuated with him, and during her time in office she never bothered to rein him in." Despite the public perception, Zardari, who was jailed for nearly two and a half years, either on or awaiting trial on politically suspect charges of murder, conspiracy, and extortion, was released last February on bail, after being acquitted in nine cases. He is still fighting a tenth.

As we continued up the mountain road, we passed a number of shrines to saints, and I noticed that Benazir discreetly and slowly moved her head from right to left—a gesture of homage to the dead. When we reached our destination, a sprawling bungalow with open verandas and sweeping lawns which was the summer residence of the governor of the North-West Frontier Province, Benazir busied herself with preparations for lunch, the nannies busied themselves with the children, and Asif and I sat together on the lawn.

There were recurring reports of growing tension between him and Begum Nusrat—with whom Benazir's own relationship was becoming increasingly strained—and I had been told by a number of Party members of disputes between the two, over Party matters, over his business dealings, and over his perceived influence on Benazir, so I asked him if it was true that, as his critics charged, he was trying to hijack the P.P.P.

"That's utter nonsense," he replied. "Even though I'm a member of the National Assembly"—and at one point he was a minister as well—"I don't think I'll ever become a politician, although I must admit I am becoming a formidable player in this political game."

"What's the difference?" I asked.

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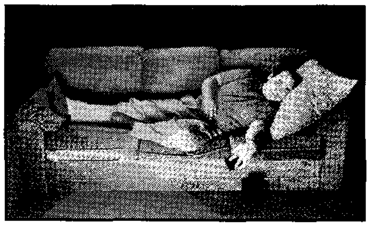

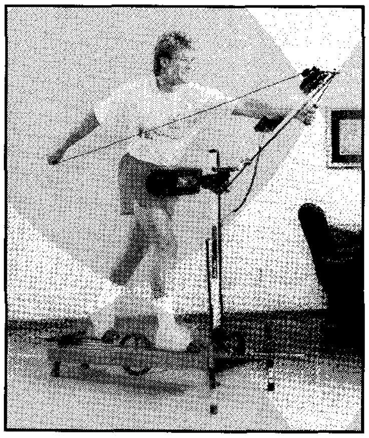

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spend time with the kids, look after my little business. And if people like Jatoi, Mumtaz, and Pirzada"—all top lieutenants of Zulfi Bhutto—"were not able to hijack the Party after Bhutto's death, how possibly can I?"

"You've been compared to Hillary Clinton," I said.

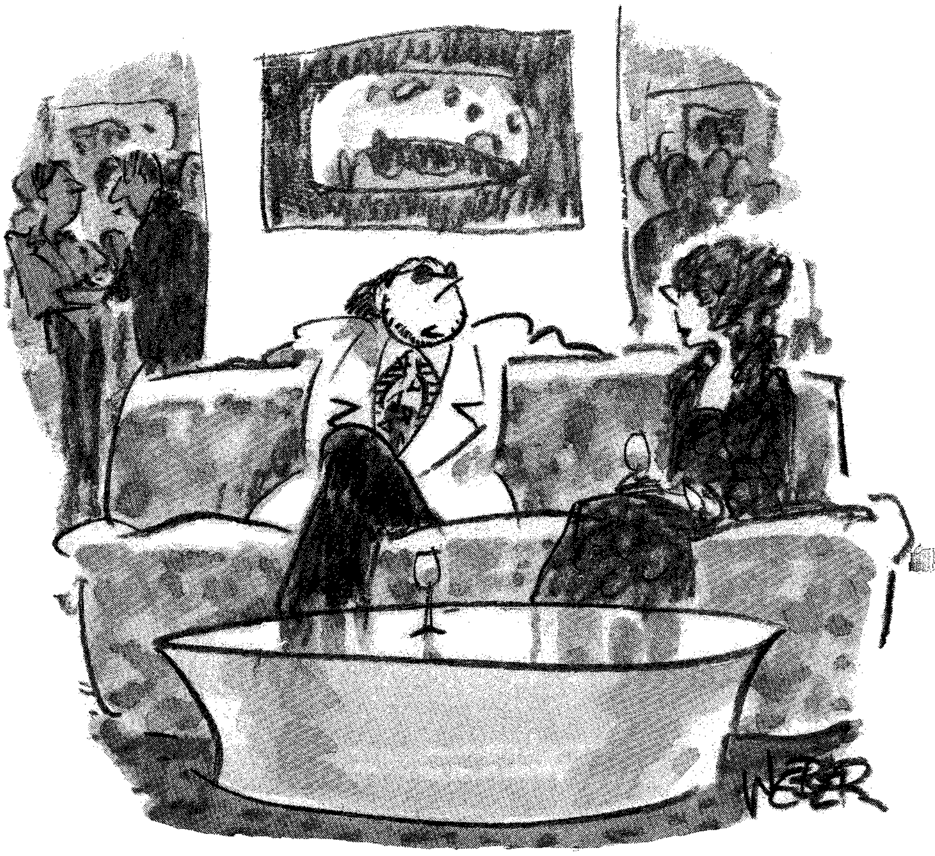
"I love it!" He roared with laughter. "Unfortunately, I don't think the comparison fits."

After lunch and naps and walks in the woods, Benazir and I sat in the garden, where her children were collecting ladybugs and picking flowers for her, and I asked her if she worried about their safety, considering the number of threats on her life.

"Of course I do," she replied. "When I was Prime Minister, there was an attempt to kidnap my son, Bilawal—to kidnap him, can you believe it, from the *Prime Minister's house!*"

She paused and looked down into the valley, beyond the lawn, then turned back toward me. "It's really not been easy," she said. "But I lived in fear for my father's life the entire time I was growing up, and I'm determined that I'm not going to lead that life again, nor am I going to permit my children to have that kind of fear. I've adopted a philosophical view, and I don't dwell on threats. I feel that the time of death is written; in that sense, I'm a fatalist. But now that I have three children I do worry; they're so small. What would happen to them if something happened to my husband and me? Who would take care of them? But I try not to dwell on it. God saved me before. That's why I'm religious. Throughout my life, there's been no one to protect me—except my God."

ONE of the more enduring mysteries surrounding the Bhutto family was that of Benazir's brother Mir Murtaza, who vanished from Pakistan more than a decade ago, intent upon avenging his father's death. A tall, handsome, and charismatic man, who is now thirty-nine, he had followed Benazir, first to Harvard and then to Oxford, which he left early in his second year, after his father's arrest. Since that time, he has moved from Afghanistan to Libya and Syria, and has been charged with masterminding not only the P.I.A. hijacking but also a number of bombings and the assassination of a prominent politician who had been riding in a car with the judge who had signed



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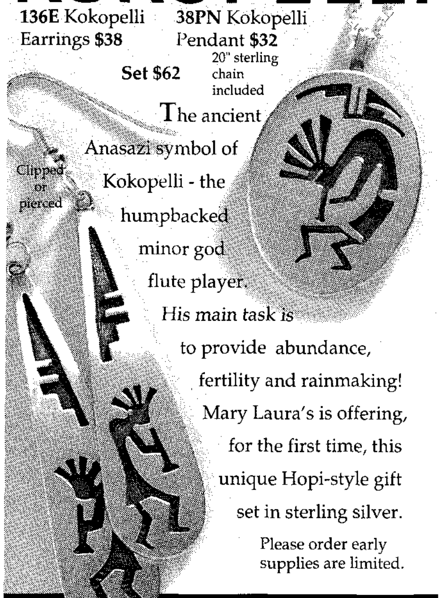

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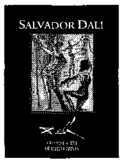

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Zulfi Bhutto's death warrant in 1979.

From time to time over the years, Benazir and Mir Murtaza had met—in Paris or Damascus—and many people within the P.P.P. wondered why during her Prime Ministership she had granted amnesty to others but never to him.

"He's a potential problem for her," a Western diplomat told me. "This is a male-dominated society, and he's the son; his return could badly split the Party, if he challenged her as his father's legitimate political heir."

And one Party member, who had met Mir Murtaza in Damascus recently, told me that Murtaza was considering doing precisely that. "He's increasingly concerned about Asif's growing role within the Party, and about the reports of his financial irregularities. Basically, Murtaza and Asif loathe each other," the Party member said.

When I asked Asif what his relationship with his brother-in-law was, he remained quiet for a moment, and then replied without answering. "Murtaza's had a very difficult life," he said. "He was very young when he left. It was the age of revolution; people were into armed struggle, and how do you fight martial-law tyranny? The man who killed your father? In our culture, which is very tribal and traditional, the fact is that Zia killed his father, and any son would have been expected—would have been forced—to fight back."

PESHAWAR is a rugged, lawless sort of place, thirteen miles southeast of the Khyber Pass. The capital of Pakistan's North-West Frontier Province, it was a major staging area for the war in Afghanistan. It had previously been visited only by drug dealers and spies, but after the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan, in 1979, it had swollen. Now there are gunrunners, smugglers, freedom fighters, and war victims—and drug dealers and spies. I had come here to meet Major General Nasirullah Babar, who had been Benazir's chief of staff, in the hope that he could tell me about her relationship with the Army, both during her Prime Ministership and now, and whether he thought the generals would permit her to come to power again. Another key question, as she began her new election campaign, was how she—or whoever comes to power in October—would repair Pakistan's badly tarnished relations with the United States. Over the years, Benazir has tried to move her party toward the center, but many of her most active supporters are anti-American, anti-Army, anti-business, and anti-rich—opposed, in other words, to the very forces that she is trying to enlist.

As I wandered through Peshawar's narrow, muddy lanes, dodging huge, brightly painted trucks and eying, and being suspiciously eyed by, men wearing floppy turbans—many of whom carried AK-47s on their shoulders or hips—I realized that in Peshawar, more than in any other place in Pakistan, you could actually see many of the irritants dividing Washington and Islamabad. Peshawar is a statement on the legacy of the Afghanistan war.

It seems to me that, in a way, everything dividing Pakistan and the United States—other than Pakistan's nuclear-weapons program—has sprung from this: Pakistan's bitter sense of betrayal after it had served Washington's interests as a frontline state; the strain on its social and economic structure caused by the influx of thousands of mujahideen and millions of Afghan refugees; a new drug and Kalashnikov culture, bred from the profligate leakage of arms from the C.I.A.'s pipeline; and Washington's threat—despite a reprieve this summer—to declare Pakistan a terrorist state. Particularly worrisome to the United States is Pakistan's suspected role in arming and training insurgents in the Indian states of Kashmir and Punjab, but another factor of growing concern—which is shared by the Pakistan Army and by Benazir—is the presence in Peshawar of nearly three thousand "Arab Afghanis," as they are called, who are veterans of the Afghanistan war. They are all exceedingly well trained and exceedingly well armed, and many of them are followers of Sheikh Omar Abdel Rahman, the Egyptian cleric who has been indicted in New York for his alleged role in the World Trade Center bombing and in a related conspiracy to bomb other New York landmarks.

Before calling on General Babar, therefore, I stopped at a rambling stucco bungalow just down the road, which was the local residence of the stridently anti-Western fundamentalist Gulbadin Hekmatyar, the Prime Minister of Afghanistan, with whom the Arabs in Peshawar are closely aligned.

I was greeted warmly, if somewhat

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warily, by one of Hekmatyar's deputies, Nawab Salim, who is a roly-poly man with a close-cropped beard and looks somewhat Levantine. He was dressed in a long white robe and a white crocheted prayer cap, and he left his sandals at the door before entering the sitting room. I was somewhat startled to see orange polish on his toes.

After a brief exchange of amenities—Salim had studied agriculture at a university in Virginia and was eager to hear what was happening there—I asked him if, in his view, the Arab Afghanis posed a threat to Pakistan, as many Pakistanis believed.

"None whatsoever," he replied. "They are all law-abiding citizens, with proper papers"—papers that they had received from the I.S.I. "But they're being persecuted by the United States: hundreds of them are being picked up; their houses have been raided, their offices have been raided, their hostels and hotels. This place is swarming with C.I.A. agents, F.B.I. agents, intelligence agents from Egypt and Algeria, who have been permitted to interrogate these poor chaps in jail. That's a flagrant violation of their human rights!" He calmed down after a moment and adjusted his prayer cap, then ensconced himself comfortably in his armchair.

(All those arrested have since been released, and when I asked a Western diplomat if any had been expelled he told me that "somewhat less than twenty" had left Pakistan.)

Benazir faults the United States for having played a major role in the rise in Pakistan of militant Islam. "Look at your great jihad," she had said, with an exaggerated sweep of her hand, as we chatted the previous morning about the war in Afghanistan. "The U.S. government armed these groups, trained them, gave them organizational skills; huge, huge amounts of money were spent, and both the money and the Islamic zeal spilled over here. Then the Americans retreated to Washington, and look at the mess they left." It was one of her most biting criticisms of the United States. She went on to say that she was particularly concerned over growing Islamic influence in the North-West Frontier, and that "breaking the stranglehold of the Islamic clerics" would be one of her major election planks.

Now, therefore, I asked Salim if the mujahideen (whether Arab or Afghani) still in Pakistan would support Qazi Hussain Ahmad, who is the erudite leader of Pakistan's fundamentalist party, the Jama'at-i-Islami, in the elections against Benazir. (Qazi Hussain, who was visiting the Sudan at that time, was considered by Western intelligence sources to be a key Pakistani link—along with the I.S.I.—between the mujahideen and radical Islamic movements in Kashmir, Bosnia, and the Middle East.)

Salim replied matter-of-factly, "If we want, it is our right."

"What do you think of Benazir?" I asked.

"Her father was a great man. He was the one who brought Gulbadin—when he was a young engineering student—and a number of others to Pakistan in 1973; he armed and trained them in anticipation of 1979. Bhutto foresaw the Communist threat."

"And Benazir?"

"She's a woman."

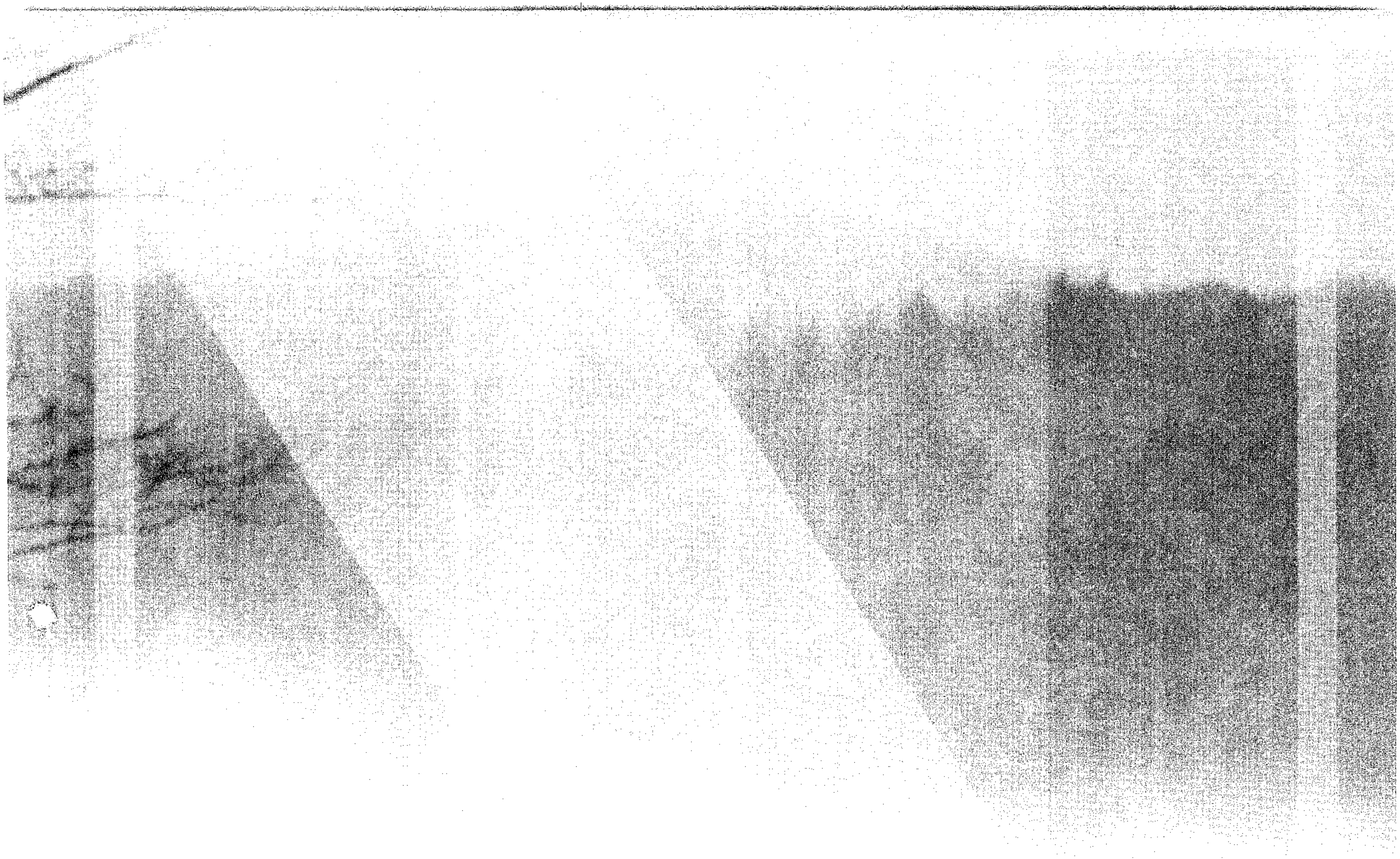
"HMM, you've been to *that* house," General Babar said after greeting me, with a firm handshake and a broad smile, when I arrived at his. He did little to disguise his concern, muttering that the United States bore full responsibility for "setting these chaps loose." That having been established, he led me through an interior courtyard and into a beautifully appointed room, of dark wood and antique carpets, whose walls were lined with books.

A thoughtful and well-spoken man who still possessed a general's bearing and stride, though he had retired from the military several years ago, Babar, who is in his mid-sixties, had been a close confidant and aide to Benazir's father and had served as governor of the North-West Frontier Province during Bhutto's Prime Ministership. He had then, in turn, served Benazir, not just as her chief of staff but as her primary conduit to the military establishment.

I began by asking General Babar how coöperative the generals and the President had been during Benazir's rule.

"It was a battle from Day One," he replied. "Let me give you an example. Immediately after she was sworn in, we went to the President's chambers, and he told her—rather nonchalantly, I thought—that a Russian aircraft had been hijacked and was heading toward Pakistan. She was totally bewildered. *She had just been sworn in!* She looked toward me, and I said, loud enough for the old man to hear, 'We'll block all the airfields,' and that is precisely what we did. The President was testing her, and he never stopped. Neither did the Chief of the Army Staff. His resistance lasted until the end."

One of Benazir's former ministers had told me that her most troublesome problems were posed by the I.S.I., which continued to run domestic surveillance operations, counsel her political opponents, including Nawaz Sharif, and conduct an aggressive policy in Afghanistan, to the increasing annoyance of her government and the United States. I



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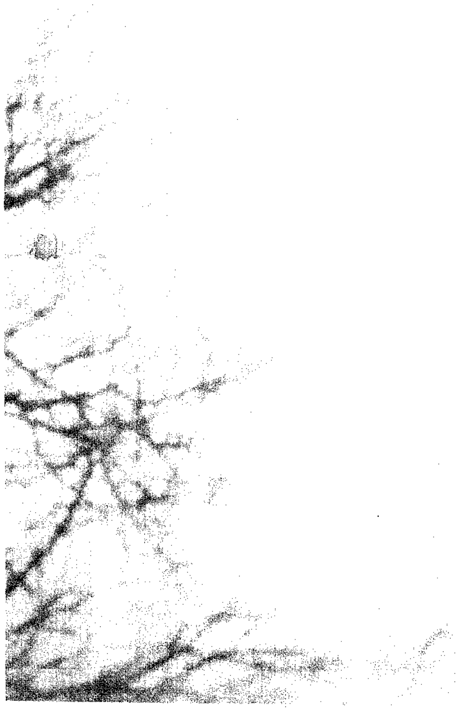

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asked General Babar if this was true.

"Absolutely," he replied. "We had no control over these people. They were like a government unto themselves. The I.S.I., the Army, and the President had been running the show for so long that they simply didn't want to give it up. They got so carried away with the jihad that, unwittingly or not, they got involved with all these fundamentalist movements across the Islamic world. They thought that once they got Afghanistan they'd go across to the Soviet central-Asian republics and into Kashmir. And I must tell you that until a few weeks ago, when General Abdul Waheed, the new Chief of the Army Staff, cleaned house at I.S.I., these holy warriors were still continuing to do just that."

After a brief pause, he said, "I must be absolutely frank. She had very limited contact with the Army the entire time we ruled. They, of course, generally briefed us on military matters, but what General Beg did was to limit her exposure to the corps commanders and the general-officer corps. I kept telling her she had to go around more, expose herself, visit the cantonments. But, with all the problems we had—with Nawaz practically declaring Punjab an independent state, with the President sitting forever on the files, with Beg, in keeping with his character, playing a duplicitous, dual role—with all these pinpricks, we were never able to force the point."

A servant in starched livery and wearing white gloves entered the drawing room with kebabs, coffee, and cakes. As we ate and drank, I asked General Babar if, in his view, the generals would permit Benazir to come to power again.

"It's a very different Army now," he replied. "General Abdul Waheed"—who took command in January—"appears to have none of the political ambition of General Beg. He impresses me as a strictly professional soldier, and he's certainly not an Islamist, as General Beg was. However, I have been led to understand that at the moment, with this political mess between the President and the Prime Minister, most of the corps commanders are fed up with the politicians all around. Yet, that being said, they know that this is 1993, and that a coup would be totally unacceptable to the United States."

How much Benazir knew about her country's nuclear-weapons program, which had been launched by her avowedly pro-nuclear father, was a matter of dispute, but I had learned earlier that she had been briefed extensively on it—not by her generals or scientists but by the American Ambassador to Pakistan and the director of the C.I.A.

So I asked General Babar now how well informed she was in the spring of 1990, during her Prime Ministership, when Pakistan moved from being able to fabricate a nuclear weapon to actually fabricating one.

He thought for a moment before he replied, and although he didn't answer my question directly, he said, "It was presumed that, as Chief Executive, she knew we had crossed the threshold, and that was one of the reasons that our government was sent scuttling by the Americans."

Benazir had enjoyed enormous popularity in Washington until June of 1989. Then, according to a senior State Department official, attitudes began to change. He explained, "When she stood on the floor of the United States Congress, promising, to thunderous applause, that Pakistan neither possessed nor intended to assemble a nuclear bomb—the very day after she had received a detailed briefing on the weapons program from the director of the C.I.A.—her worth was diminished in the eyes of the United States."

In October of 1990, two months after Benazir's government was dismissed and a year and a half after the Soviets completed their withdrawal from Afghanistan, the United States suspended all military and economic assistance to Pakistan when President Bush no longer certified that Islamabad did not possess a nuclear device.

IN the last days of June, elections were already on everybody's mind, and foreign diplomats were predicting that when the polls were held they would essentially be a personality contest—the third in five years—between Benazir and Nawaz: she, a spirited, tempestuous, modern feudalist from Sindh; he, a shy, sometimes awkward, traditional industrialist from Punjab. She is more sophisticated and secularist; he is more conventional and fundamentalist. Her most notable achievements when she ruled were in foreign policy and human rights; his were in economic reform and in dis-

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mantling the socialist economy that her father had built.

Other than her People's Party and his faction of the Muslim League, the only parties in the October 6th national elections—which will be followed on October 9th by provincial polls—of any serious consequence are the fundamentalist Jama'at-i-Islami and the ethnic Mohajir National Movement, or M.Q.M., a Karachi-based party of descendants of Muslim migrants from India, whose members had fought pitched battles over the years with the native Sindhis; the M.Q.M. is considered Benazir's major electoral challenge in Sindh.

Although the caretaker Prime Minister, Moeen Qureshi, whose Army-backed government will conduct the elections, is not a candidate, his presence looms large over the polls, and both Benazir and Nawaz have been forced to address some of the radical economic and political reforms he has been able to make in only two months. Benazir, who has blasted Nawaz, accusing him of ruining Pakistan's economy, has invoked Qureshi at nearly all her rallies, citing his charge that when he took over the government Pakistan was nearly bankrupt. Nawaz, meanwhile, initially delighted in Qureshi's unprecedented, revolutionary agricultural tax on the feudal landlords, who dominate Benazir's constituency, until his own feudal supporters began grumbling. Attempting to dampen tempers, Qureshi has forbidden candidates to curse each other as traitors or "infidels" or criticize each other on the basis of their sex, and has announced that a hundred and fifty thousand troops will be deployed on Election Day. By September 18th, thirty people had died, and more than three hundred had been wounded, in election-related violence, mainly in Sindh.

ONE morning, as I sat in Benazir's office discussing the elections with Begum Nusrat, I asked her if she ever had any contact with her son, Mir Murtaza.

"Of course," she replied. "I just saw him in Europe a few weeks ago. He's such a lovely boy—really a man now—but, being abroad all these years, he's lost so much of his life. He's *so* like his father: the way he looks, the way he walks, the way he talks." Then she said, "I'm now negotiating with the authorities to bring him back."

I was so startled that I could think of nothing to say, and she went on, "He wants to enter politics here, and people are now negotiating, on my behalf, with the Army and the President, but he must be given an amnesty, and his return must be announced two weeks in advance. I don't want him to come back in secret, through the back door. He must be received properly by the people of Pakistan. He is, after all, Zulfi Bhutto's son."

"But what will this mean for Benazir?" I asked. "Murtaza has been quite critical of a number of things she's done. Won't it split the Party if he enters politics?"

"Nonsense," she said, casually running her fingers through her hair. "There are many families in Pakistan where four or five members are politicians. Benazir will be here, and Murtaza will be here. Murtaza is really interested only in his own province of Sindh, not in being the Prime Minister of Pakistan."

"But Sindh is the family power base," I said. "It's the bedrock of Benazir's entire support. If she's challenged for power by her brother there, how can she continue to be her father's political heir, as he had chosen her to be?"

Begum Nusrat did not respond immediately, and her eyes turned to ice. It was clear that she was angry and bitter. "He didn't choose Benazir—*I* did," she said, and her voice began to rise. "*I* was to have been my husband's political heir. But, because I was ill, *I* told the Party that I would like Benazir to stand in my stead. They couldn't make her chairman, because I already was, so they coined the phrase 'co-chairman,' which we *both* still are."

On September 1st, Moeen Qureshi announced that Mir Murtaza could stand as a candidate in the polls, although he would almost certainly face criminal charges on his return to Pakistan. Murtaza responded from Damascus that, if necessary, he would conduct his campaign from jail; Benazir accused him of "holding a gun" to her head by demanding that he be appointed the next chief minister of Sindh. A few days later, Murtaza's wife, Ghanwa, who is Lebanese-born, arrived in Karachi to file his election papers as an independent candidate, for seats in both the provincial assembly and the National Assembly in twenty-three con-

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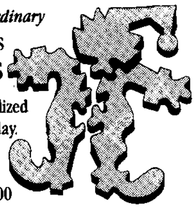

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stituencies in Sindh; in almost all cases, he will stand against the P.P.P.—even in the Karachi slum area of Lyari, where he will challenge Benazir's husband, Asif. Ghanwa, who was met at the airport by Begum Nusrat, immediately moved into No. 70 Clifton, where Zulfi Bhutto's widow had set up a campaign headquarters for his son. Ghanwa was accompanied by his three-year-old grandson, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto.

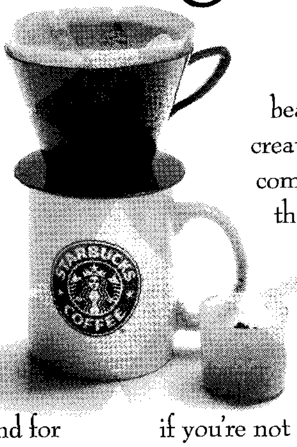
THE morning before I left Pakistan, I went to Benazir's parliamentary chambers in Islamabad to say goodbye. She ordered tea and coffee, and we chatted for a while about her election plans.

"I shall miss our interviews," she said, to my surprise. "Have you gotten everything you need?"

I told her I was still curious about one thing. "You titled your autobiography in its British edition 'Daughter of the East,' and in its American edition 'Daughter of Destiny.' Which are you?"

"What a difficult question," she said. "I don't know."

She became reflective, tilting her face as she rested her chin on her hand. Then she went on, "I'm partly a child of destiny. Fate put me where I am now, against my own inner wishes, but I chose to stay on, when I could always have opted out. Of course, I did have a sense of duty to my father and the causes he espoused, and now I have a duty to those people who believe in me and to myself. A daughter of the East or a daughter of destiny?" She repeated the titles. "Did I have a choice?" She paused, as if she were considering her next words carefully, and then she said, very deliberately, "I am a daughter of the East. I was born into it; conditioned by it; thrust into a political system which is Eastern—a political system in which I have to win or lose. And, more than that, as a daughter of the East I want other women, born into this tradition, this environment, where they're forced to submit to those societal pressures and those fates which have been written for them, to see how I fight—as a politician, as a woman, as a mother—and how I survive. I want to show them that they can rise above these pressures too, and that they can demand to make their own choices, and not have others—fathers, husbands, or brothers—make their choices for them." ♦



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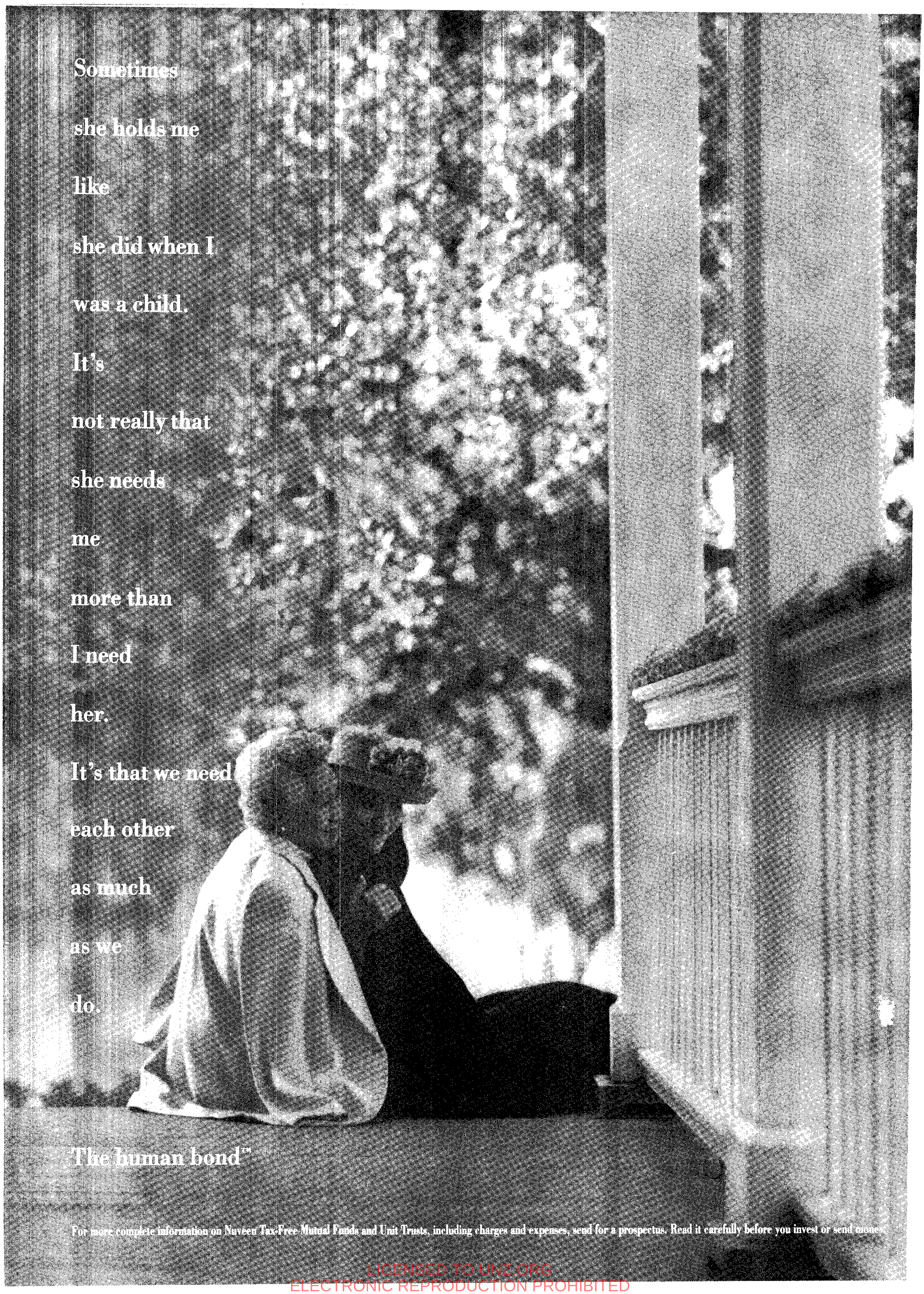
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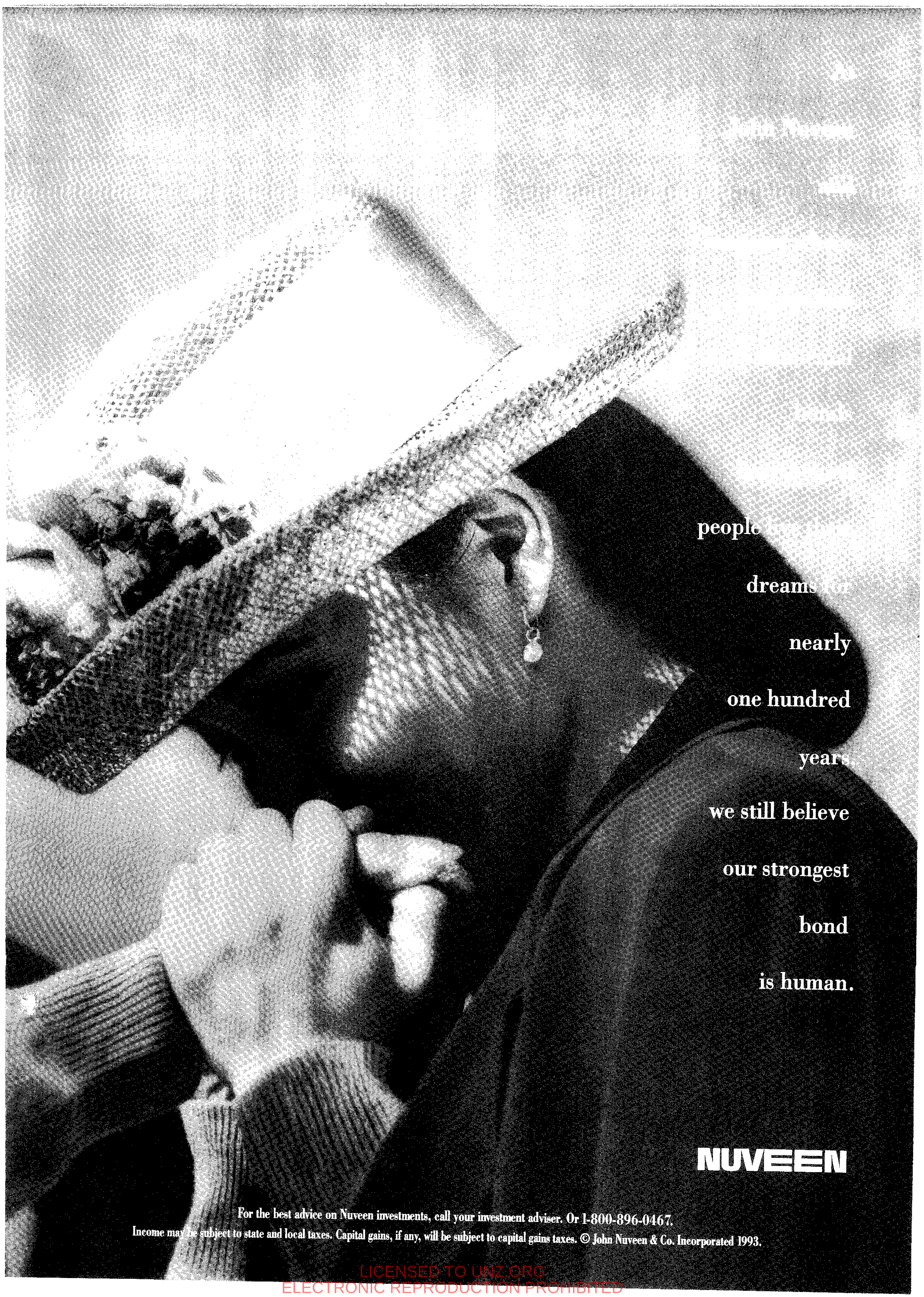
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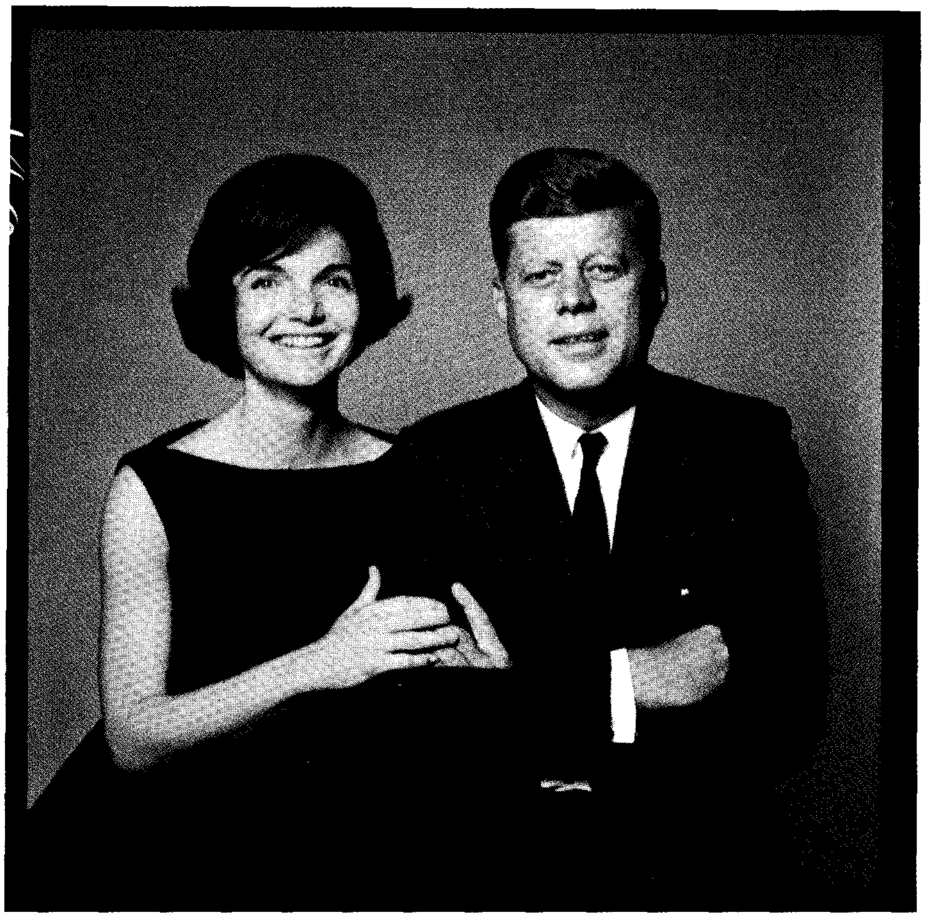


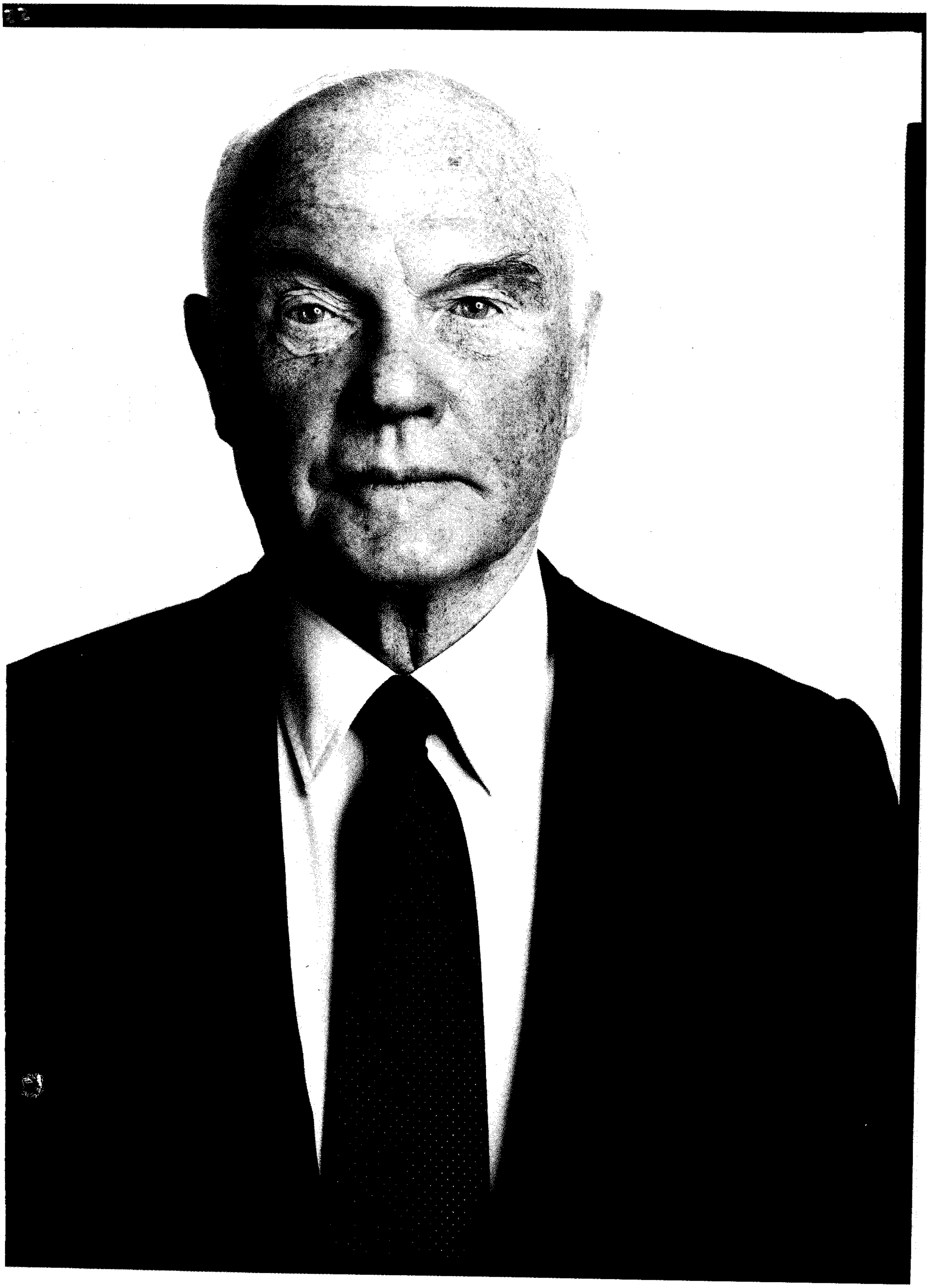
The President-elect and Mrs. Kennedy.
Palm Beach, 1961.

EXILES

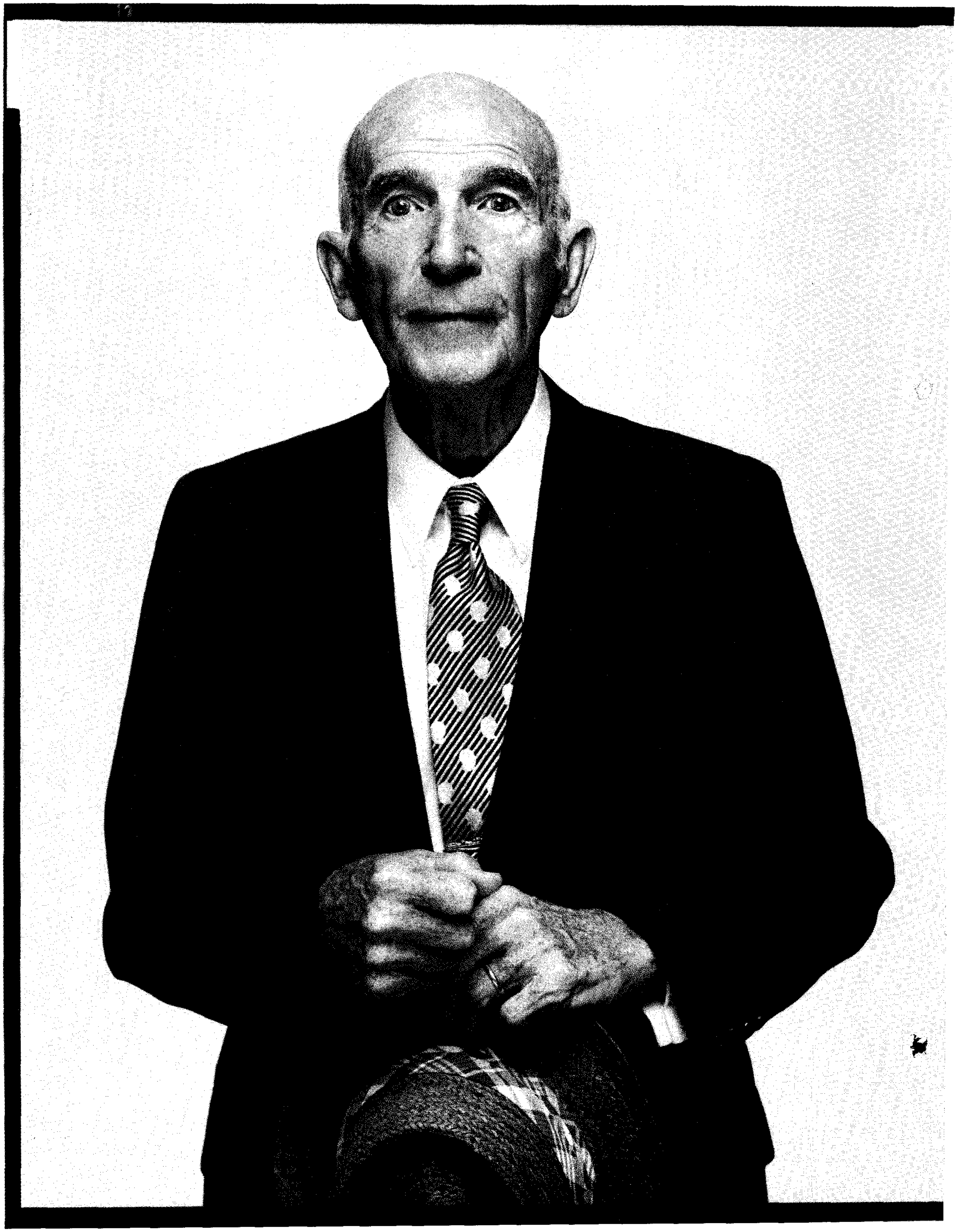
THE KENNEDY COURT AT THE END OF THE AMERICAN CENTURY

PORTFOLIO BY RICHARD AVEDON

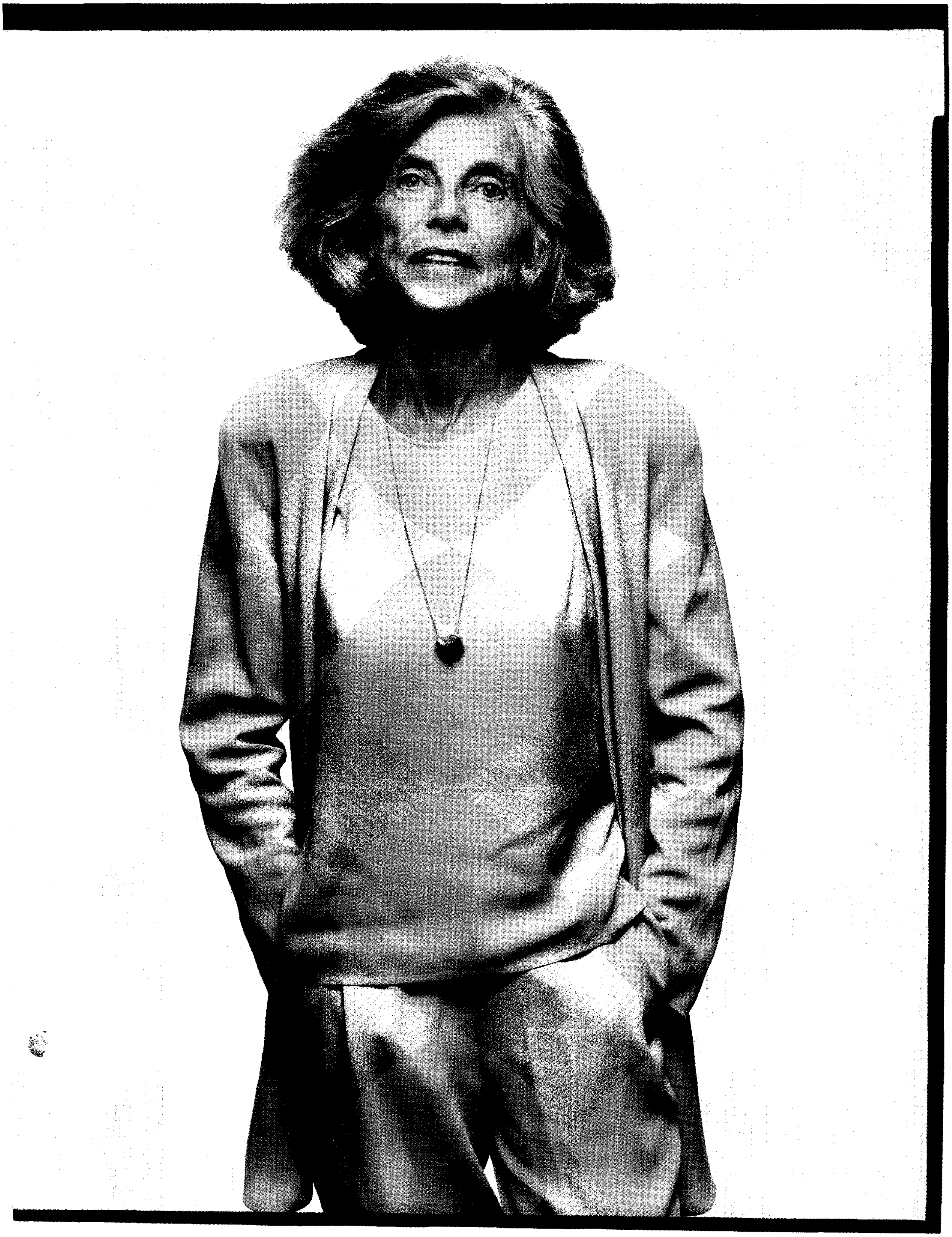
IN January of 1961, just before John Kennedy's Inauguration, I did a series of portraits of him and his family at their house in Palm Beach. The Kennedys and many of the people they attracted were full of promise and pride, and they had a respect for intellect that I haven't seen again in American politics. From July 8th to September 14th of this year, I travelled across the country to photograph surviving men and women of that period—people mostly of my generation, who for a while had faith in power. ♦



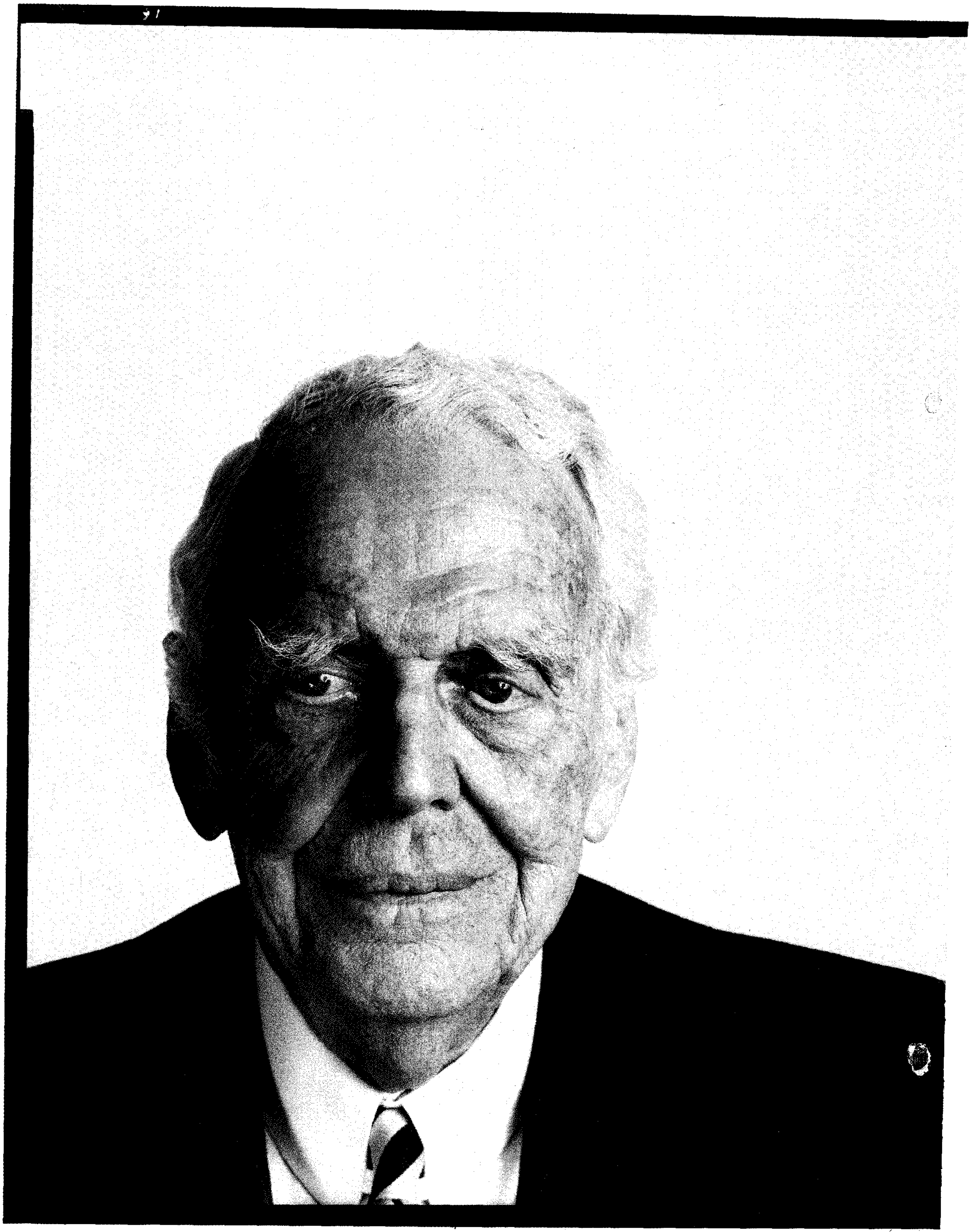
John Glenn in 1993.
Democratic senator from Ohio.



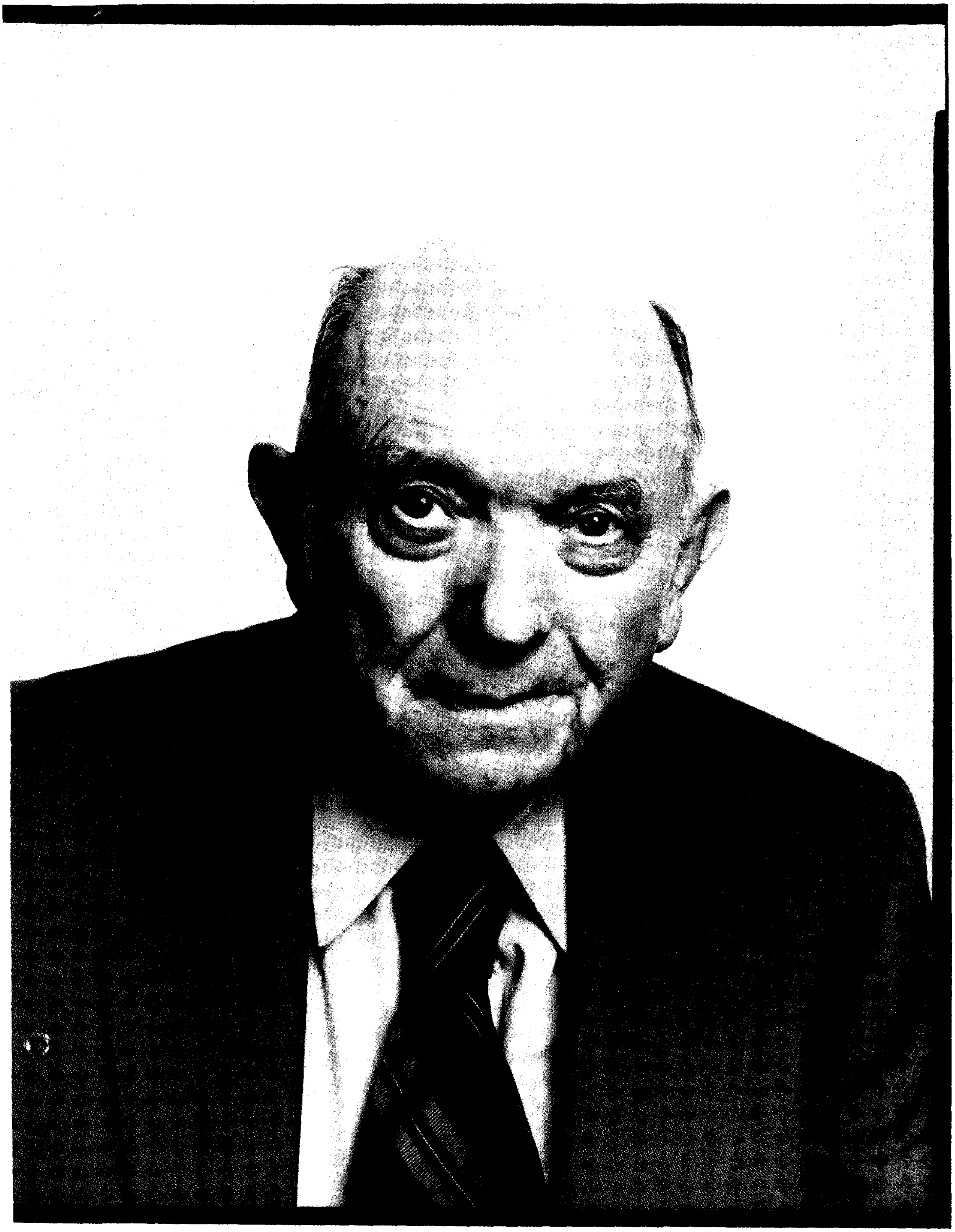
Dave Powers.
Special Assistant to the President. Now museum curator of the John F. Kennedy Library, in Dorchester, Massachusetts.



Eunice Kennedy Shriver.
Sister of the President. Founder and honorary chairman of Special Olympics International.

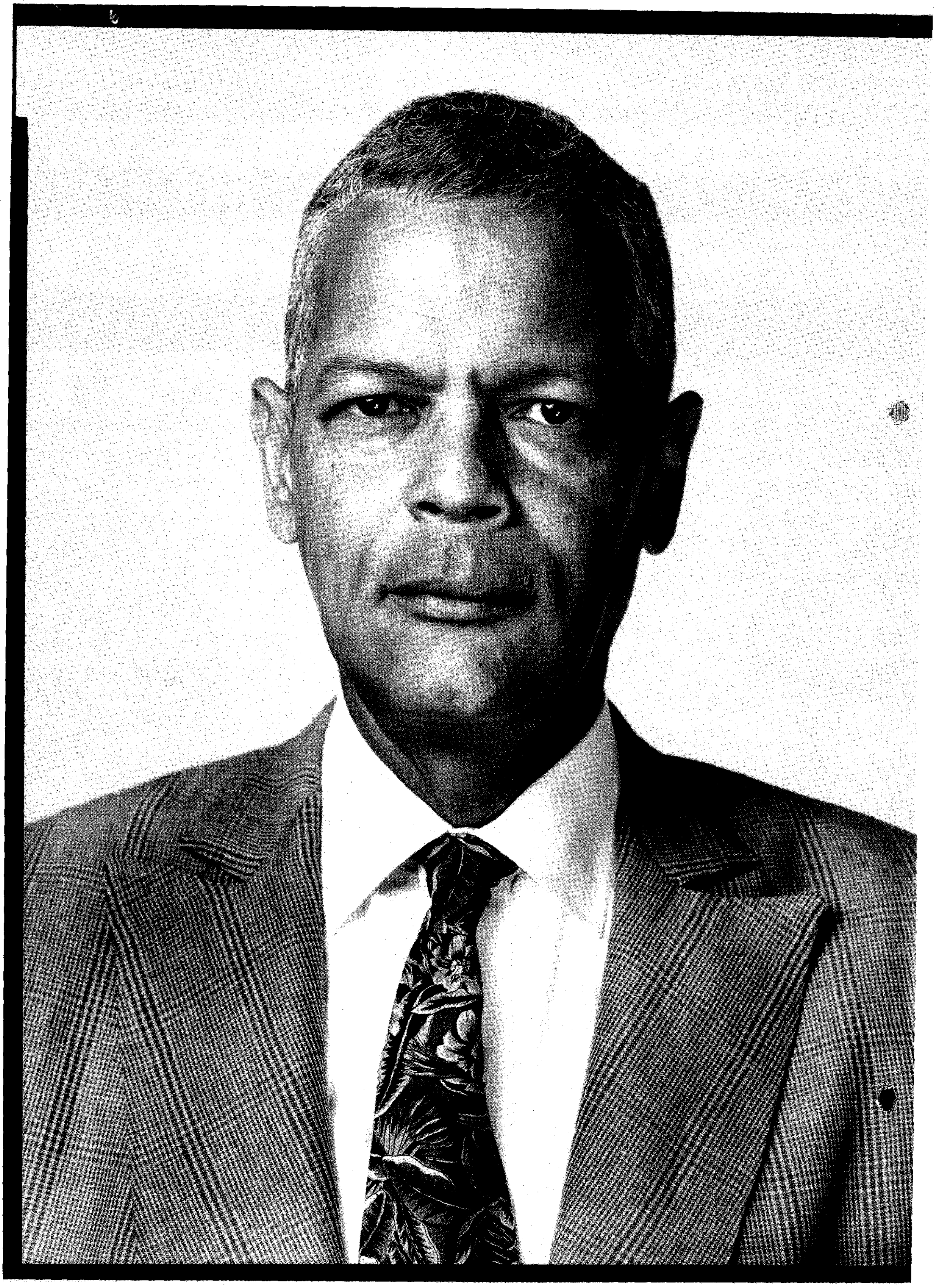


Clark Clifford.
Informal adviser and lawyer to the President; Secretary of Defense, 1968-69. Retired.



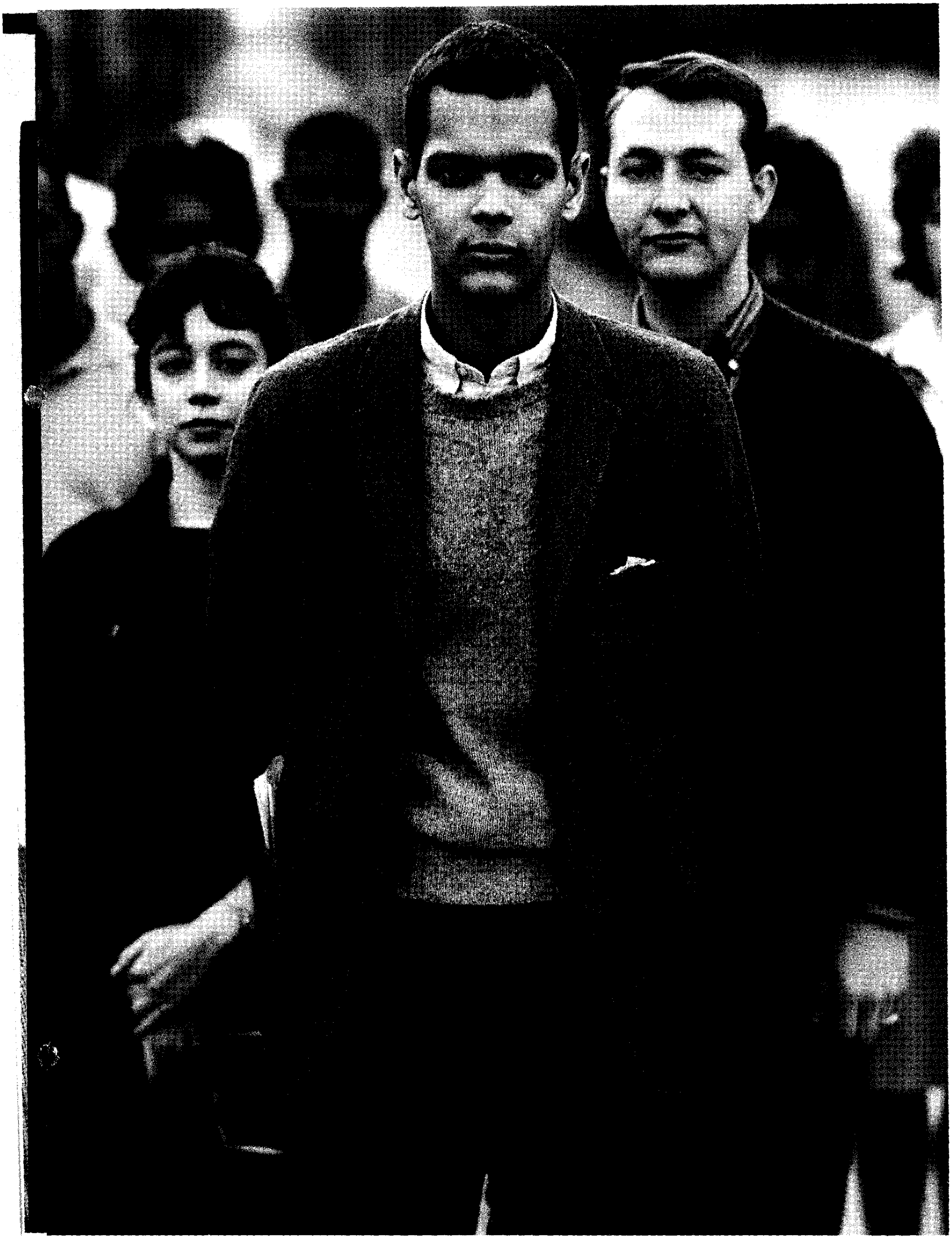
Dean Rusk.

Secretary of State. Now professor of international law emeritus at the University of Georgia.

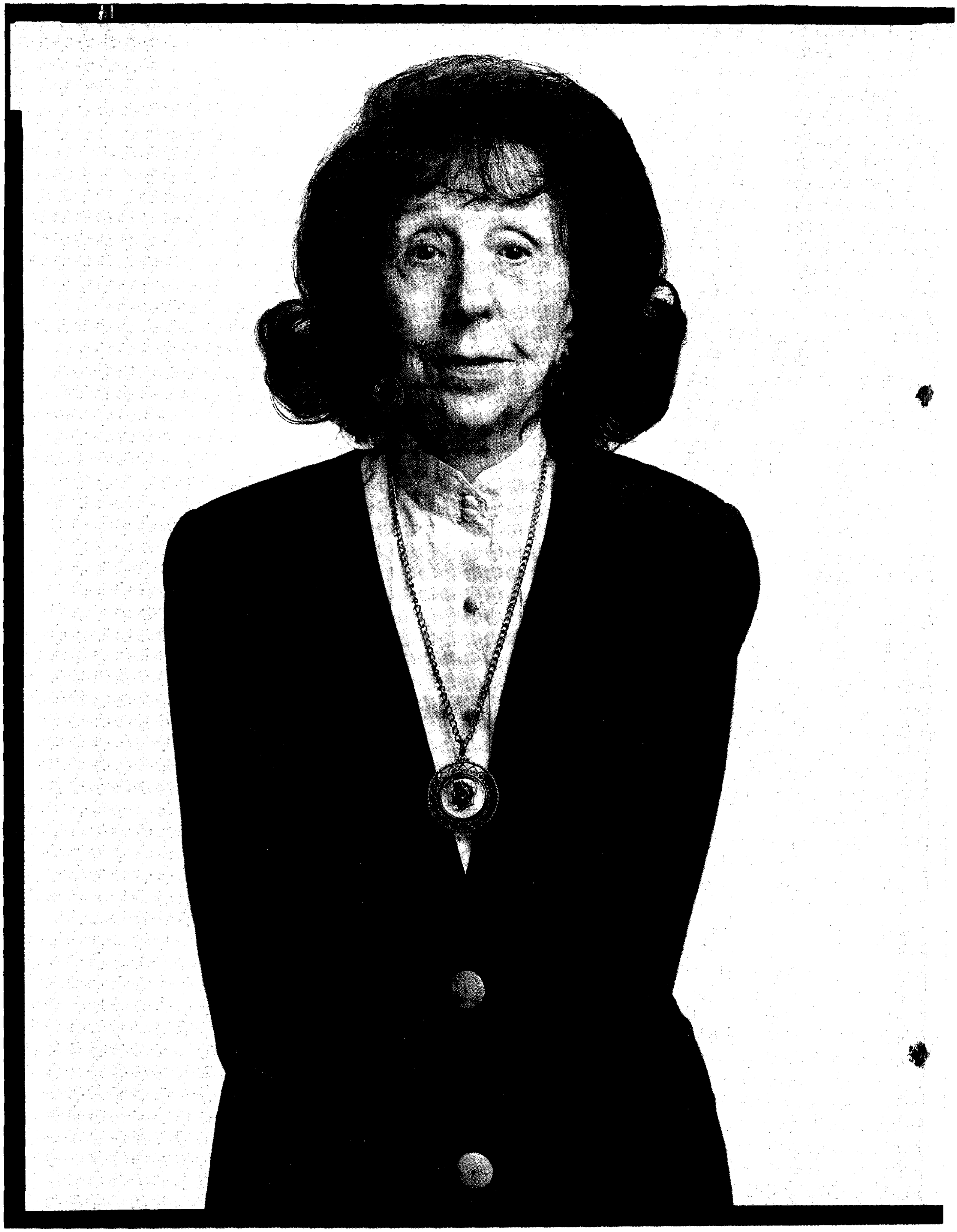


Julian Bond in 1993.

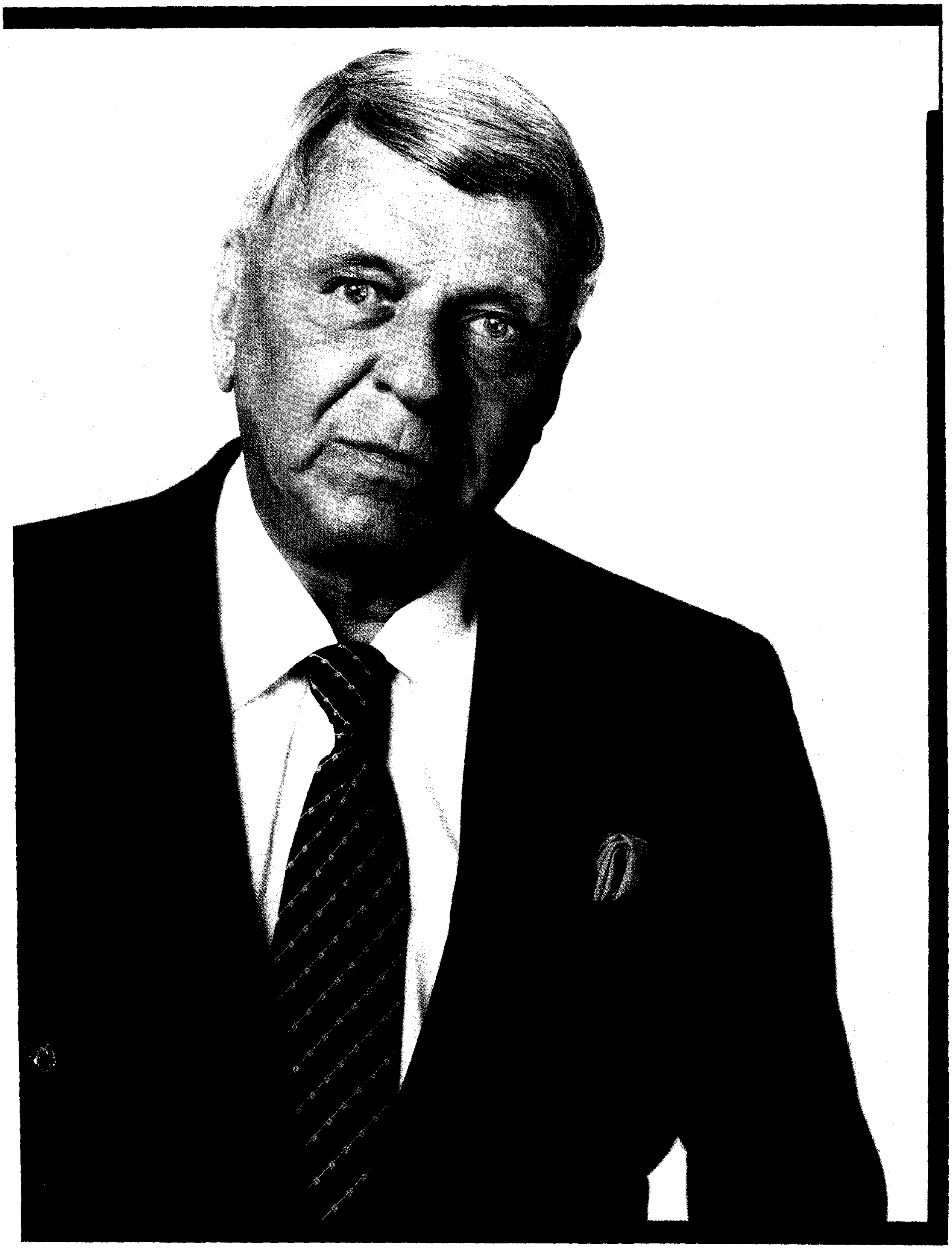
Communications director, Student Non-Violent Coördinating Committee. Georgia state legislator, 1965–87. Now lecturer in history at the University of Virginia and adjunct professor at American University.



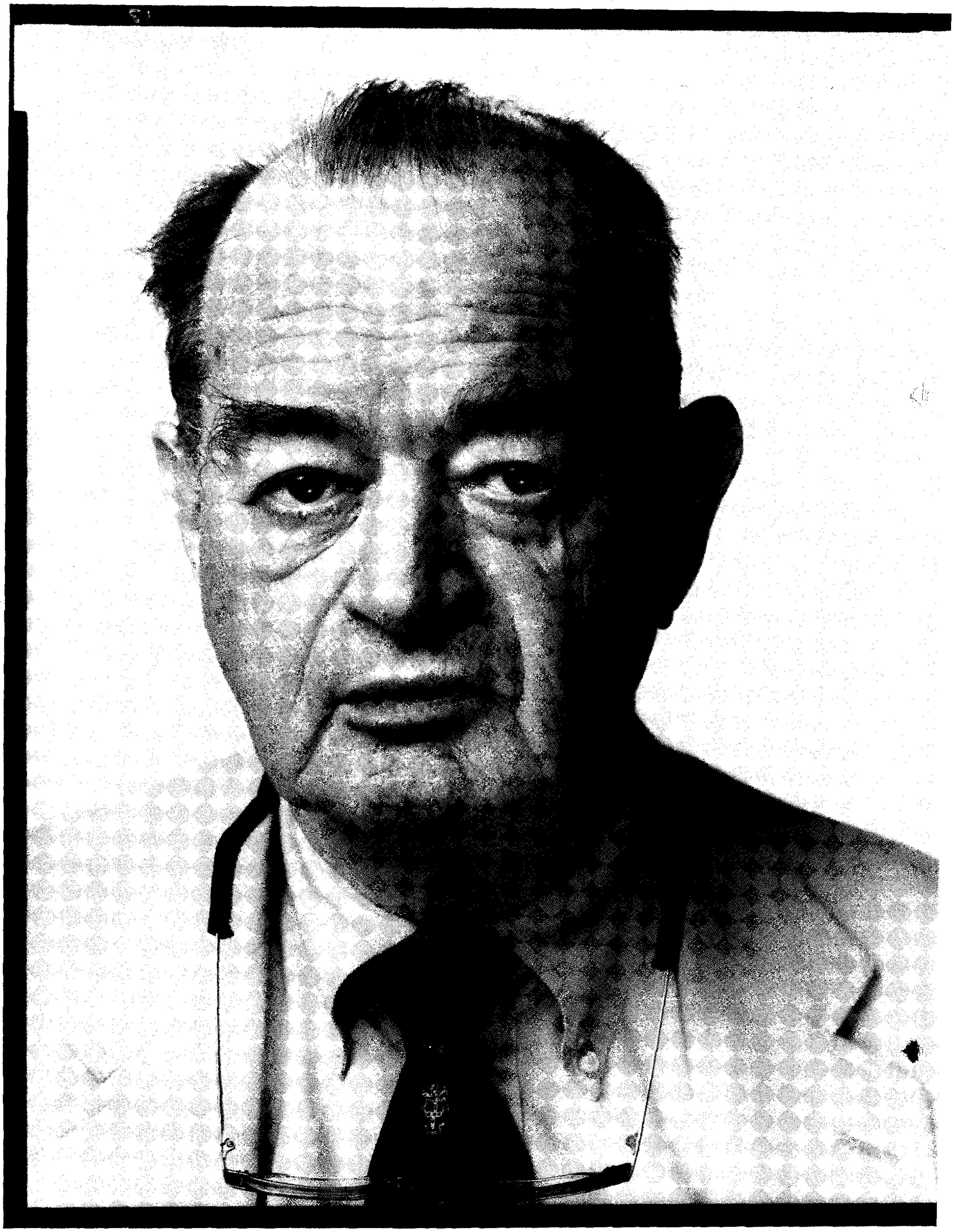
Julian Bond in 1963.



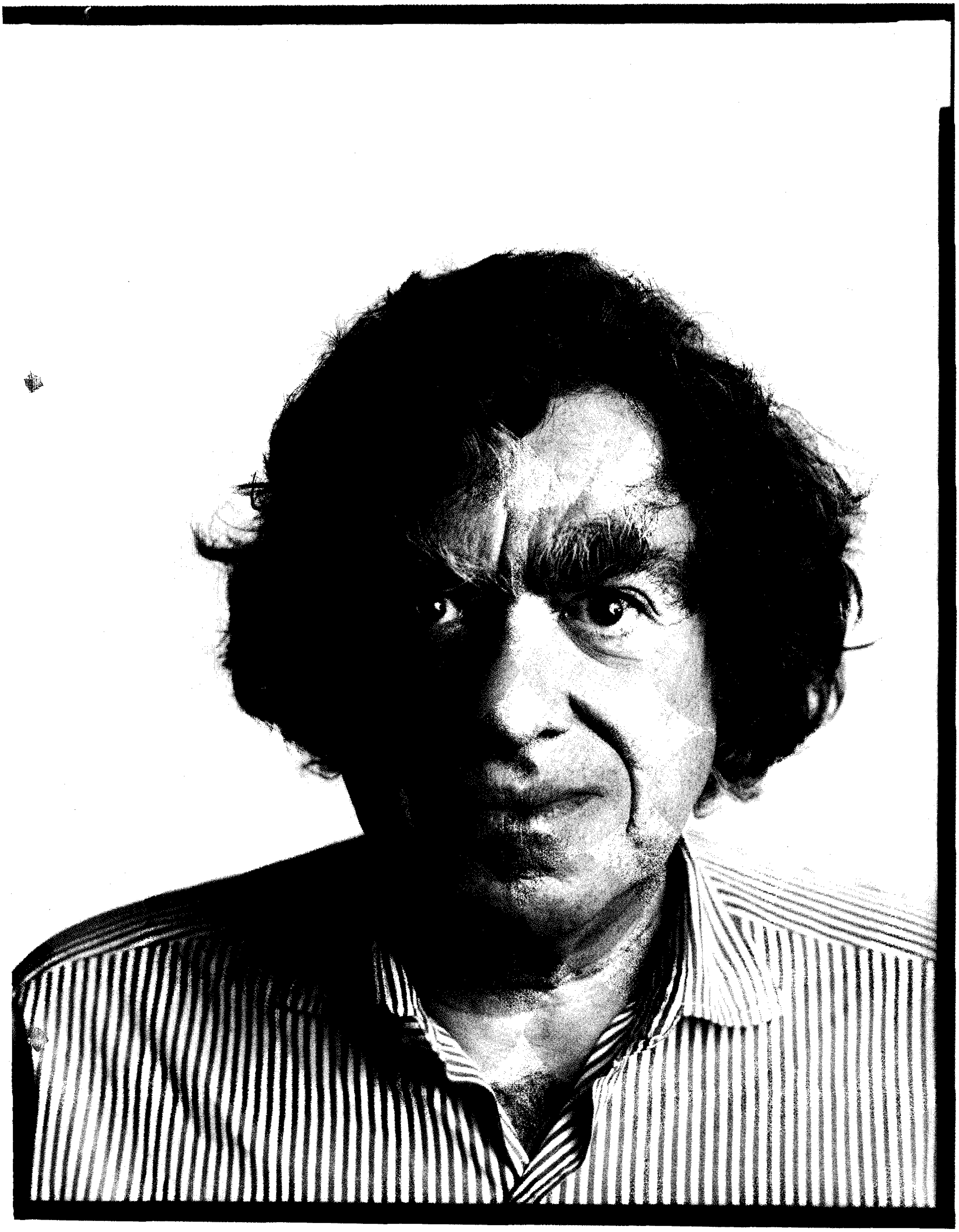
Evelyn Lincoln.
Personal secretary to the President. Retired.



Frank Sinatra.
Fund-raiser, campaigner, friend. Currently recording a new album in Los Angeles.

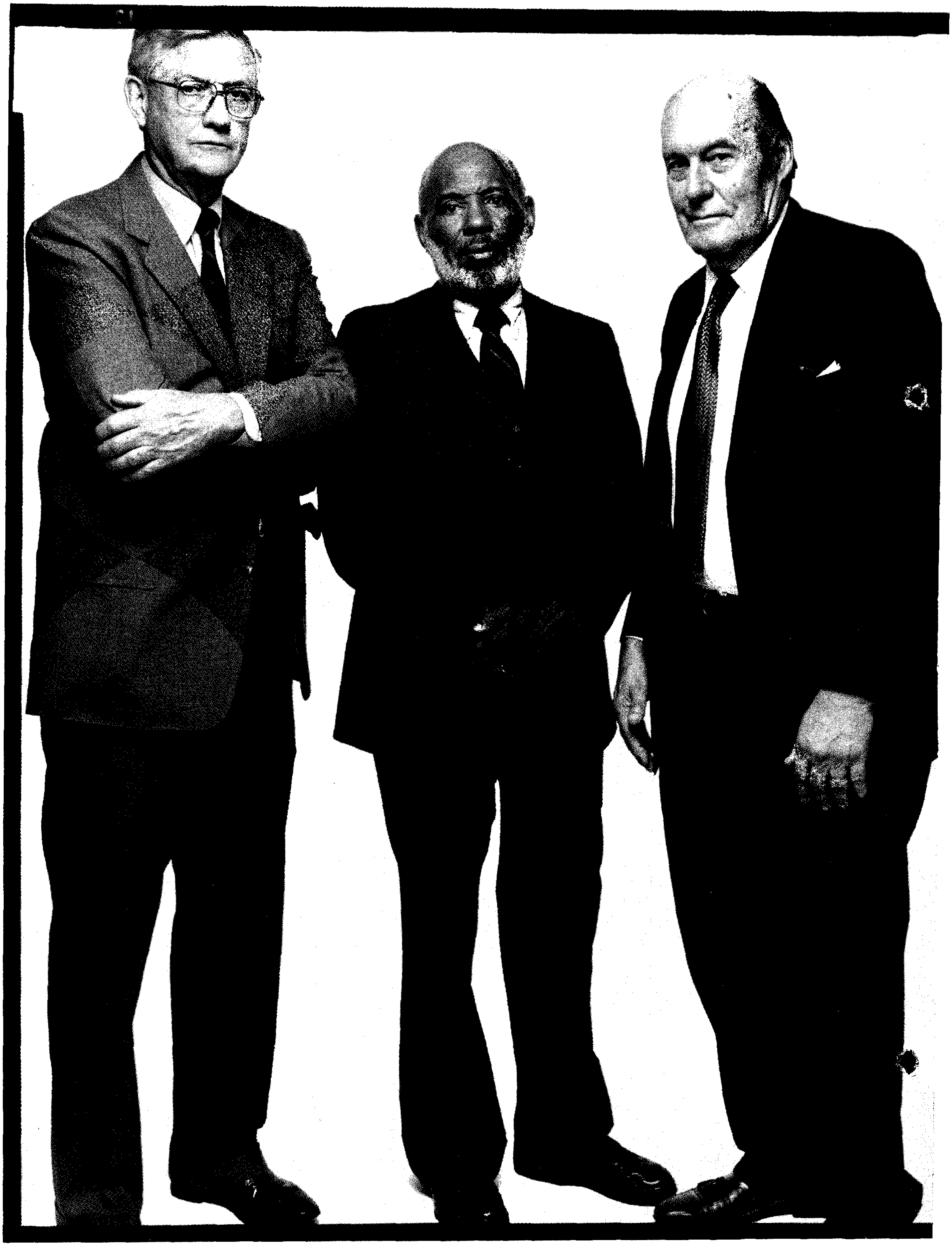


William Manchester.
Author of "Portrait of a President" (1962) and "Death of a President" (1967). Now adjunct professor of history emeritus and writer-in-residence at Wesleyan University.

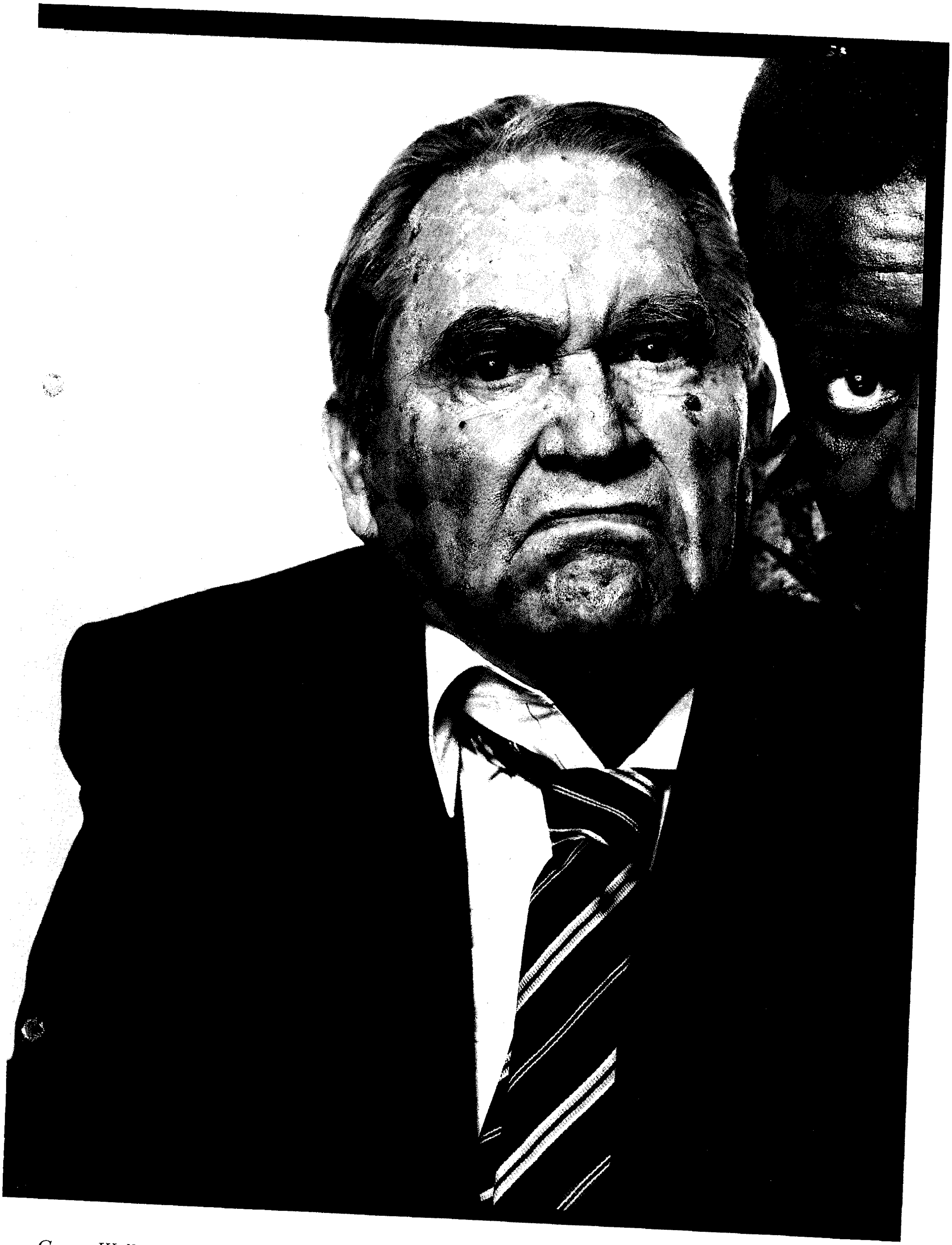


Richard Goodwin.

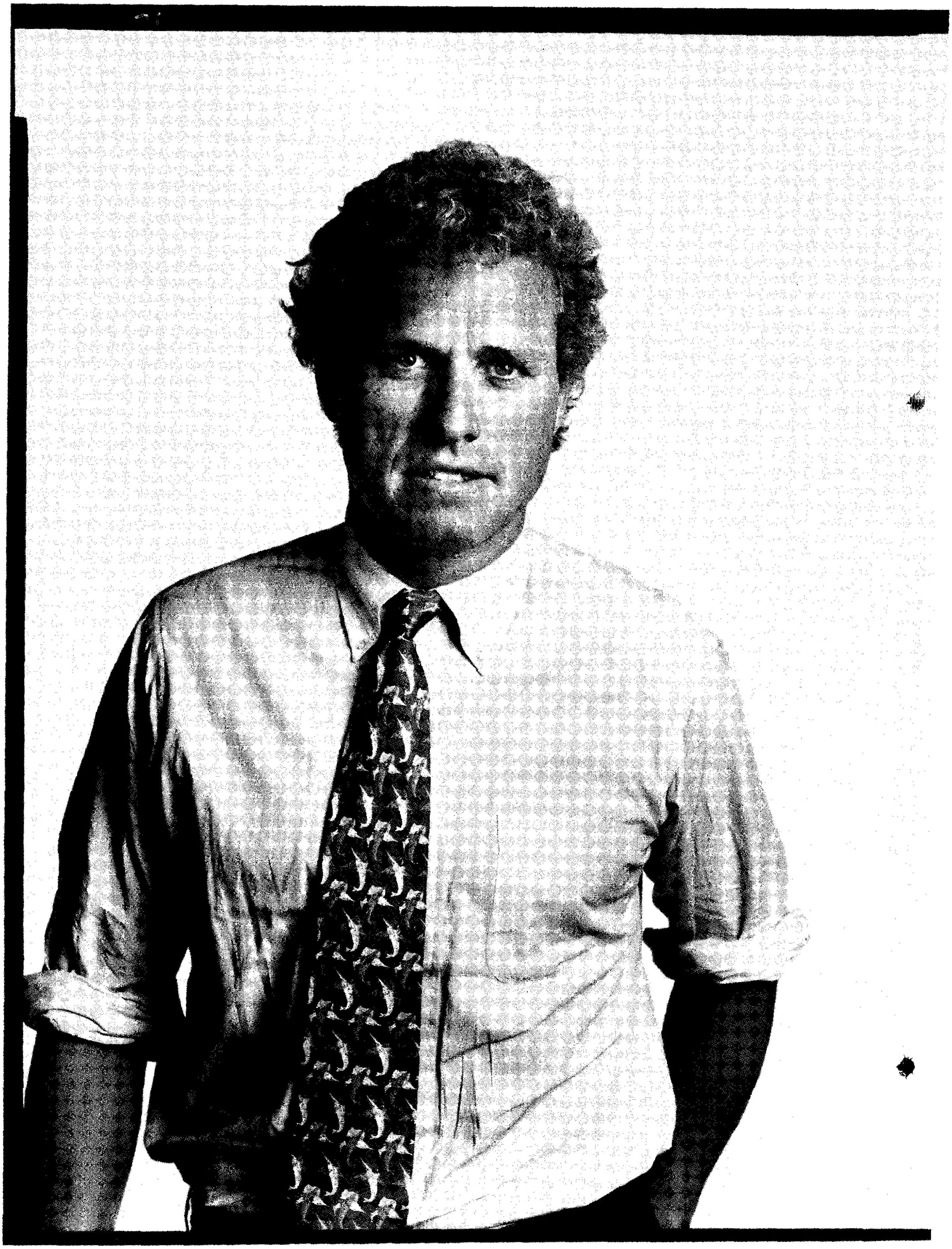
Campaign speechwriter; Special Assistant to the President for Latin-American Affairs. Author, most recently, of "Remembering America: A Voice from the Sixties."



John Doar. First Assistant, Civil Rights Division, Department of Justice. Now a partner in a New York law firm.
James Meredith. First black student to attend the University of Mississippi. Now a writer in Jackson, Mississippi.
Nicholas Katzenbach. Deputy Attorney General. Now of counsel in a New Jersey law firm.

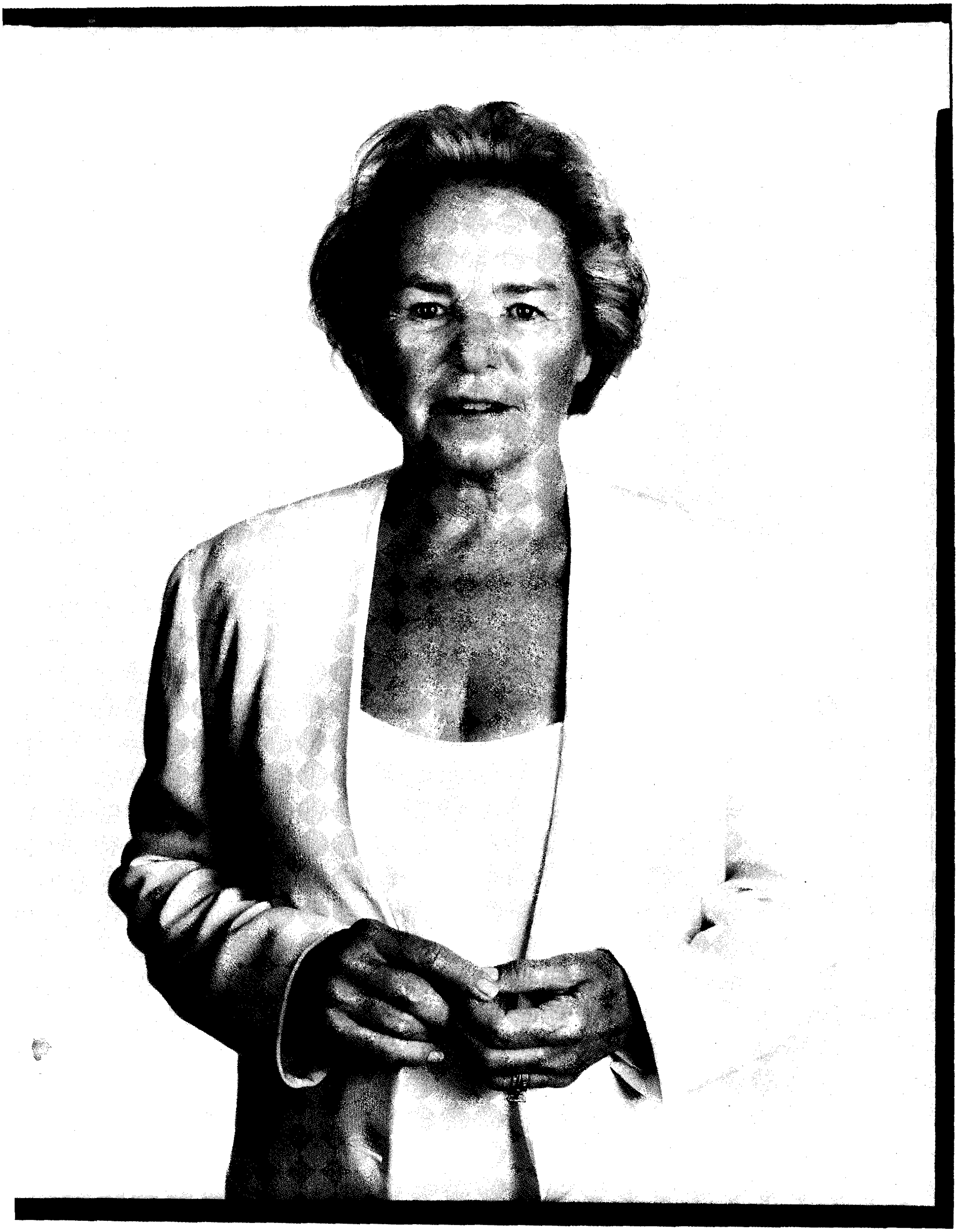


George Wallace, with his valet, Jimmy Dallas.
Governor of Alabama. Now chairman of the Department of Public Administration at Troy State University.



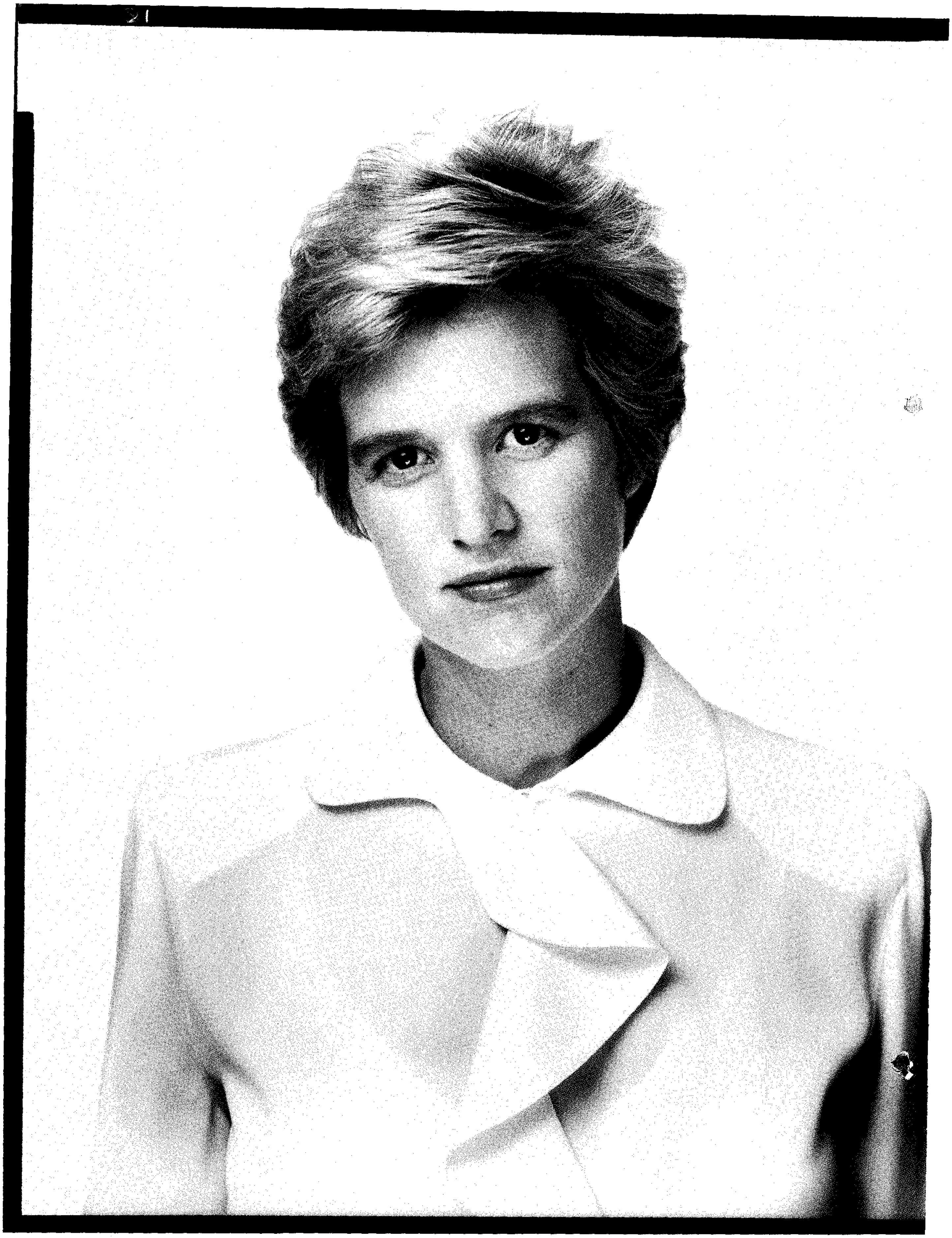
Joseph P. Kennedy II.

Nephew of the President; oldest son of Robert F. Kennedy. Democratic representative from the Eighth Congressional District in Massachusetts, the seat held before him by, successively, his uncle and Tip O'Neill.



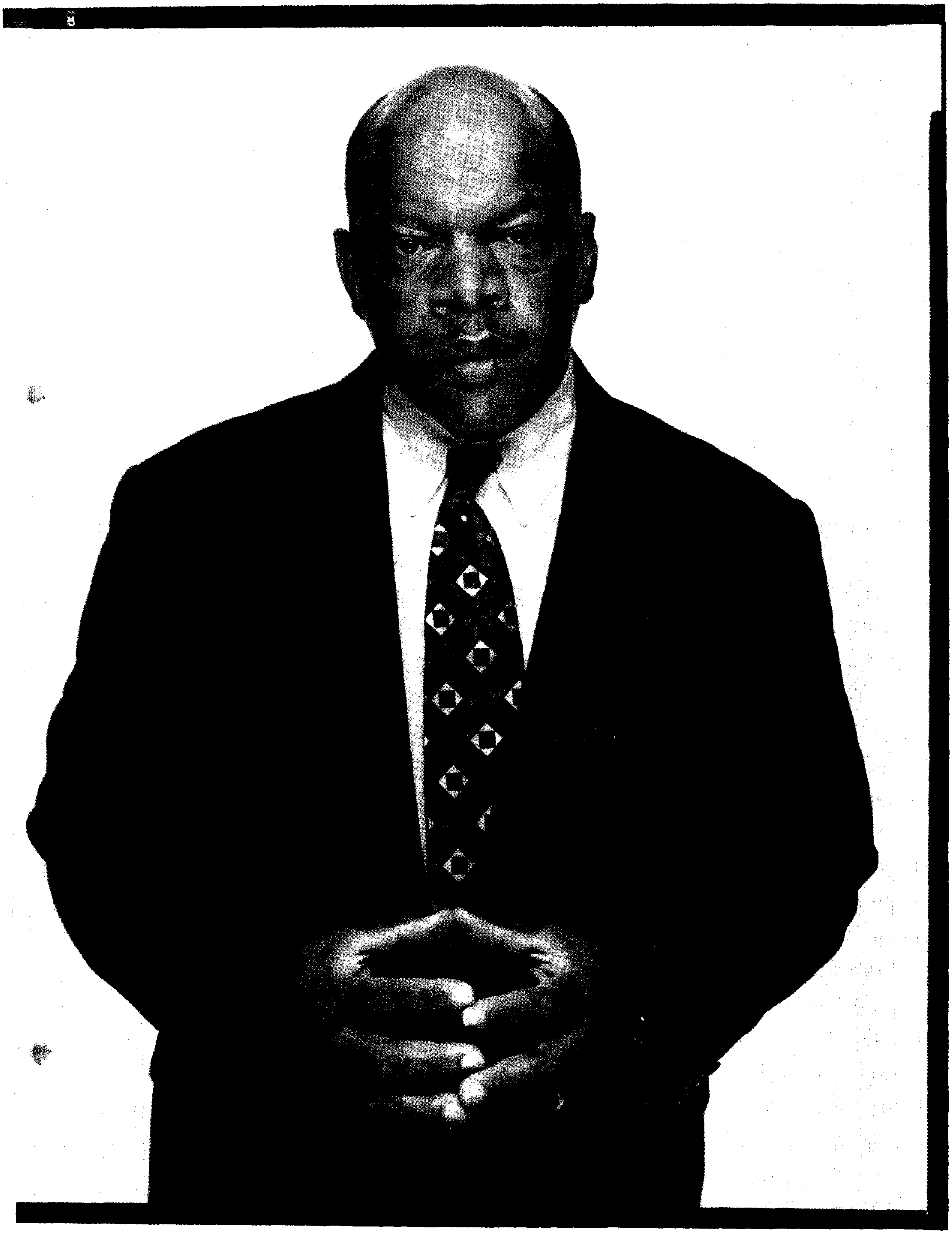
Ethel Kennedy.

Wife of Robert F. Kennedy. Founding member of the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial.

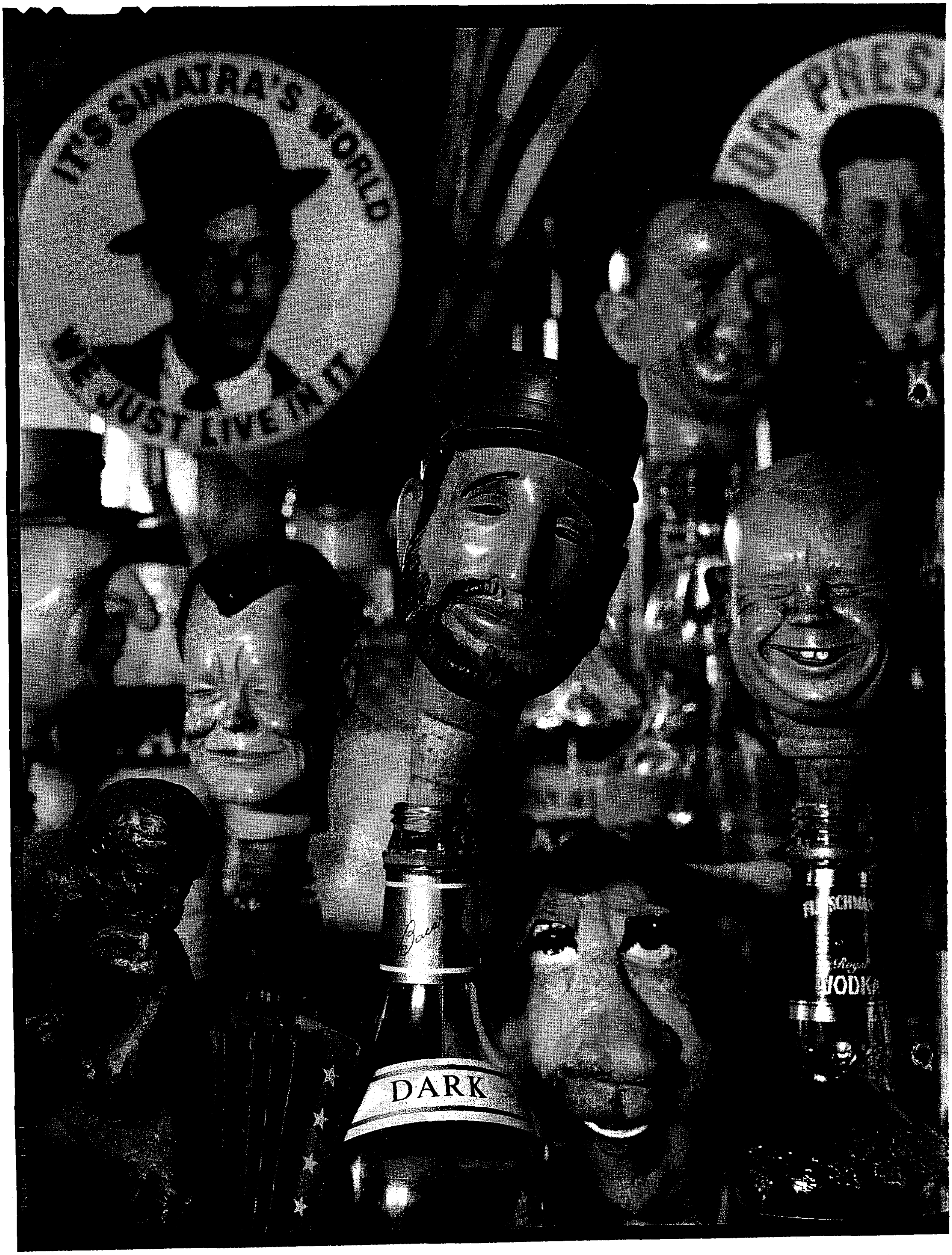


Kerry Kennedy Cuomo.

Daughter of Robert F. Kennedy. Founder and executive director of the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Center for Human Rights.



John Lewis.
Chairman, Student Non-Violent Coördinating Committee.
Democratic representative from the Fifth Congressional District in Georgia.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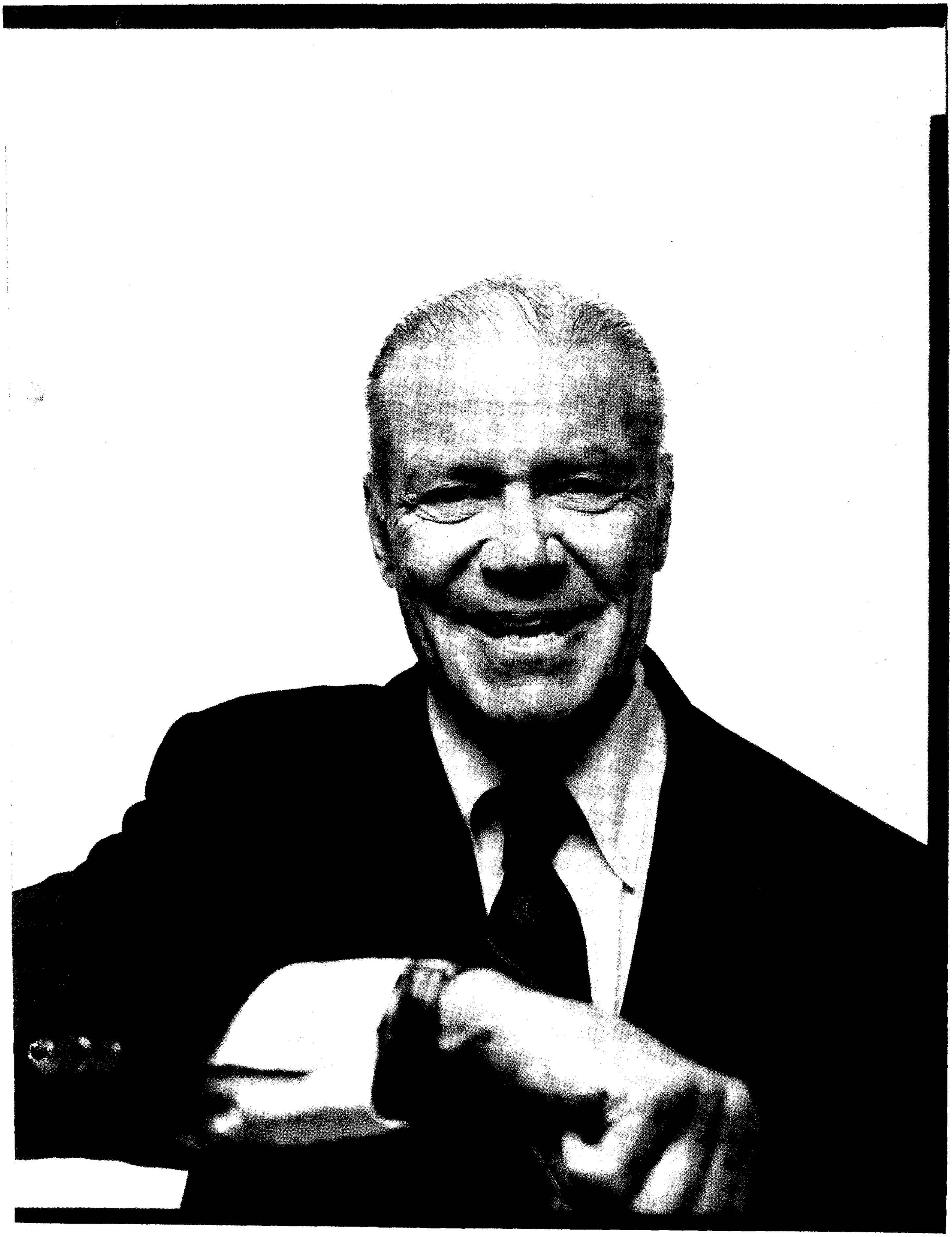
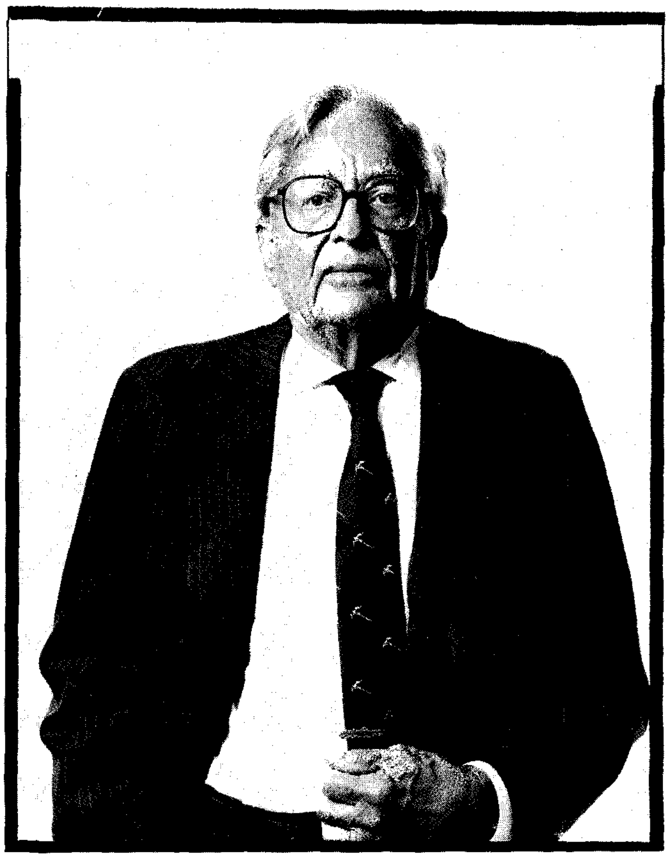
DARK

Tom Milano's Bar & Grill, Houston Street, New York, August 29, 1993.

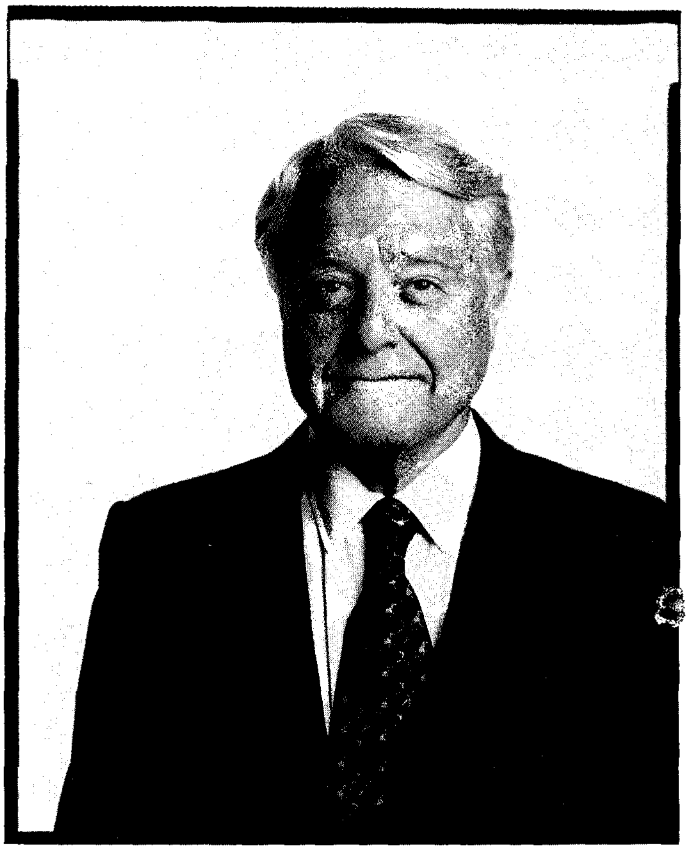


Robert McNamara.
Secretary of Defense. President, the World Bank, 1968–81. Currently writing his autobiography.



Burke Marshall.

Assistant Attorney General, Civil Rights Division, Department of Justice. Now professor of law emeritus at Yale Law School.



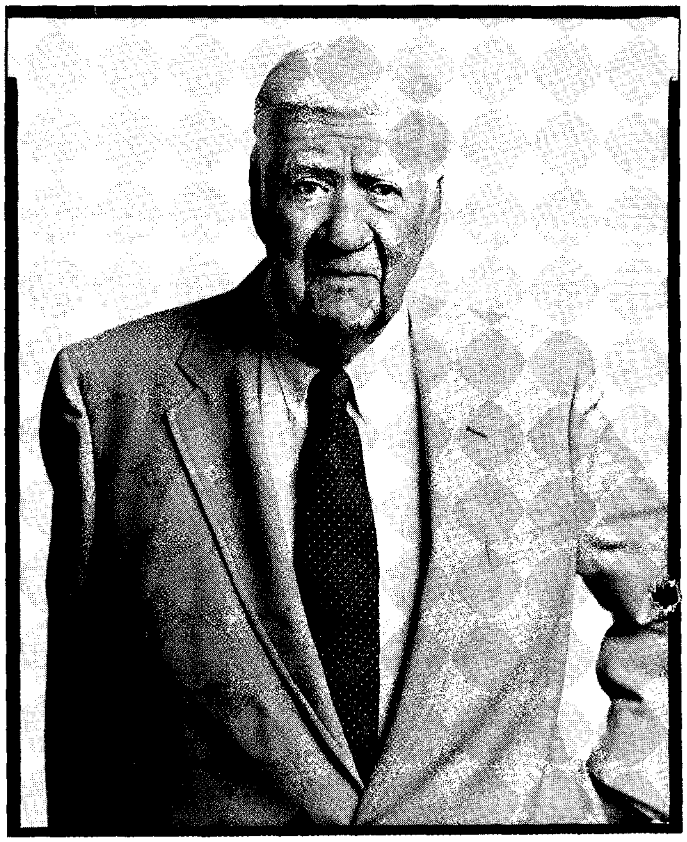
Sargent Shriver.

Founding director of the Peace Corps. Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate, 1972. Now chairman of the board, Special Olympics International.

ngton Post
FINAL
Negotiators

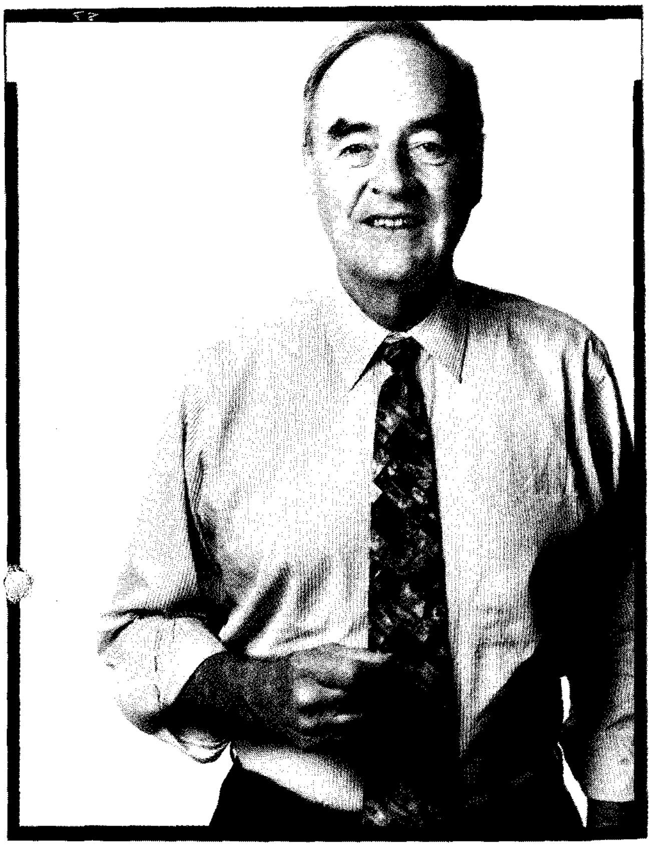
Benjamin C. Bradlee.

Friend of the President; Washington bureau chief, "Newsweek." Former executive editor of the Washington "Post," and now vice-president at large.



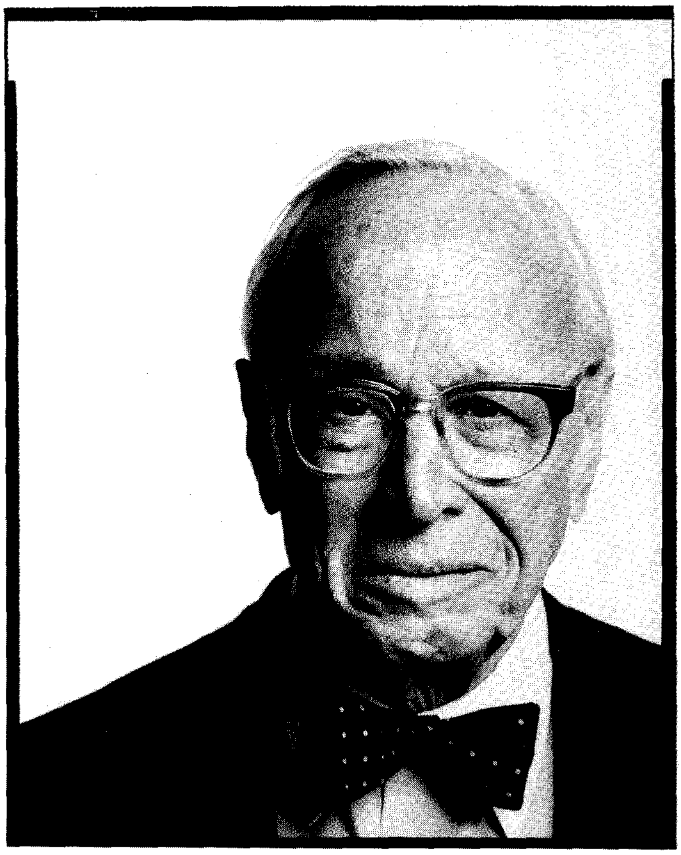
Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill.

The President's successor as representative from the Eighth Congressional District of Massachusetts. Retired Speaker of the House.



Harris Wofford.

Special Assistant to the President for Civil Rights. President, Bryn Mawr College, 1970-78. Elected senator from Pennsylvania, 1991.



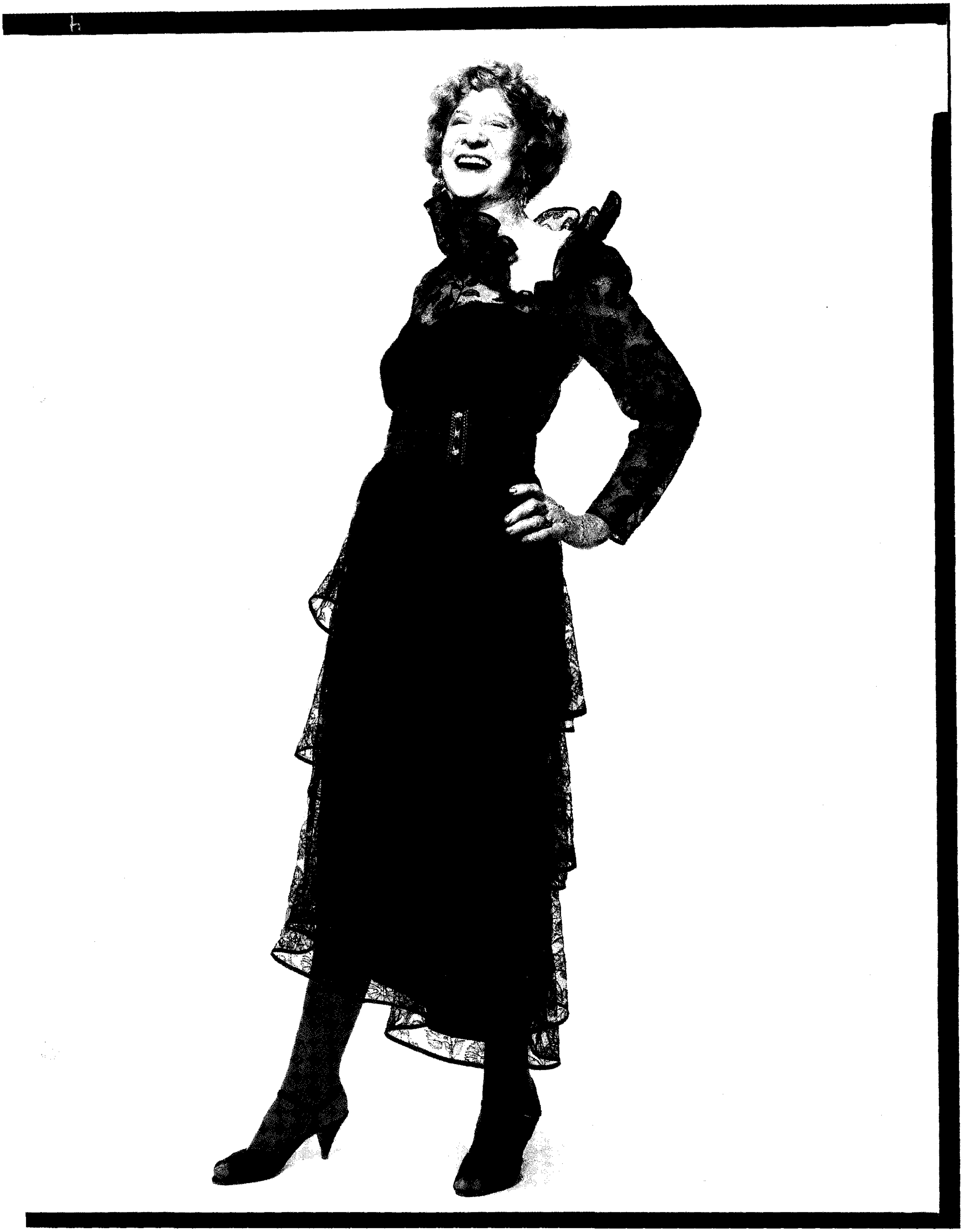
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Speechwriter; Special Assistant to the President. Author and humanities professor at the City University of New York.

Malcolm Browne, Peter Arnett,
Horst Faas, David Halberstam, Neil Sheehan.

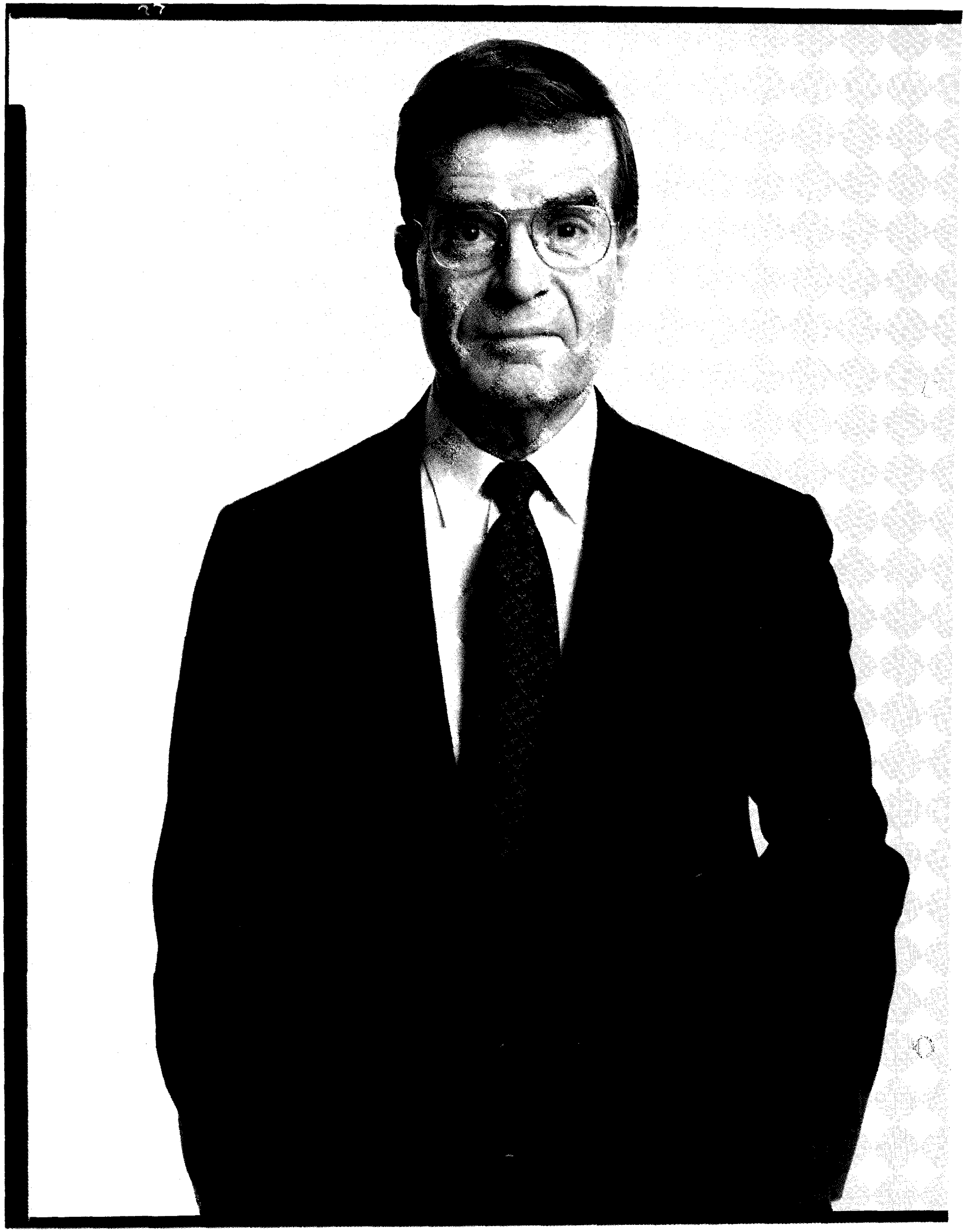
Pulitzer Prize winners, all for their work on the Vietnam War.

Pierre Salinger.
Presidential press secretary; appointed senator from California, 1964. Now vice-chairman, Burson-Marsteller.



Betty Beale.

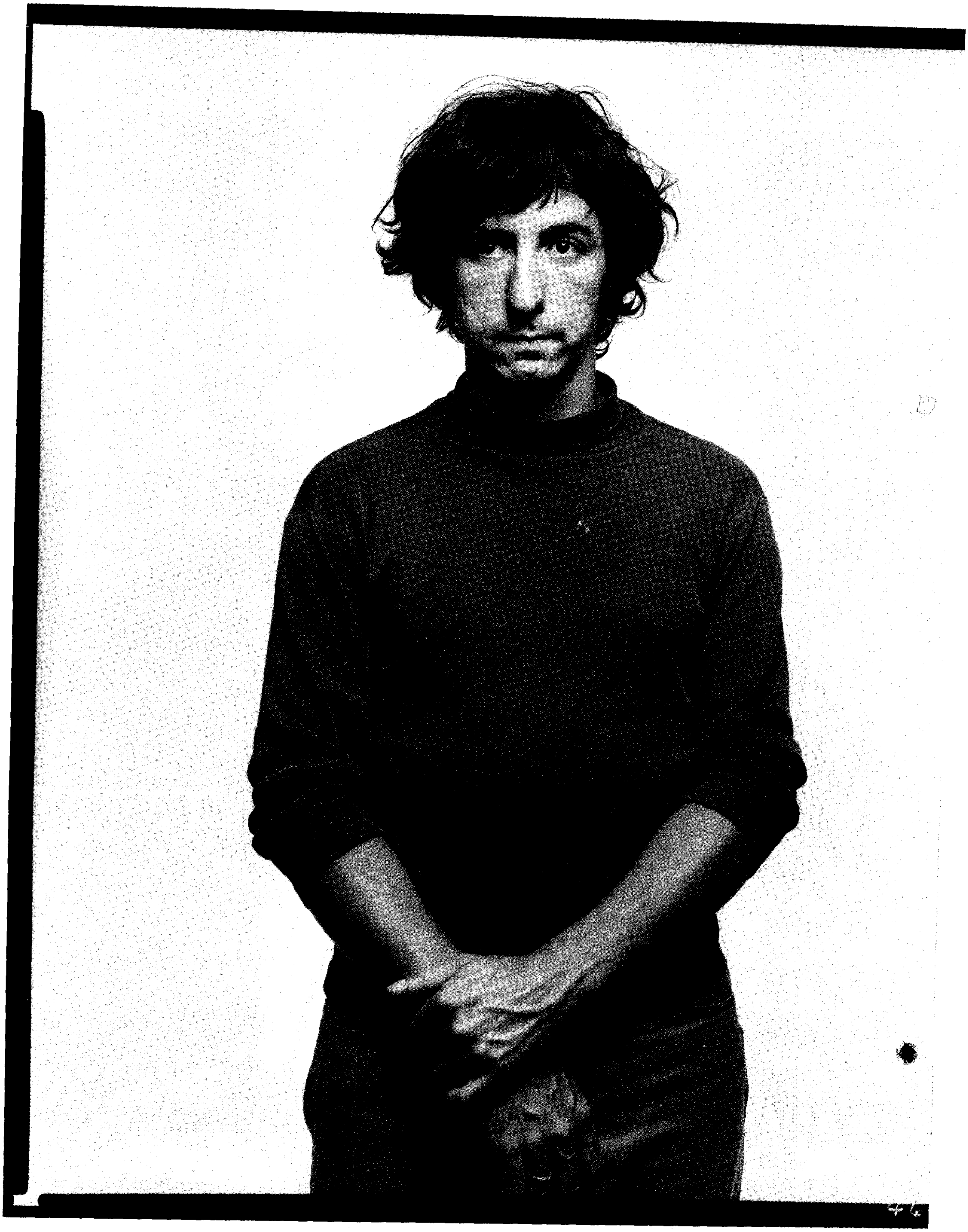
Society columnist, the Washington "Evening Star." Author of "Power at Play: A Memoir of Parties, Politicians, and the Presidents in My Bedroom."



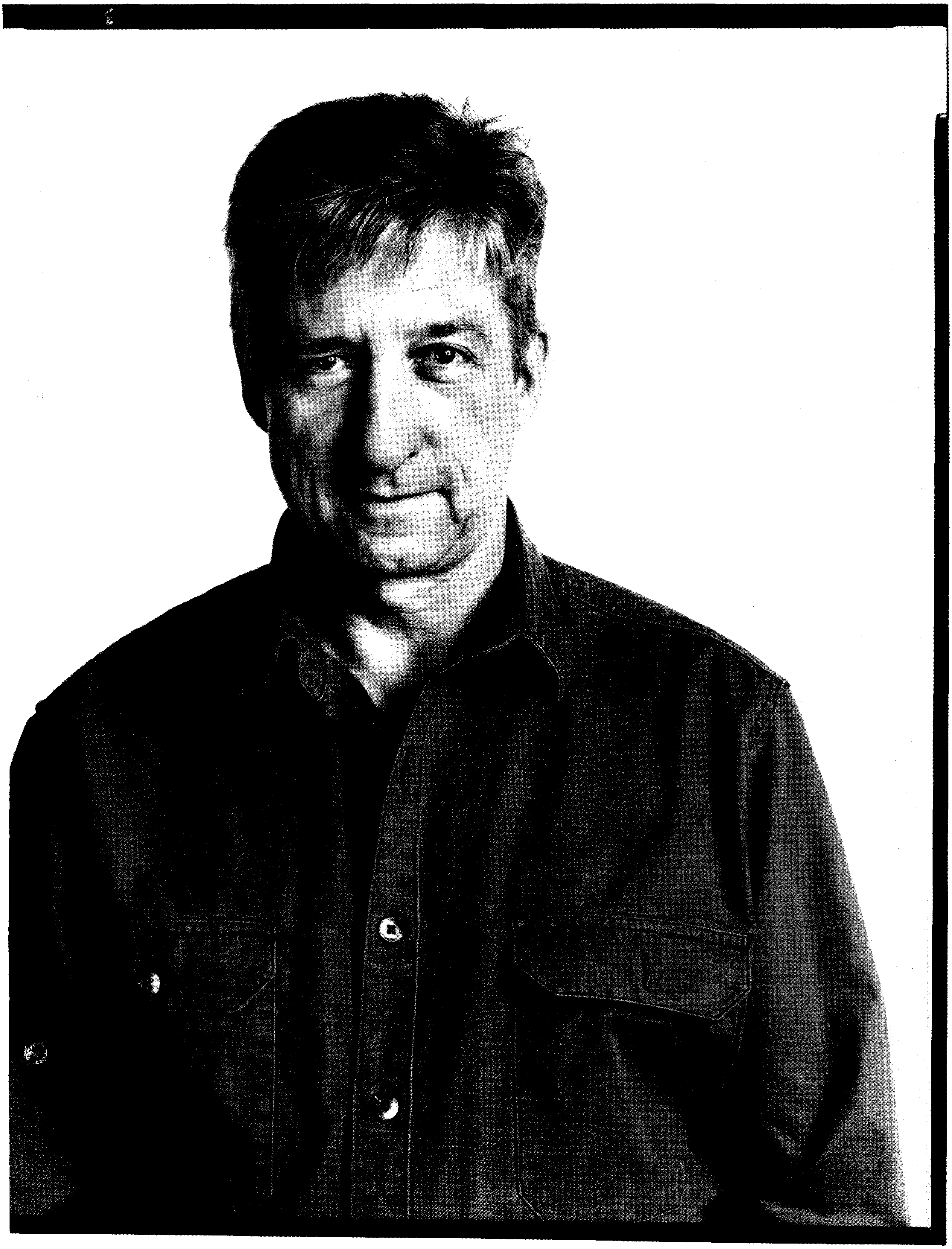
Theodore C. Sorensen.

Speechwriter; counsel to the President. Since 1966, a partner in the law firm Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison, in New York.

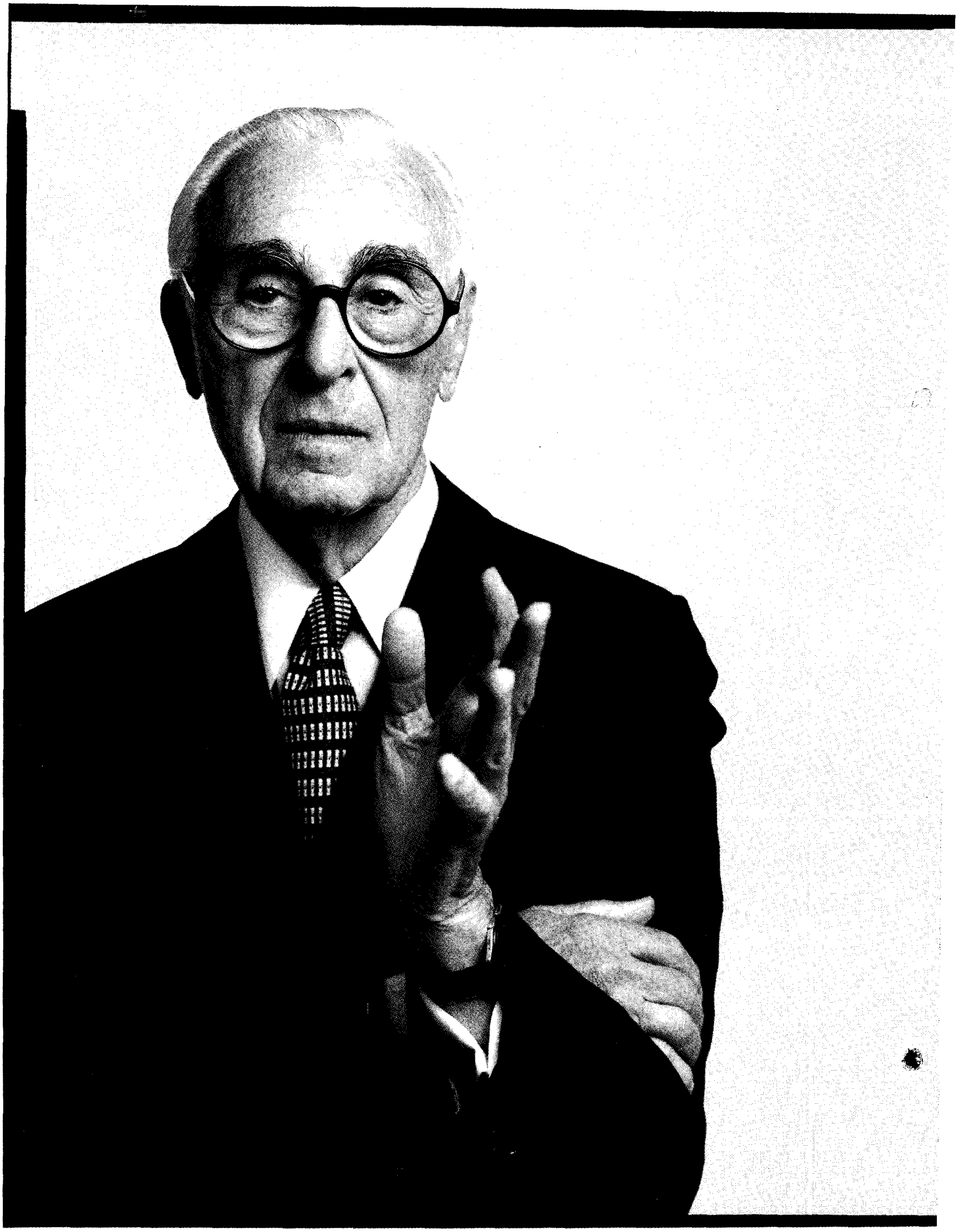
McGeorge Bundy.
Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs. Now scholar-in-residence at the Carnegie Corporation of New York.



Tom Hayden in 1969.
Co-founder, Students for a Democratic Society.

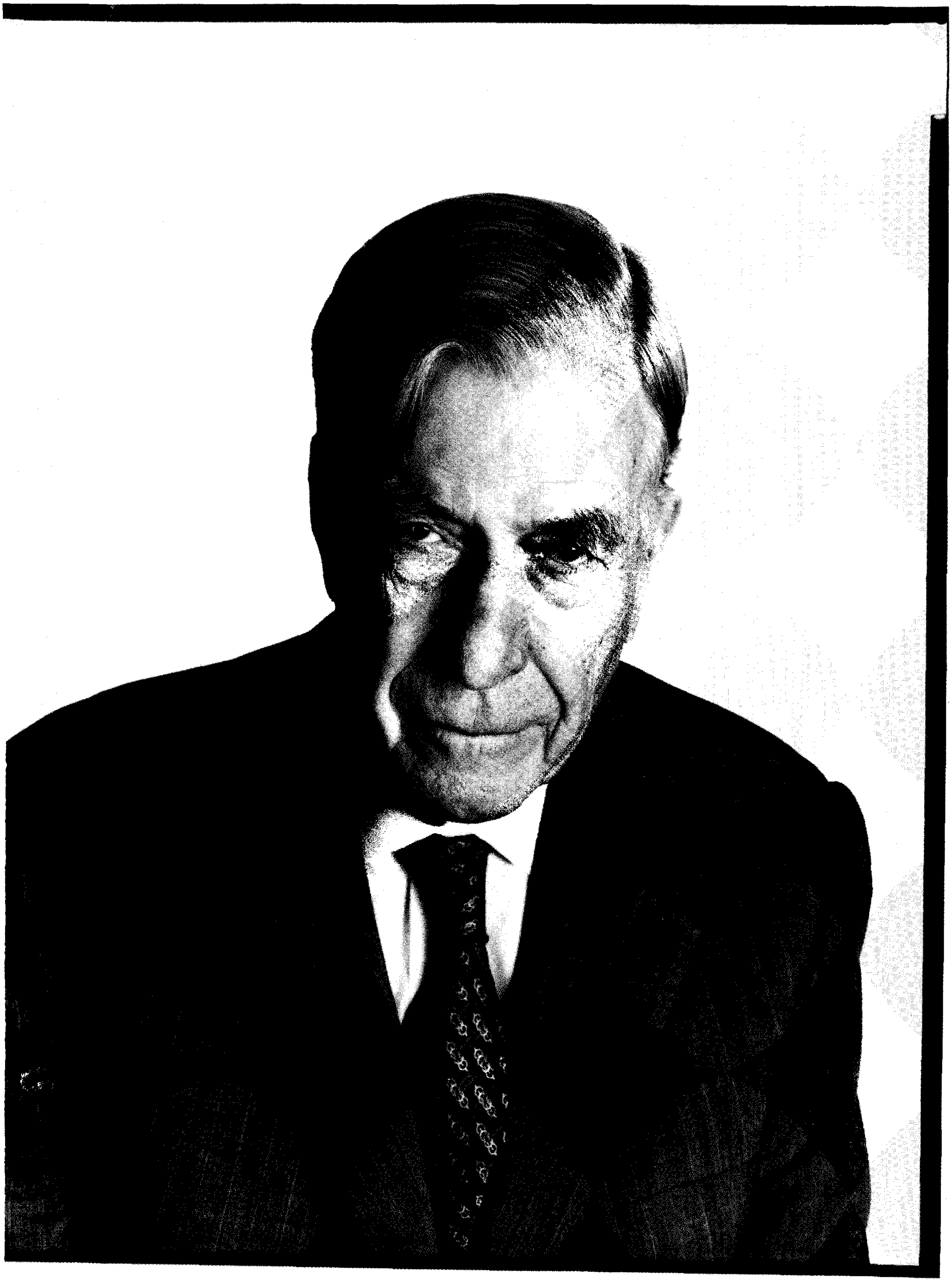


Tom Hayden in 1993.
California state senator.



Abraham Ribicoff.

Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. Governor of Connecticut, 1956-61. Partner in the law firm Kaye, Scholer, Fierman, Hays & Handler, in New York.



John Kenneth Galbraith.

Economic adviser; Ambassador to India. Paul M. Warburg Professor of Economics Emeritus at Harvard.

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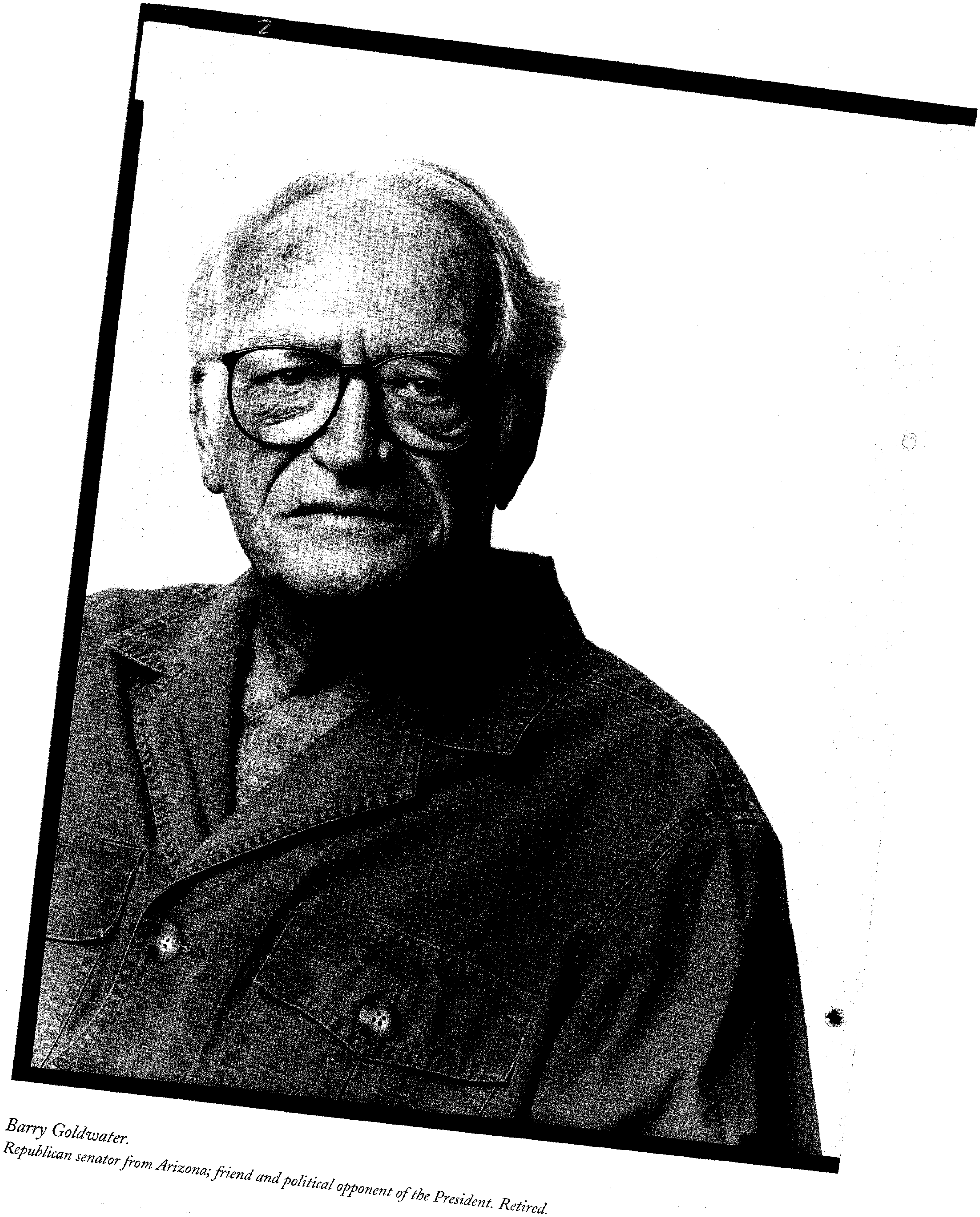
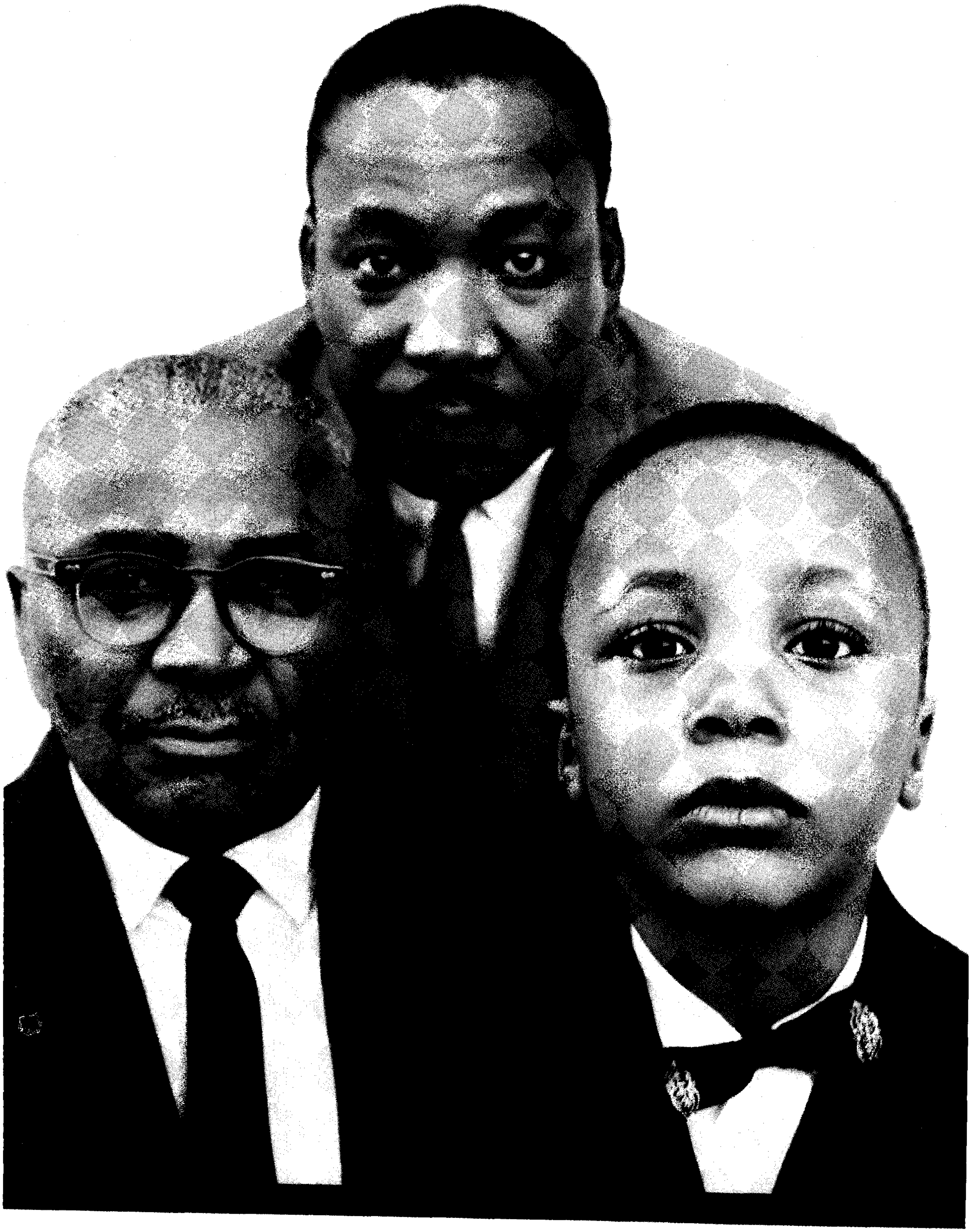
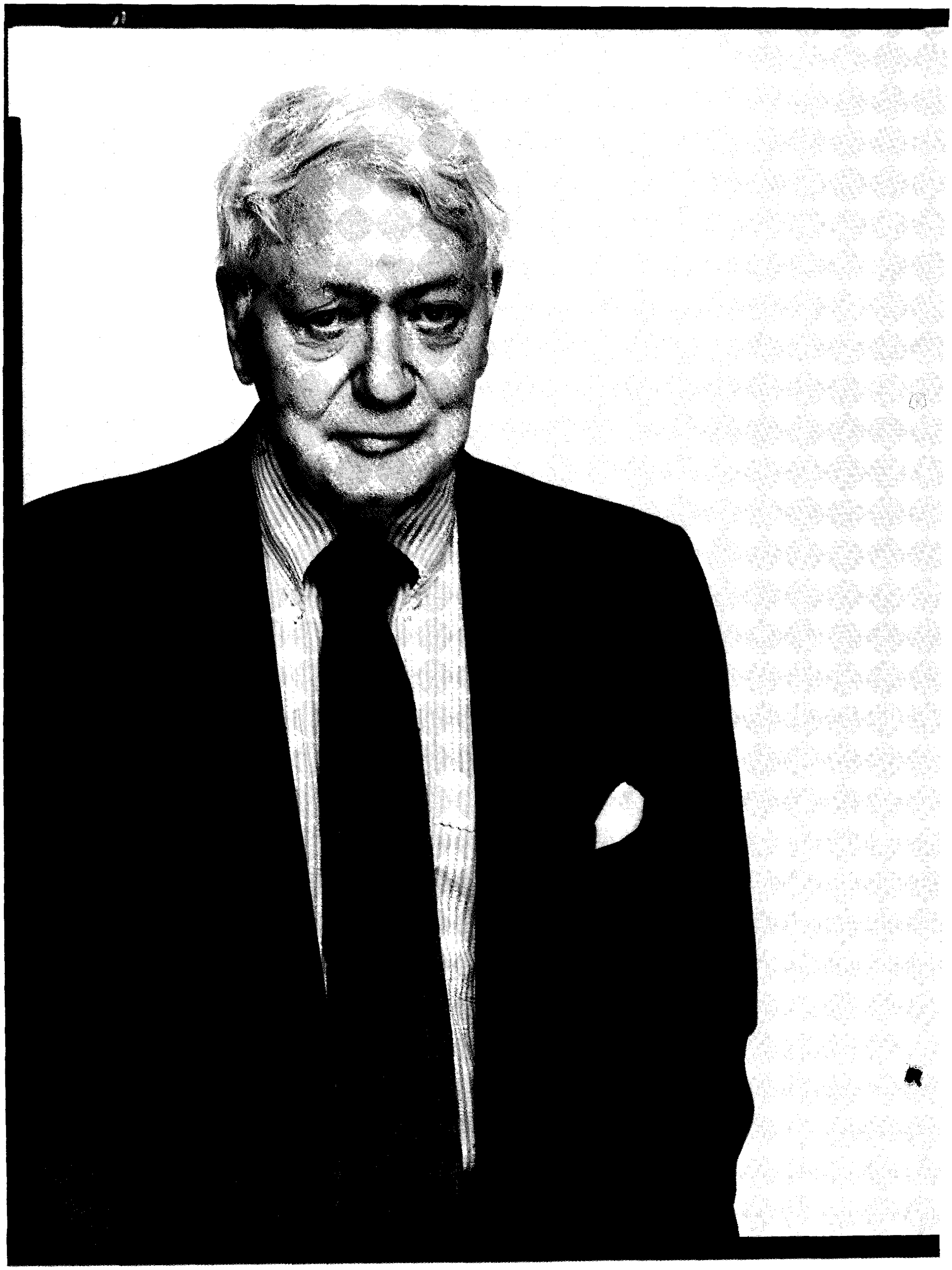


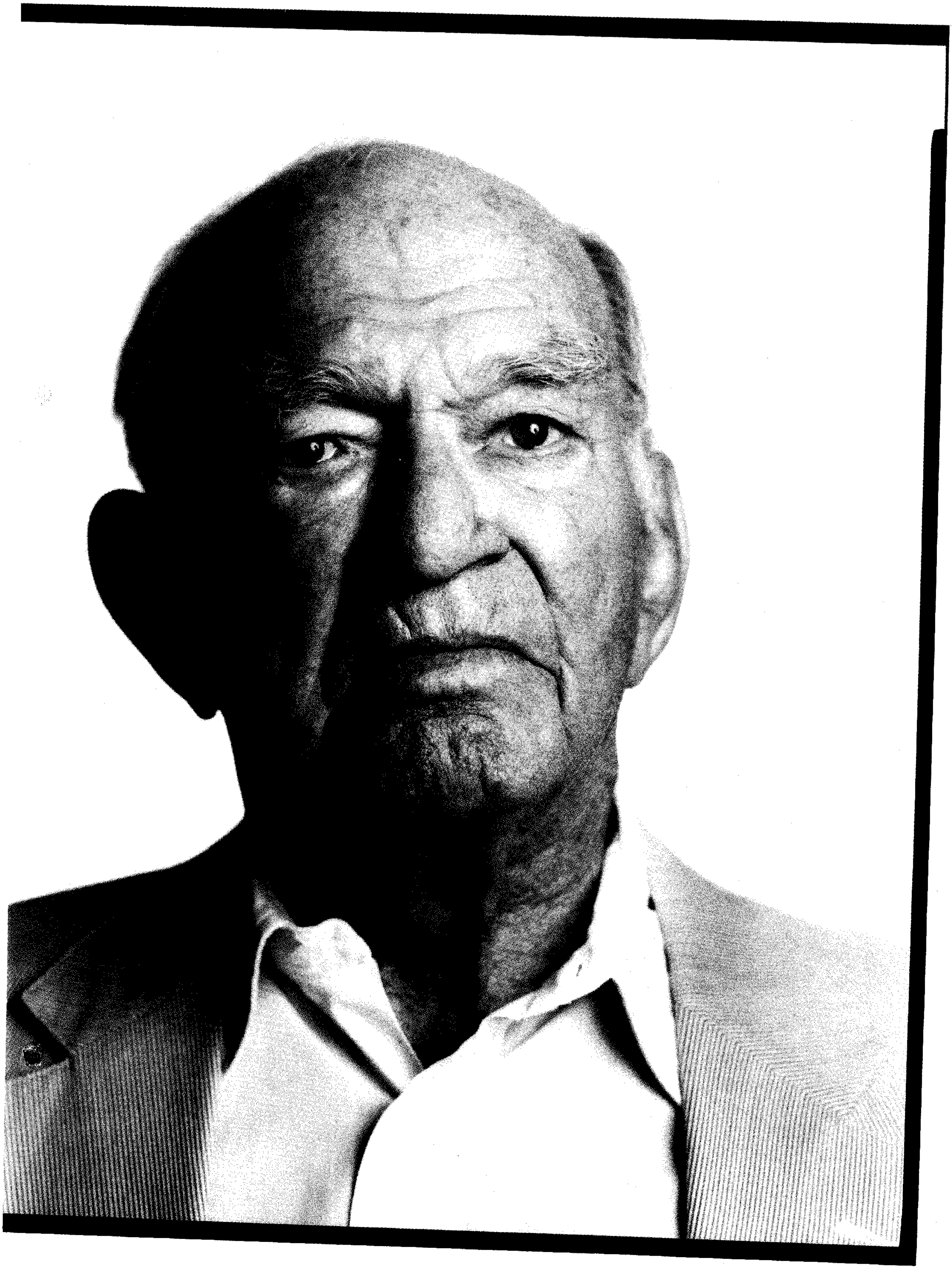
Barry Goldwater.
Republican senator from Arizona; friend and political opponent of the President. Retired.



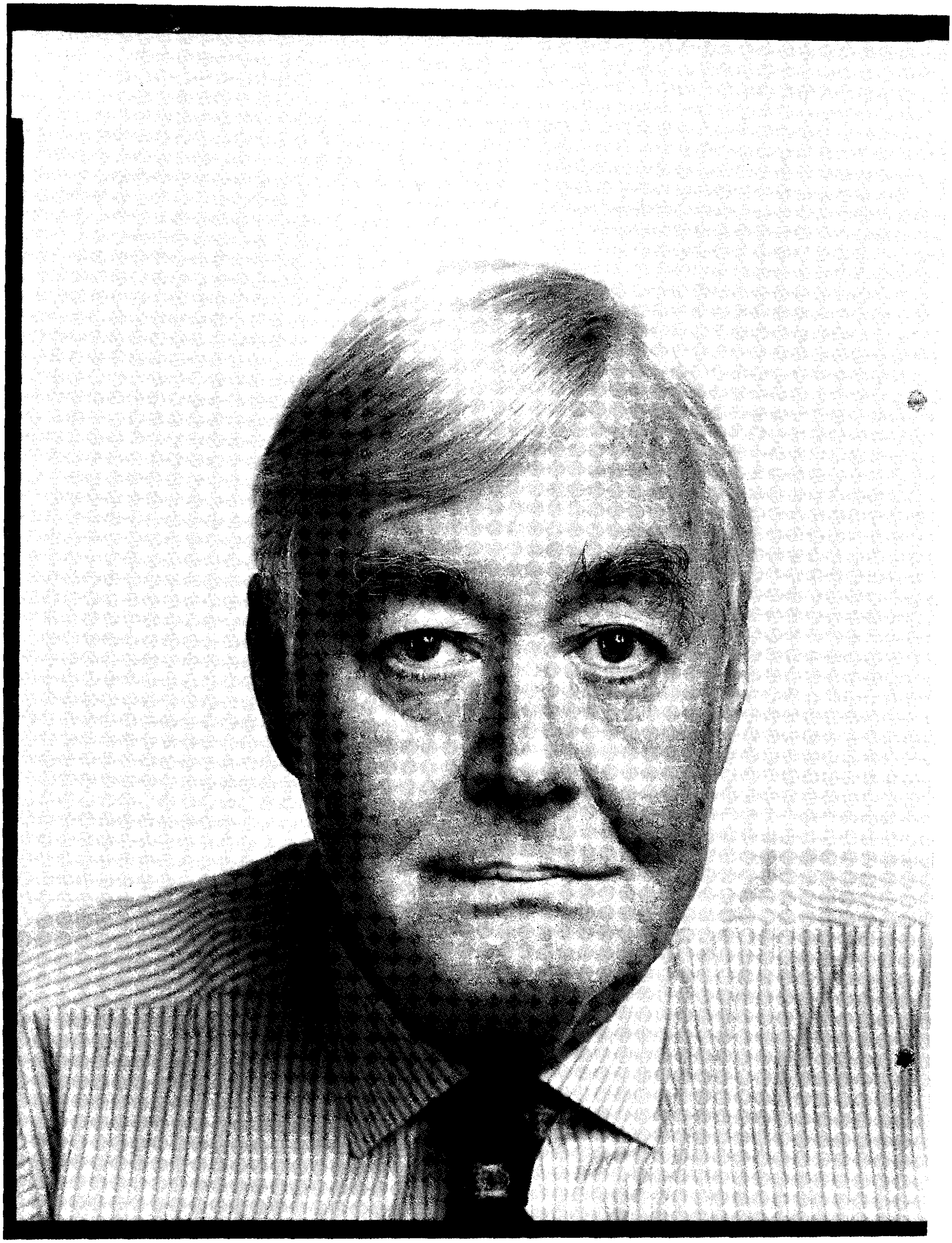
The Reverend Martin Luther King; the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr.; Martin Luther King III in 1963.



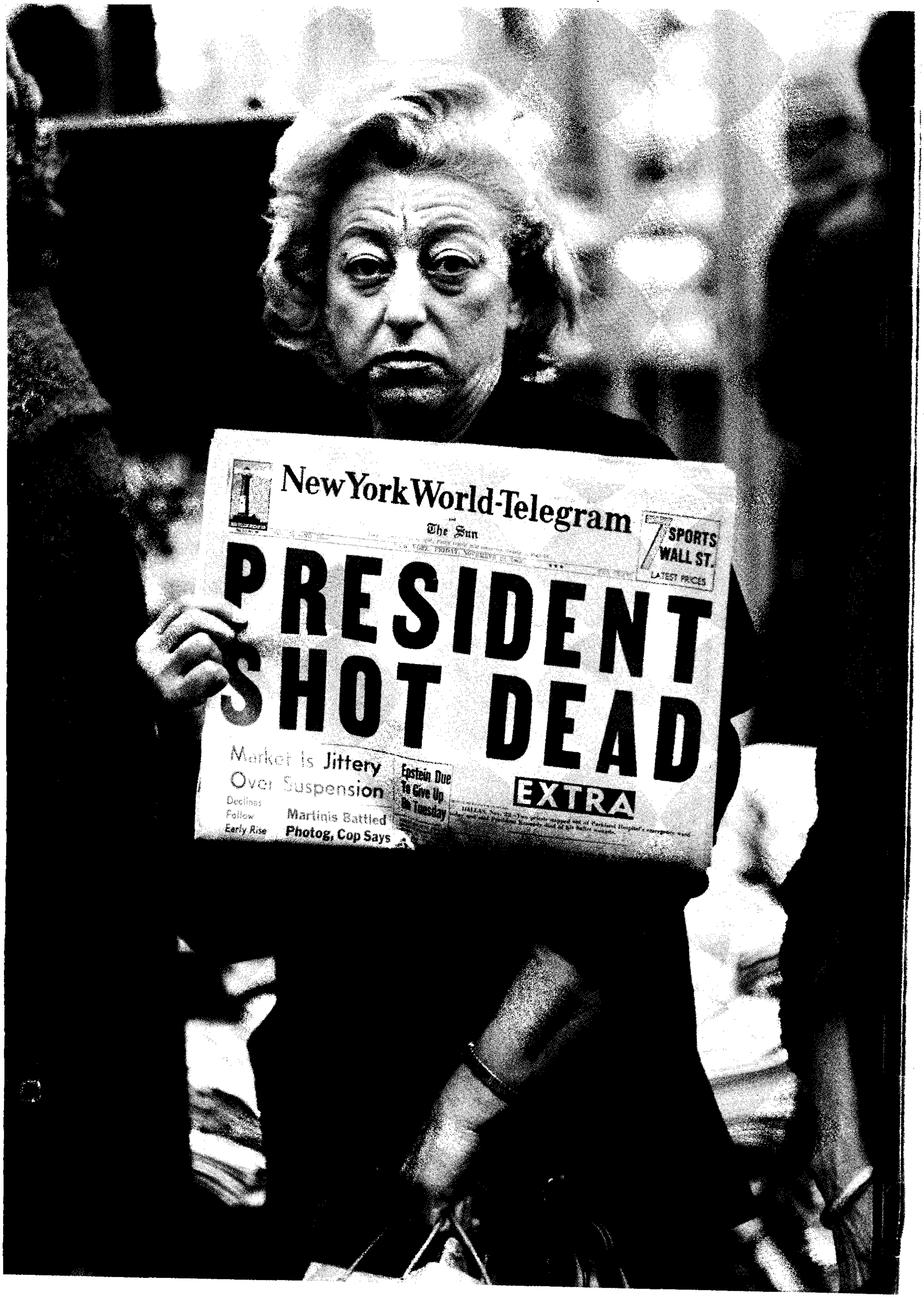
James Reston.
Washington bureau chief, the New York "Times." Senior columnist at the "Times."



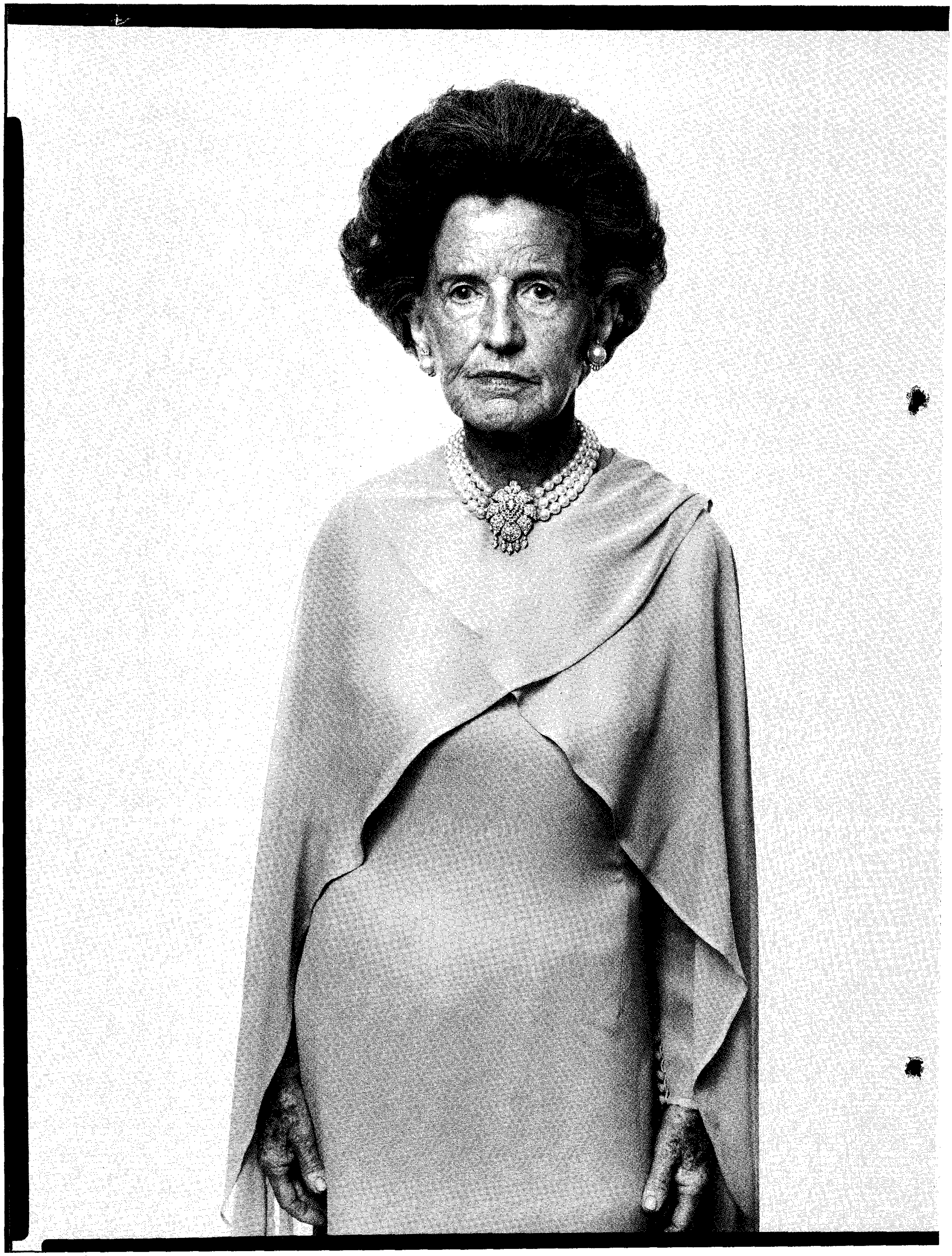
J. William Fulbright.
Democratic senator from Arkansas; chairman, Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Retired.



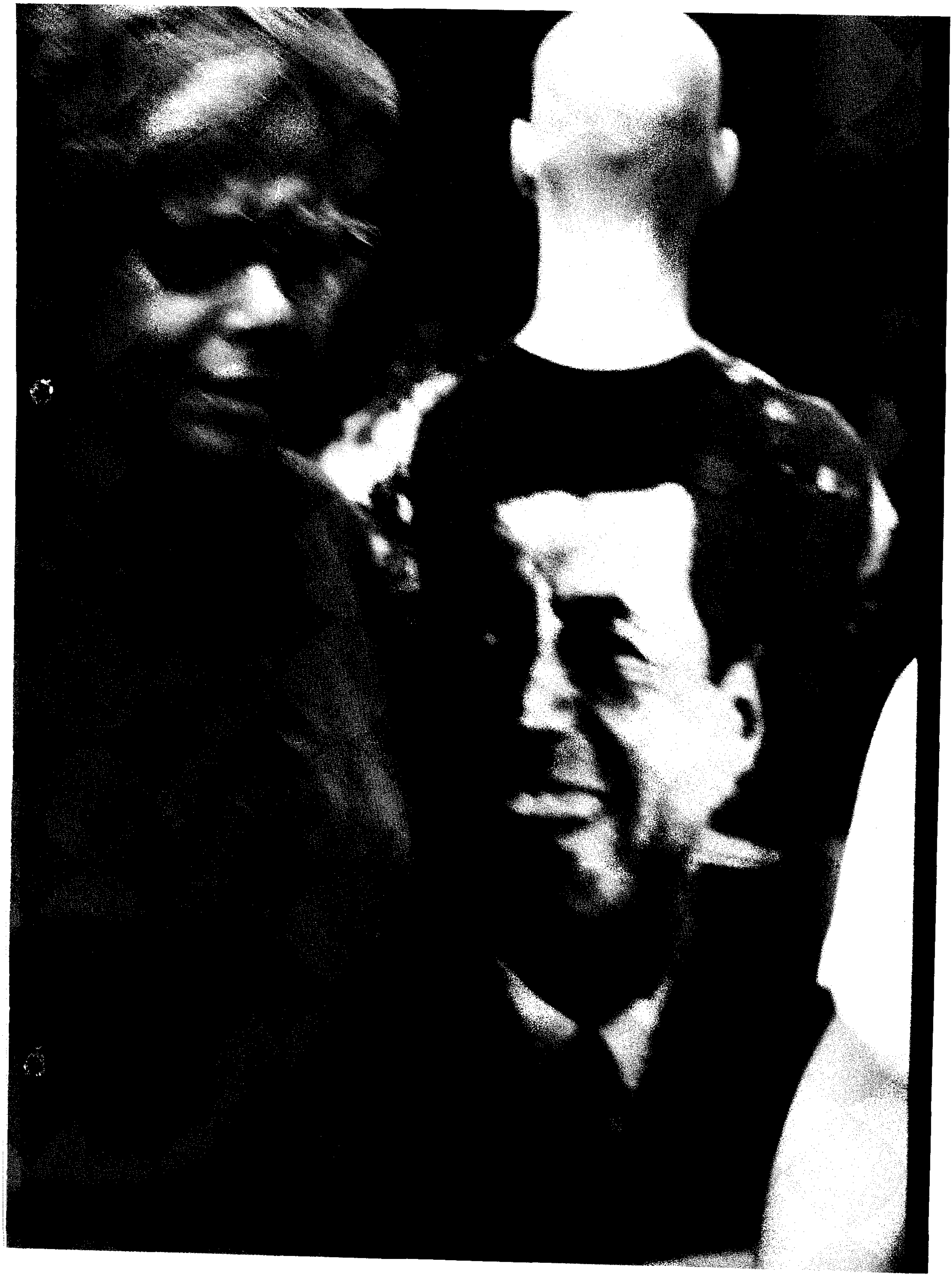
Daniel Patrick Moynihan.
Assistant Secretary of Labor. Democratic senator from New York; chairman, Senate Finance Committee.


New York World-Telegram
The Sun
7 SPORTS WALL ST. LATEST PRICES
PRESIDENT SHOT DEAD
EXTRA
Market Is Jittery Over Suspension
Declines Follow Early Rise
Martinis Battled Photog, Cop Says
Epstein Due To Give Up On Tuesday

Times Square, New York, November 22, 1963



Rose Kennedy in 1976.
Now a hundred and three, still resides in Hyannis, Massachusetts.



T-shirt in Grand Central Terminal, New York, September 9, 1993.

LIFE IN THE CITY

THE CONFESSION

Whether callers tell the truth or relay their fantasies is part of the fascination of Mr. Apology's confession hot line, a guilt-solicitation service that was once an exhibit at the New Museum. Then a man who identified himself as Jumpin' Jim called Mr. Apology with a story that threatened to change the rules.

BY ALEC WILKINSON

> Personal stories or myths that impose a sense of meaningfulness to life exist in every individual at various levels of abstraction and consciousness. . . . [They] modify and are themselves modified by such existential issues as religious belief and philosophical outlook, the nurturing quality of relationships, and the state of "good" and "bad" internalized objects. In every individual, the story is fashioned and refashioned and combined with more complicated stories.
> —*David M. Berger, in the Canadian Journal of Psychiatry, vol. 30, February, 1985.*

MR. APOLOGY began the Apology Line in 1980 by taping posters to the walls of buildings in Manhattan:

ATTENTION
Amateurs, Professionals,
CRIMINALS
Blue Collar, White Collar
You Have Wronged People. It Is to the
People That You Must Apologize, Not to
the State, Not to God.
Get Your Misdeeds off Your Chest!
Call APOLOGY (212) 255-2748

He connected a phone in his apartment to an answering machine and recorded the calls he received. A lot of criminals called. Some confessed ("Uh, hello, I'd like to apologize for something I did last night"), and some asked who was Mr. Apology to suggest that they had anything to feel ashamed of. Some provided descriptions of how Mr. Apology would meet his end, which preyed on his mind until it was borne in on him that the pleasure for these individuals lay in delivering the threat, and that the rest—the business of finding out who he was and where he lived—was work.

Mr. Apology's intention was to collect confessions until he had enough to play at museums. He did this for the first time at the New Museum, in SoHo, in 1981. The New Museum was concerned that criminals would appear at the opening, so they asked Mr. Apology not to announce the show in the message he played to callers of the Apology Line. He was a little concerned himself, so he wore a costume beard to the party—something he feels foolish about now. Because he believed that the tapes should be heard by the people who had contributed to them, and these people didn't strike him as the kind to scan the museum-listing columns of whatever papers or magazines they read, he conceived the idea of playing the tapes over the telephone (a found object) to people who called. Someone who calls the Apology Line can listen to apologies, make his own, or leave his opinion of the ones on the tape. If his apology is startling, or moving, or especially dramatic, he may hear it later on one of the programs Mr. Apology assembles from the calls he receives. Or he may read a transcript of it in *Apology*, the magazine that Mr. Apology has begun publishing.

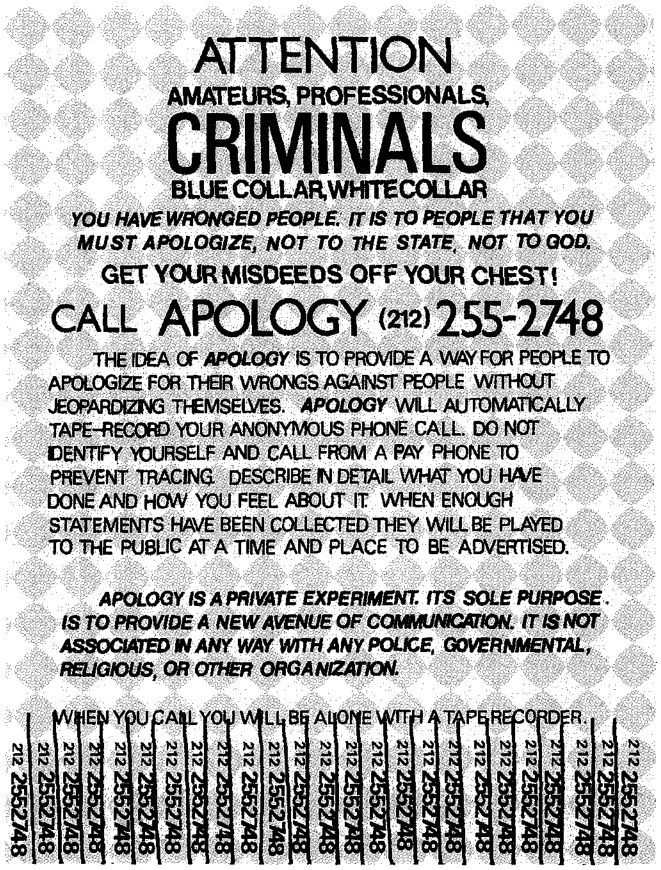
Initially, calls to the Apology Line were brief: I want to say I'm sorry to So-and-So for this and that. They became extended. A certain sort of lonely person began to call. Errant husbands called. A man called who had given his wedding ring to a prostitute in Vietnam and for years had told his wife he had lost it. A man called to shed feelings stirred by an erotic dream he had had about his mother. A woman called who said that she was the sort of person other people confided in. She had found this "thrilling," but lately someone had confessed to her a violent act and had sworn her to silence. She had always felt that someone who knew the truth about a harmful act and concealed it was despicable, but, now that she was doing that, she found herself unsettled about what sort of person she actually was.

Mr. Apology is in his forties. He has the strong, square frame of a man who builds stone walls. He has a thin beard and small, broad hands. He had expected to disconnect the Apology Line and go on to other work once he had gathered the material for his museum shows, but he didn't. A number of people seemed to have become dependent on it, and, besides, Mr. Apology was still interested.

Many calls to the Apology Line involve coarser, earthier, and more intimate subjects than the ones I have described, and it is not uncommon for them to involve violence. Mr. Apology figures that a third of the confessions he hears are true, a third are not, and a third are a mixture of truth and invention. Sometimes people leave messages asking him to call them, and sometimes he does. He tries to be helpful. One man he called believed that Mr. Apology was Satan, because his poster said that it was not necessary to confess to God. The man thought that his brother, who was in prison, had been claimed by the Devil, and that he could reach him through Mr. Apology. In apologizing, someone is "making an attempt to turn his life into a moral tale," Mr. Apology feels: "A beginning, a middle, and an end; I did this, I learned this, and the moral is this. A confession becomes a story."

What was on the mind of Jumpin' Jim, who called the Apology Line for the first time on June 30th, and then several times over the summer, Mr. Apology has no idea. He confessed to a murder, which Mr. Apology first doubted, then believed, then came to learn the truth of, but more than once during the summer Mr. Apology felt as if a character from Dostoyevski were living in an outer borough of New York.

"This is Jim," the caller said. "Jumpin' Jim. O.K. This is the story. It happened last night. Well, anyway, I meant to tell you exactly what happened from a period of time, a year I would say. My mother, who is, was, sixty-six years old, kept nagging me and nagging me. Told me that I was nothing but a waste of life, I would never amount to anything. I'm twenty-three years old, and pretty much she'd been telling me this for, approximately, I would say four years now, and I've been hearing it every single day. I can't move out on my own right now, because—well, I'm on my own, but in the past I couldn't move out on my own, because, financially, I wasn't stable, so I had to stay home with my mother, and I had to put up with this shit of the nagging, and nagging, and nagging. So one day, I just, just—I, I was with a couple of my friends and I figured out a plot, you know, to, um, terminate my mother off the face of the earth, because of the fact that she was driving me up the wall. And I was just, it was just—more or less, I was just thinking about it, and, and I had no real intentions of killing my mother, but it quickly went through my mind, so, um, the reason I'm calling is to tell you, because I want to apologize, to myself, and to my mother, and to whatever, if there's a God or whatever, for taking my mother's life, last night. And, um, it's quiet now, and there's no screaming or nothing, but, uh, just the noise outside, which it is New York City, so I got to expect that, so— Don't, you know, if you're going to bother tracing this, there's no need for you to trace this, because, uh, you're just going to wind up with a possibly pay-phone car-service number anyway, and, uh, the only thing I don't, I just don't understand, it's just, it came over me, and I just couldn't take any more, and I had to do it. And it's not important how I did it, I just want to tell my mother and myself, and whatever, I'm apologizing for, I guess you could say killing my mother, and, uh, I don't know, maybe perhaps I'll go for help. Uh, right now. I'm just thinking how am I going to dispose of the body. And I'm sure, if anybody listens to this, you'll be thinking, What a crazy bastard, there's no emotions or nothing, but, see, if you were, if you were in my shoes and you heard every single day nagging and telling you that you'll amount to nothing, and you'll be nothing, and constantly nagging about every tiny little thing, you would also get pissed off, too. Maybe not to the length that you would kill somebody, but myself, I'm the type of person who, not exactly, uh, I don't know—I'm not the kind of person who, who forgets things and I just let things build up until they explode, you know, and, uh, I'm fairly a nice guy, but uh, you know, if you push me to—I know it's my family—but you know you push me to a limit, I'm going to explode, and I just, uh, it's really, I don't know. So, anyway, I'm apologizing for doing that, and, uh, I don't know, maybe I should have some emotions or something, or, you know, I should feel *bad* or— But then again, I did it, so why should I feel bad, you know what I mean? So, Mom, I know you nagged me, but I had to do it, and this is the only way for you to stop nagging me. I'm apologizing. That's it. Bye."



ATTENTION

AMATEURS, PROFESSIONALS,

CRIMINALS

BLUE COLLAR, WHITE COLLAR

YOU HAVE WRONGED PEOPLE. IT IS TO PEOPLE THAT YOU MUST APOLOGIZE, NOT TO THE STATE, NOT TO GOD.

GET YOUR MISDEEDS OFF YOUR CHEST!

CALL APOLOGY (212) 255-2748

THE IDEA OF ***APOLOGY*** IS TO PROVIDE A WAY FOR PEOPLE TO APOLOGIZE FOR THEIR WRONGS AGAINST PEOPLE WITHOUT JEOPARDIZING THEMSELVES. ***APOLOGY*** WILL AUTOMATICALLY TAPE-RECORD YOUR ANONYMOUS PHONE CALL. DO NOT IDENTIFY YOURSELF AND CALL FROM A PAY PHONE TO PREVENT TRACING. DESCRIBE IN DETAIL WHAT YOU HAVE DONE AND HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT IT. WHEN ENOUGH STATEMENTS HAVE BEEN COLLECTED THEY WILL BE PLAYED TO THE PUBLIC AT A TIME AND PLACE TO BE ADVERTISED.

APOLOGY IS A PRIVATE EXPERIMENT. ITS SOLE PURPOSE IS TO PROVIDE A NEW AVENUE OF COMMUNICATION. IT IS NOT ASSOCIATED IN ANY WAY WITH ANY POLICE, GOVERNMENTAL, RELIGIOUS, OR OTHER ORGANIZATION.

WHEN YOU CALL YOU WILL BE ALONE WITH A TAPE RECORDER.

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MR. APOLOGY thought that Jim might be telling the truth, but he also might not. He decided to assemble a program featuring Jim's call along with one from a man who described a violent sexual escapade and one from a woman who had been forced as a child into sex by her brother, and the program began playing on July 9th. Anyone who called the Apology Line from anywhere in the world heard Jim tell his story. Mr. Apology hoped that people would have something to say about Jim's message, and that when he played those responses over the line Jim would hear them and leave a message of his own. The first person to respond was a man I will call Trevor, who was familiar to Mr. Apology and other callers to the Apology Line. Trevor calls regularly and has plenty of opinions, and he often irritates people. He lives at home with his mother, who drives him crazy, and he frequently broods about this in the messages he leaves.

To Jim, Trevor said, "Up until the point where you said that you killed your mother, I was thinking to myself how totally I can relate to what you're saying. I don't know if—I didn't catch your name, whoever you are—I don't know if you've heard the statements that *I've* left concerning *my* family life, but I totally can relate to what you felt and the feelings that led up to your actions, and I won't say that I haven't thought about killing my mother. I mean I've never been serious about it, I'm never going to do it, but I won't say that I haven't sat and thought to myself, Could I get away with it? How would I go about it? You know, just daydreamed about it. I won't deny that. I have. But, uh, well, I don't know, Mr. A. generally likes to hear some kind of documentation of murders, some kind of evidence, before he'll believe that you killed somebody. Mr. A. didn't ask for it from you, but by all means—I hope this doesn't sound insensitive, but if you, you can show us that you killed your mother, if you can kind of prove it to us, I'd appreciate it. I realize you have no need to prove anything to me, and, in fact, proving it could, if you don't go about it slickly enough, cleverly enough, put you in a dangerous situation, but, uh, whatever, if you feel like you'd be comfortable doing it, if you feel like you could get away with doing it and not put yourself in jeopardy, then by all means."

The tone of the messages left for Jim by other callers involved mainly contempt or pity.

Mr. Apology collected these comments for several weeks, as he usually does, and he began playing them on the Apology Line on August 4th. Jim called the same day. I have edited this call and the following ones, to condense them and to avoid repetitions and for clarity.

"How you doing, Mr. Apology?" Jim said. "This is the Unknown Caller. To all the other callers who said that they have no pity for what I have done to my mother, I personally don't know who you people are, and I really don't care. If you had lived with her as long as I did and hear every single day her tell me how no good I am, and how I wasn't going to amount to nothing, and put me down constantly and say that I'll never make any women happy, and I'll never get married, and I'll just be a waste of life, and vermin, people may say, 'Oh, you're psychotic,' or, 'There's something really wrong with you,' but I feel that I'm just as normal as everybody else, but just one time too many she upset me.

"I would like for you, Mr. Apology, to call me at this number, which is a friend's number, and you can leave a message, whatever, and tell me how to get in touch with you."

THE first time Jim spoke to Mr. Apology, he said, "See, it goes way back in my household. I have two other—actually, I *had*—two other brothers, and one had ran away when he was young, and the other one died, two years ago. Ever since then, I feel, or I *felt*, that my mother kept taking it out on me, and every day of my life, since all this happened, she'd been telling me how no good I am, and I'm going to amount to nothing, and I'll never make anybody happy. A couple of times, I've been seeing a therapist, but that hasn't been helping, so I figure I'll solve things on my own. And, uh, I—it's funny, I, I, I have no regrets. And I don't feel that I'm crazy, or anything like that, because I know I'm not—a crazy person actually wouldn't know if he was crazy anyway, and, uh— I'm kind of edgy right now, because I don't know who I'm speaking to, I could be speaking to the law, I don't know. I don't know who you are, I just know your number—that's about it. I didn't go to any trouble checking you out or anything, so, uh—"

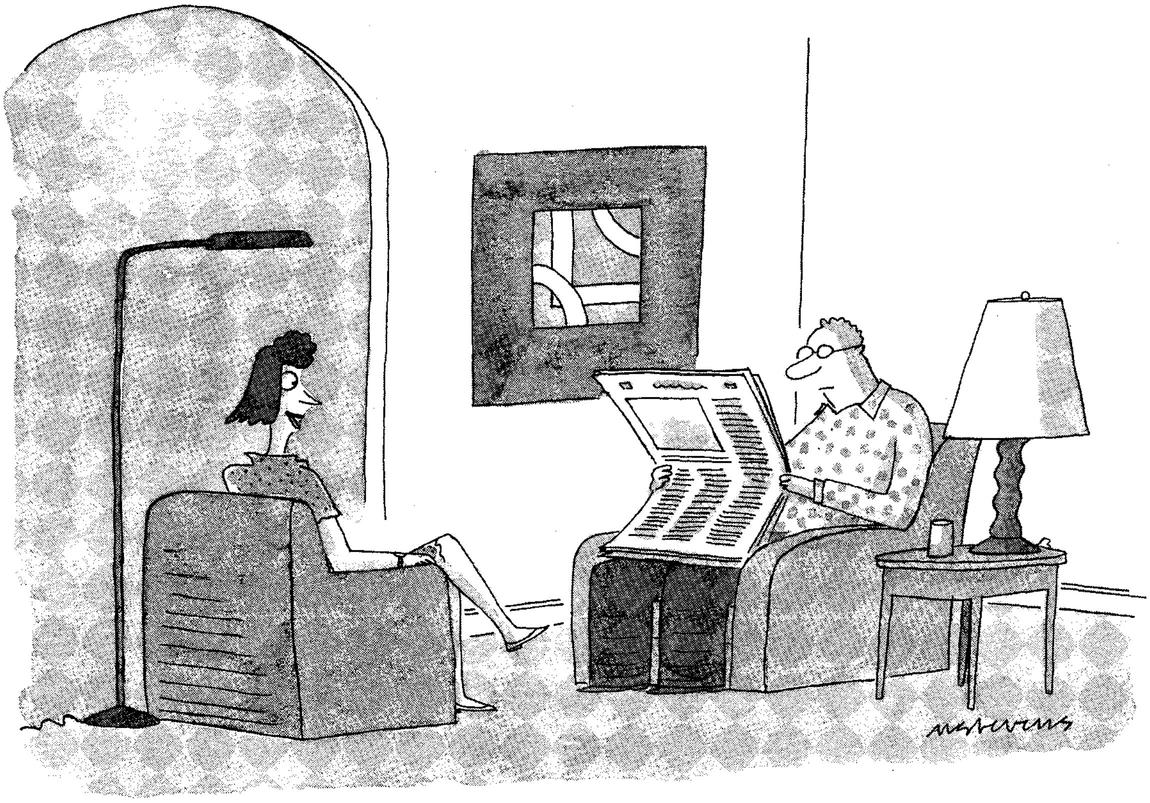
"Yeah, well, I'm not the law," Mr. Apology said.

"She humiliated me in front of everybody, and I lost a couple of relationships off of her, and one day I just couldn't take it anymore, and, uh, I'm going to have to hang up now. I'll call you back in three minutes."

"THE only reason I'm doing this hanging up is because of my safety, because I really don't trust anybody anyway," Jim said. "O.K. Well, anyway, when I was younger, I had thoughts, you know, like kids usually have thoughts of doing things but not exactly carrying them out, and I thought about what it would be like to be God for the day, and it was just thoughts, I didn't really think I could actually do something like that, because who are I to judge anybody? But, like I said, when you live with somebody for a long period of time and they constantly get on your horse and then constantly scream and put you down, after a while that gets to you. Either you move or, if you're not financially stable—you can't move—then you have to just live with it. And our house isn't that big, and there's not many places I can go except outside, which I'm anti-social, I don't like to be with anybody, I don't have many friends in New York, anyhow. And there's day after day listening to this, and just one day, I just woke up, I said to myself, I am going to make her shut up, because I cannot go another day like this. So what happened is, I just woke up one morning and I said if she says one more thing to me, maybe I'll just scream, but screaming to her is *like talking to a* wall, because the more I screamed at her, the more she would scream at me and things just wouldn't get anywhere."

Jim let out a long breath.

"See, now, this is kind of hard for me telling you this," he went on. "Because I don't know you, you know, but, it's like—oh, man—uh, O.K., it was like, oh, man, it



"I think it might help us to understand one another better if you waited on me hand and foot for a while."

can't explain this right now, because I've been on the phone for a long time, and I would say I would like to meet you at Alcatraz. I'll be there till morning, more or less. I usually arrive around ten, and I don't leave until closing."

Mr. Apology said it was possible that he would come, but he didn't want to get hurt.

"You're not going to get hurt," Jim said. "And if you don't believe me—I know this is really sick and twisted—I would take pictures, and I would show you, because all my life, Chris, they call me 'liar.' People've been calling me 'liar,' they call me everything to degrade me, to make me feel humiliated, and just this once, just when I feel that I'm on top of—practically on top of the world—"

"You feel like you have this great weight off your shoulders," Mr. Apology said.

"I feel like I was a ruler," Jim said. "I actually did something where I was in control, and that's all I wanted. To be in control."

"All right, let me think about it."

THE next day, August 5th, Jim left a message on the Apology Line for Trevor, the man who lives with his mother. "Trevor," Jim said, "the reason I'm calling is because I listened to the comments. And I found yours very interesting. You have this voice that makes the most gulliblest, happiest, peacefulest person angry, and it's really annoying. If you want evidence, how about giving me—or, as you put it, Mr. *A.*—your address, and I will deliver it before I leave town, *personally,* to your house. Because you're the kind of people in society who makes me angry, and I just wanted you to know that, Trevor."

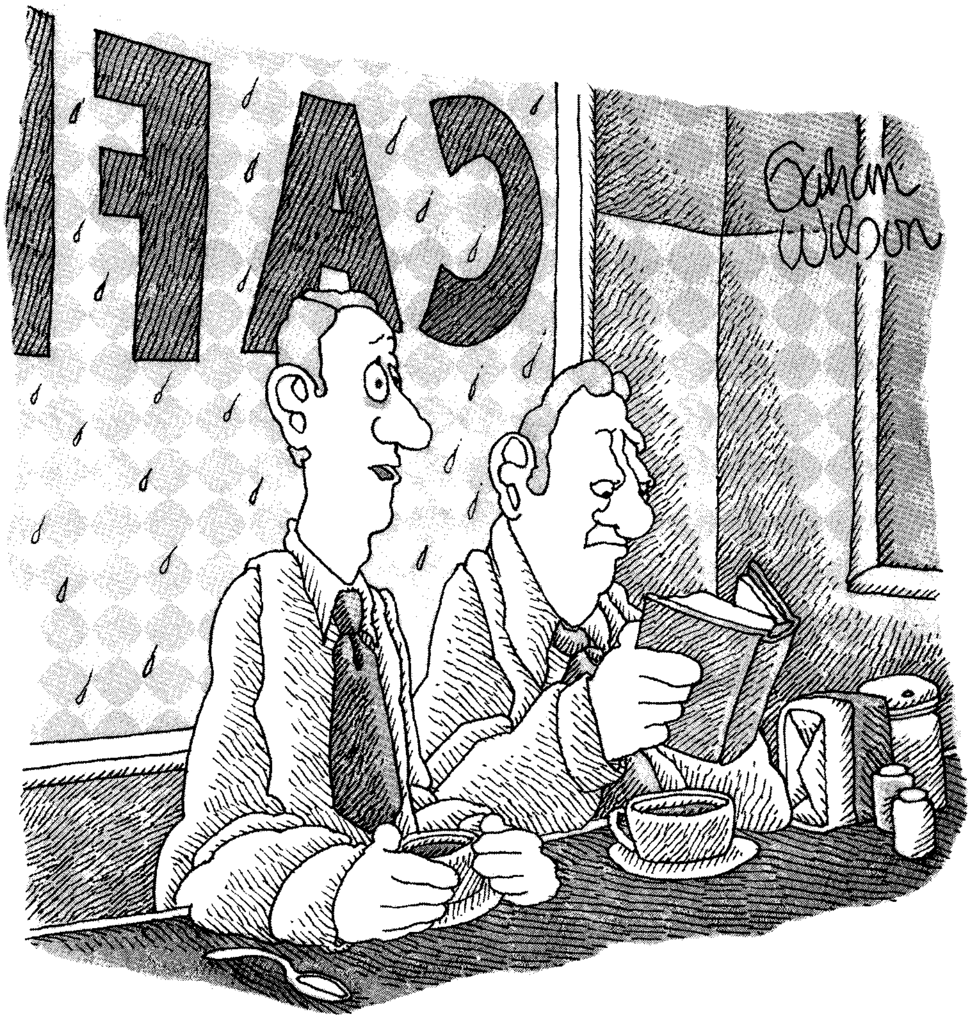
ON August 6th, Mr. Apology left a message for Jim on the Apology Line to say that he had decided not to meet him. That night, Mr. Apology went to a birthday party for a friend in the East Village, and afterward, about three in the morning, he went into Alcatraz, which turned out to be a heavy-metal bar. Mr. Apology had it in mind that if he saw a young man on his own, "staring into his beer," he might watch him for a while, but the bar was crowded, and there was no way of telling which of the patrons might be Jim.

Mr. Apology left the city for the weekend. Most of his time away, he was absorbed by thoughts about Jim, who he now thought was likely telling the truth. A person who had invented a fiction about murdering his mother did not seem to Mr. Apology the sort of person who would want to talk about it. Moreover, from the sound of Jim's conversation, he did not seem like someone with the resources to concoct such a compelling account. A few times before, people had confessed to murders on the Apology Line—the murders had taken place a long time ago, and no one had ever said that he had killed his mother—but something about the tone of many of their voices had seemed unnaturally dramatic. Also, their stories had not stood up to questioning. The most convincing element of Jim's conversation had been the anxiety in his voice. Mr. Apology felt that Jim was living under an exhausting burden of pressure.

On August 9th, a woman named Pearl called the Apology Line to reprimand Trevor for having asked for proof from Jim. "I'm sorry," she said, "but that sounds like the most insensitive thing I have ever heard."

Mr. Apology returned to New York on Tuesday, August 10th, and that night he stayed up late preparing his conversation with Jim for callers of the Apology Line. Mr. Apology has no idea who most of his callers are. Over the years, the number for the Apology Line has been passed around by word of mouth, and calls arrive now from all over the country. He assumes that the police dial the line from time to time, so in the message that precedes the playing of the tapes he tells callers to make their apologies from pay phones, so that they cannot be traced afterward. He had decided that if Jim was telling the truth his call should be heard as soon as possible.

On August 11th, Jim left a number where Mr. Apology could reach him. His voice sounded strained. "I just want to ask you another question," he said. "How come, when I call, you have a



"I've just joined a support group for boring people."

deeper voice? Do you have a voice modulator? Or do you change your voice? I don't understand this. I don't know who I'm exactly speaking to, because you sound different from the lines when we call and we hear you speaking. When you're advertising *Apology* magazine, your voice is much deeper. I just don't understand why you sound different."

A few hours later, Jim left another message for Trevor. "I have nothing really to prove to you, Trevor, out of anybody on this whole line. I spoke to, as you prefer to call him, *Mr. A.*, as I guess I prefer to call him Mr. Apology. We are working something out here, so I can prove, or show him some evidence, because you are nothing to me, and what you say to me I really don't care. You don't know what I'm going through, and you say you can sympathize, but I really, really don't think you can, because you haven't, or I doubt it if you had a mother like mine."

Mr. Apology called Jim on the morning of August 12th, and Jim said that he was having nightmares. While he and Mr. Apology talked, Jim thought he kept hearing clicking noises on his telephone. "There's something wrong here," he said.

Mr. Apology thought it might be his tape recorder.

"If there is anybody tracing me at this point, I made plans to be leaving," Jim said. "So if any cops plan to come to this place, I won't be here."

Jim mentioned Trevor's request for evidence. "You want evidence," he said. "I, I, I, I, I have evidence. I don't know how well the rest of your life will possibly be after the evidence, but you want evidence? I, I'll, I'll, I have it."

At the end of a long pause, Mr. Apology said, "I sort of decided that proof is kind of a secondary issue, because, whether it's true or not, obviously you've got a very—or, you know, *had* a very—terrible relationship with your mother, and it's really tearing you up, and that's really the key thing here. But yeah, I guess so. I mean, if it's all the same to you."

"Right."

"I listened to the recording of our conversation about two or three times, and I finally decided that I believe you. Because emotionally it sounded real. It just doesn't sound like something you'd make up. Of course, someone could make up a story like that, but on the emotional level it sounds real—the sound of your voice and the kind of things you said. If it wasn't real, why would you be so worried about something like how when I played the recording back my voice sounded higher than it normally sounds? Why would anybody even worry about that? You probably are because you're in a high state of paranoia. So that makes me tend to believe you. If you were just making it up, you wouldn't be paying much attention to little details like that."

"I'm starting to feel a little bit—like, when I go to the grocery store I think that people are talking about me. It's getting me on the edge."

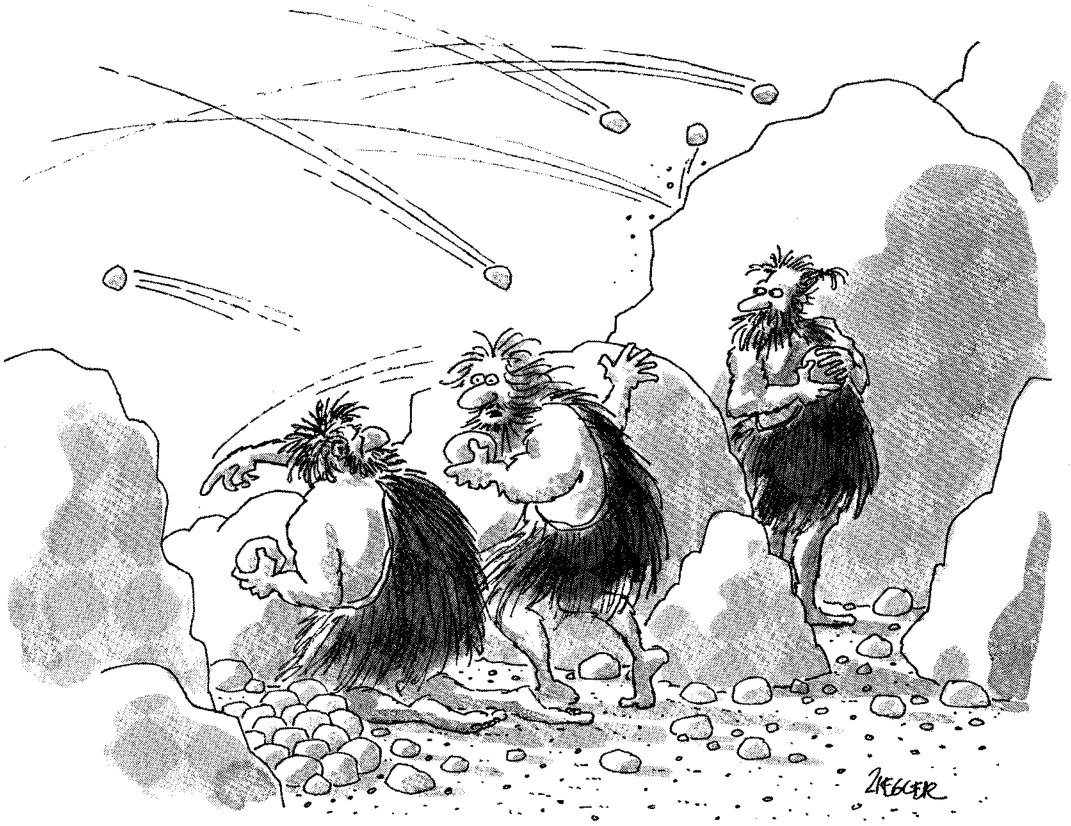
Mr. Apology suggested that Jim get a lawyer and plead insanity.

"I didn't call this line for you to tell me to surrender or find a lawyer," Jim said. "I called so I could be at peace with myself and say that I, I told somebody. These cautions that you're throwing at me, it sounds like somebody's asking you to tell me this, you know? I told you, I have some certain—well, I *had* some certain—trust in you, but these questions are like, you know, kind of iffy questions. To me they are."

Mr. Apology said that he was simply concerned about Jim. Jim had said that he was thinking of killing himself. Mr. Apology suggested that at least jail offered a second chance.

"I don't believe in neither God or the Devil," Jim said, "and, from what I understand, the Bible says Hell is a forever-burning pit. Now, to myself, that I'm an atheist, I believe once you die, you're dead and that's it, it's over and there's no limbo or anything like that, you're just in the ground and you're gone, that's it. If I'm alive and I go to jail, that means I'm going to be in living Hell, you understand what I mean? I don't want to be living in Hell."

That night, Jim left a message for Mr. Apology saying that something had prevented him from leaving New York City. The tone of his voice was uneasy. "You say you don't have my address," he said, "but there's a lot of detectives' cars going around my



"What's amazing to me is that this late in the game we still have to settle our differences with rocks."

neighborhood, and maybe because it's Thursday and payday for the police, or something, but the traffic of detectives is heavier than it usually is, and it's making me a little bit nervous." Then he asked Mr. Apology to call him.

The possibility of receiving proof of the murder had begun to suggest to Mr. Apology that Jim had never got rid of the body at all.

WHEN Mr. Apology called Jim on Friday, August 13th, a woman answered the phone.

"Hello, is Jim there?" Mr. Apology said.

"Who's calling?"

"This is Chris."

"Who's Chris?"

"A friend of Jim's. . . . Is this, is this Jim's mother?"

"Yes, it is," the woman said.

"What?"

"Yes. This is Jim's mother."

"Uh-huh. Well, uh, is Jim there?"

"Yes, he is."

In the conversation that followed, Jim said that he would be sending Mr. Apology pictures to confirm the murder. "I don't know when they're going to arrive, but they're going to arrive," he said. "By the time you get them, I'm probably not going to be here anyways."

Mr. Apology did not say anything about what the woman had told him.

DEATH TODAY

"Imagine! In the past year alone, Thomas Jefferson has learned to speak Swahili and play the glockenspiel."

Very late that night, Mr. Apology put urged Mr. Apology to betray Jim to the police. "God, I hope you know what point in time,' and I don't know when you're going to reach that point, but no way I could keep him, so they put him in the nursing home."

There was also a sister in Connecticut, the mother said, married to a doctor; a brother who was a psychologist; another sister on Long Island. Calling 900 numbers on his mother's phone, Jim had run up a bill in one month of thirty thousand dollars. The phone company excused her from all but five hundred dollars of it. Then he did it again. The phone company cut off all but her local service, she said. Some time ago, Jim had been in a car accident, and now he received disability payments, but he would not give any portion of them to his mother. Instead, he often spent his check in one day on his friends. On the theory that she would rather write checks to a landlord than the phone company, his mother agreed to pay for an apartment Jim had found, but then he changed his mind and refused to live in it, saying it was dirty. Her landlord had told her that Jim was rough with his girlfriend. The girl's father had even brought a charge against him. Jim had skipped the court appearance where he would have answered that charge, and now there was a warrant for him. His mother said that she felt sorry for him. Her own mother had died when she was twelve, and she had been left on her own. "I had nobody, and maybe that's one reason I'm still holding on to him," she said. She asked Chris to tell Jim that he thought it would be a good idea if he helped out his mother with the rent and the phone bill.

"Does he ever hit you, or do anything violent?" Mr. Apology asked.

"Well, he threatens to hit me sometimes, or he might grab my arm or something like that, but as far as hitting me, no, he's never really hit me, but he's grabbed my arm. Everybody tells me his temper, I should watch out, because one of these days he might just do it, you know. My daughters want me to just give up the house and come live with them. But I don't want to, because I keep thinking the worst is going to happen to him, and they tell me stop feeling sorry for him. For some reason, I don't feel afraid of him. I don't know."

THAT afternoon, Mr. Apology called Jim. His mother answered and gave him the phone. His voice was low, and he sounded anxious and tired and distracted.

"There've been detectives by my house," he said.

"Really?"

"Do you have anything to do with that?"

"Sure don't."

"They're asking questions about why isn't my mother around, and stuff. You say you have nothing to do with that?"

"I definitely did not contact the police. But what about this woman that's there that says she's your mother?"

"This one here?"

"Yeah."

"She's not my mother."

"O.K., but I'm glad if your mother's still alive."

"What?"

"I'm glad if your mother's still alive."

"She's not my mother."

"She *sounds* like she's your mother."

"You can doubt it, whatever you want. I'm going to show you proof, and that's it. You're *assuming* she's my mother. You're assuming from what somebody told you."

"I'm assuming from what you told me, and I'm assuming from my conversation with her."

"Well, you had a very *short* and brief conversation with the woman. You had a very *long* conversation with me. She tells you one thing, and suddenly it's the truth?"

"Well, why don't you put her on the line and I'll ask her."

"What's the *point*? You're calling to talk to *me*. The line has nothing to do with my grandmother, it has to do with *me*. You talked to her already. Would I go through all what I been going through just to make this up?"

"Well, last night I was transcribing some of our second conversation, and I was totally convinced that what you were

A guy with a Southern accent called and said, "I can't conjure up much sympathy for the guy. If all of us whose parents had ruined our lives went out and killed our parents, it might not be too bad of an idea, because it would pretty much get down the population and solve a lot of problems, but it's not very practical."

Another man who called said, "Uh, don't visit that guy."

A woman named Margo called and

CAVAFY'S DESIRES

Like corpses that the undertaker makes beautiful
And shuts, with tears, inside a costly mausoleum—
Roses at the forehead, jasmine at the feet—so
Desires look, after they have passed away
Unconsummated, without one night of passion
Or a morning when the moon stays in the sky.

—MICHAEL LONGLEY

I'll do *that.* How about that?

"No, thanks."

"What can I possibly do to convince you that I am telling the truth?"

"Why don't we just end this conversation, and we'll just talk another time, if you want to talk."

"Why do you want to end it now?"

"Well, I'm not interested in proof. Proof is not important to me."

"So now you'll say to your wife, 'Wow, honey, I can sleep better tonight, because I know that guy's,—wait, maybe because you *want* it to be the truth, because you'll *feel* better. Because, maybe—I have a feeling—this is the whole thing, that, knowing that you're speaking to a guy that murdered his mother, that's really *bothering* you, and you probably never spoke to anybody like that before. And you can't sleep, it's disturbing the hell out of you, and now that somebody told you, 'Oh, I'm his mother,' it's a kind of relief to you, and you're saying, 'Wow, I feel much better now.' That's what you wanted to hear. You wanted to hear some kind of hope thing like that. Deep down inside, I think in the back of your head that you do believe me in a way, but you just don't want to be— I don't know if you're having nightmares, whatever the hell's going on with you. You just don't want to go through this no more, so you figure, Well, it's more of an easier way out. But I still can't understand after a couple of minutes talking to somebody, you saying it's the truth automatical. Chris, I'm going to show you proof. That's it. I'm so determined to show you proof now. Even more than ever."

"Then the only thing I have to say is, I don't need proof and I don't want you hurting anybody to create proof."

"I'm going to show you it anyway. I don't care what you say, I'm going to show it to you anyway. Just for the fact that you called me a liar."

"I don't need proof."

"So what are you going to do, just take the box and throw it in the garbage?"

"If something shows up, I'll look at it, but I don't want to motivate you to create harm to someone to create some proof."

"What do you mean 'create'? You already created something when you called me. You already started something when you returned my call. So the damage, or whatever you want to call it, has been done. There's no stopping that."

"It's not important to me whether you killed anybody."

"Well, listen, fine, I understand, fine, that's good, but when you see a strange man standing by your P.O. box you'll know it's me, because when you come up to it, then I'll tell you it's me. Like I said, you're the one who started this. You're the one who returned my call. You didn't have to. If somebody told me they killed their mother and said they wanted to speak to me about it, I'm not going to call them back. This guy's nuts, you know, whatever, which I'm not crazy or anything like that, but, you know, I just wouldn't call them back. Provoke them more. No."

"It's not important to me."

"I'll direct you to it. I'll take you there. I'll meet you at where you pick up your mail at. I'll be there, I don't have a job right now. I can go to Manhattan."

"Suit yourself. But proof is not the issue."

JIM left a message a few minutes later, saying that he hadn't heard Mr. Apology's last words. Mr. Apology called him back. Jim was still upset that Mr. Apology had taken his mother's word over his own.

"What is this, a game?" Jim said. "To me it's not a game. Somebody talked to you for two freaking minutes, whatever the hell long you talked to her, and you're taking her word over mine?"

The conversation turned in circles for some time. Then Jim said, "Listen, I'm getting pretty bad heartburn here, I'm really getting myself upset."

"We'll figure it out," Mr. Apology said. "Don't worry."

"I'm not worried," Jim said. "You're the one who should be worrying. I have nothing to worry about. The only thing right now really to worry about is this damn proof, and I don't know how the hell I'm going to do it, but I'm going to do it."

"Well, don't worry about that, either."

"I *am* going to worry about it. I have to prove this now. The candle's been lit."

"Well, if you called back six months from now and said, 'I got my own apartment, I got a job,' that would definitely prove something to me."

"Or 'Oh, yeah, I just killed three other people because I was doing some thinking.' Would that prove anything to you?"

"No. I'd like to hear that you'd got your life together a little bit more."

"Sure, all right, Chris. So we'll talk in the future. I have this smile—I don't mean to be smiling, or anything—I am just smiling because this is definitely a strange, strange conversation I'm having here. It's blowing my mind."

"Well, it's good to get your mind blown occasionally. It blows out the cobwebs."

"Well, believe me, my mind is not empty," Jim said.

"I know that."

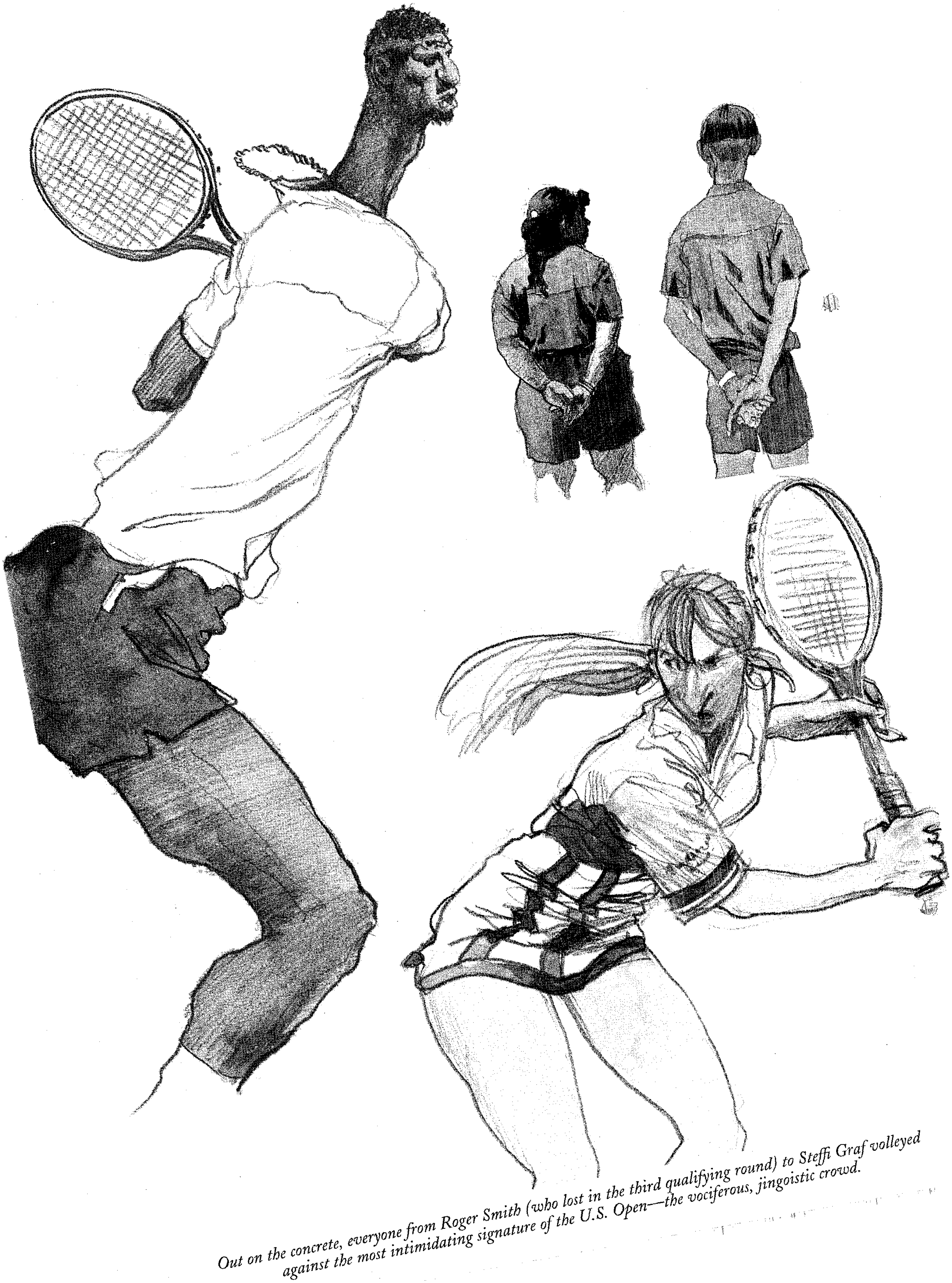
There was a pause; then Jim said, "So in the future, I hope you have success with this, ah—"

"Weird project?"

"This project that you have."

"And same to you."

"And I guess I bid you goodbye," Jim said. ♦



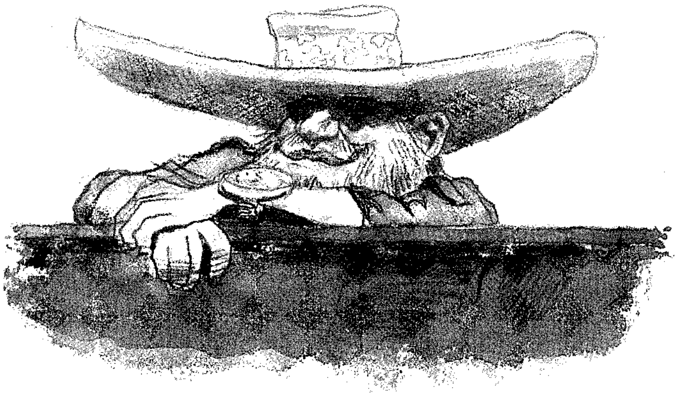
Out on the concrete, everyone from Roger Smith (who lost in the third qualifying round) to Steffi Graf volleyed against the most intimidating signature of the U.S. Open—the vociferous, jingoistic crowd.

THE SPORTING SCENE

AT THE WIDE-OPEN OPEN

Amid the confusion of the upset epidemic at this year's U.S. Open, the only people playing true to form were the unyielding Pete Sampras and Steffi Graf, and the unrepentant fans at Flushing Meadow.

BY MARTIN AMIS/DRAWINGS BY DAVID LEVINE



"FOR sure," as tennis players like to say, the four Majors—the four Slams—present major challenges. But for different reasons. At Roland Garros, in Paris, it's the clay. At Wimbledon, in London, it's the grass. At Flinders Park, in Melbourne, it's the heat. And at Flushing Meadow, in New York, it's the crowd. Or it's the New Yorkers. Or it's Flushing Meadow. Or it's just New York.

Witness the baptism of Andrei Medvedev. "I hate the atmosphere," he said, following an arduous first-round win on Court 16. "After one hour I start to be a little bit crazy and after two hours probably I start to cry." You feared, as always, for the emotional health of the hulking, flame-eyed, impossibly candid Ukrainian yokel, just nineteen and seeded eight. Now listen to Andrei two days later, following an arduous second-round win on the Grandstand Court:

Q: How much did the debris bother you that was falling on the court?
A: Who?
Q: The debris, the garbage.
A: It was fun. . . . The people are just crazy. It is nice. They are crazy. They are nice. . . . Since you don't get shot, it is loads of fun. Seriously.

Readers of the *Times*, seeing quotes like these, must have given smiles of typically warped satisfaction. The kid was acclimatizing. He was catching on fast.

Flinders Park has its light and space, its ocean breezes, and Roland Garros has the enchanted glade of the Bois de Boulogne, and Wimbledon, of course, is a version of suburban pastoral. But Flushing Meadow, despite its ambiguous name (half sylvan, half lavatorial), and despite being far away and horrible to get to, is vigorously urban in feel. By road, the journey is merely purgatorial; through the vaults and crypts of the bespattered subway, it is positively Stygian. Mayor Dinkins happens to be a tennis fan, and so every August, at a single snap of his fingers, the control tower at LaGuardia repermutates and the planes no longer bug and buzz the U.S. Open. This is probably a big relief for the planes. Even the Concorde would find Flushing Meadow a little too noisy.

The Stadium Court looks as though it had been hurled together by an unusually corrupt city official and his twenty or thirty cousins in the construction business. Its bunky, rinky, squeaky aluminum seats just go on being heaped on top of each other, up, up, past camera gantries, past Fuji blimp and MetLife blimp, past pulsar and quasar, to the very limits of the known universe. No football field or baseball diamond lies in the lap of this coliseum: only a tennis court, of the usual dimensions. Watching a match from the stadium's crest—up there in the land of ear pop and nosebleed—is like watching a patch of traffic from a skyscraper. On the model of Wimbledon's Court One and Centre Court, Flushing's two main arenas, Grandstand and Stadium, are wedged against each other like a D backed up to an O; the minor courts are grouped around their walls. And at this point all resemblance ends—it disappears with a shriek. Because then there's the crowd.

THE 1993 Open will be remembered as the near-seedless Slam—the wide-open Open. When she was told why Natalia Zvereva had retired after three games of their quarter-final (she had flu), Arantxa Sanchez Vicario offered these sisterly words: "I hope she doesn't give it to me." But it was the men who fell victim to bone ache and night sweat, as they monotonously collapsed against lesser players. It *is* like a disease. Once a few big names have disappeared, the remaining seeds watch their sections of the draw opening up and thinning out. Suddenly, they see a clear path to the final. Despite the pre-match pleadings of their coaches and motivators, they start to say to themselves, "There's no way I can lose to this guy" or "If I stay real solid, what's this guy got that can hurt me?" or "Unless he play unbelievable, I go smear this guy for sure."

Out on court, they begin to believe that they can prevail with talent alone, that they can win by virtue of being in a higher class—that the rankings computer will do the job for them. The lesser player senses this nervous lordliness and takes strength from it. He, too, sees that the grid is now sprinkled with rookies and journeymen. The aristocracy is crumbling. It's a revolution. And the stars are out there all afternoon, thinking: Steffi doesn't have to do this. She's back in the locker room after half an hour. Why can't the men's be more like the women's? Why all this pain-in-the-ass "strength in depth"? Across the net, the maniacal nobody is dancing on his toes and busy with his diaphragm breathing. He has dispensed with his original game plan (one of craven retrieval). His shots have become loathsomely inspired.

Stich went down, exasperated, floppy-shouldered Stich, a player whose self-pitying ill-temper becomes so generalized that he even starts shouting at ballboys. Korda went down. Korda looks like a newly hatched chick, but his game is wonderfully vulpine. When *we* play a shot, we have about three possible plans for the ball (crosscourt, down the line, or dinkily short). Korda has thirty-seven possible plans. Such imagination will entail a few early exits. Lendl retired, and Bruguera (evidently helpless on anything but clay) wasn't feeling well, either, though he trudged through his three brief sets. Agassi went down. Much was said about his "conditioning," which is a polite word for his waistline. We were also told that he wasn't "match-tough." On the other hand, he looked pretty tubby (even without his pelt), and was pretty match-soft, at Wimbledon this year, and he still beat Krajicek in three and advanced to the quarters, losing to Sampras, 4–6 in the fifth. The truth was that his opponent at the Open, Thomas Enqvist, is already an intimidating player, at nineteen. His forehand is even more high-tech than Marc Rosset's, the grip so Western that it reminds you of the Oriental penholder in Ping-Pong, and it's rounded off with a prodigious windshield-wiper flourish. If these two had met in, say, the fourth round (where, in fact, Enqvist fell, in three, to Sampras), Agassi could have waddled off court with his head held high. And flown proudly back to Las Vegas (rated by him as "the most beautiful city on earth"). In his own jet. *That's* the trouble with Agassi: he is too stratospheric, too spaced out. Do you know how he got going with Barbra? He fell into a reverie after seeing "Prince of Tides" and gave her a call. He just did it. He just went for it. That is what can happen when you lose your concentration and your mind strays from tennis.

Next, in the second round, Edberg lost (to Karel Novacek, of the robotically grooved topspin backhand), and Ivanisevic lost (to Carlos Costa and his clay-court loops and floaters). Then, in the fourth round, Becker lost. And *Courier* lost (to Cedric Pioline). The consternation caused by this was a tribute to the Courier aura. Jim has disputed five of the last seven Grand Slam finals; no other tennis player, perhaps no other sportsman, is mantled with such psychotic consistency. It all seemed right: the healthy tide crust of sweat on the peak of his cap, the stadium crowd behind him, and, beneath his cuboid sneakers, the most trusted of all Major surfaces—his native cement. And yet there Jim stood, with all his stats going to hell (more errors than winners on that savage forehand), screaming his head off as one of his opponent's mis-hits took a further wobble on the sideline: 5–7, 7–6, 4–6, 4–6! At this point, the organizers were rehearsing the fake smiles with which they would greet the sponsors on the closing Sunday, welcoming them to a final between Alexander Volkov and Jamie Morgan.

In the meantime, over on the other side of the draw, Pete Sampras was keeping everybody reasonably reassured—the crowd, the cable people and so on, and, above all, the press. Tennis journalists relish a few upsets to help while away the early rounds of a tournament; it's hard news, after all, and gives them a chance to deploy their alliterative skills ("Boris Becker was bounced out of the . . ." "Jim Courier crashed out of the . . ." "Ivan Lendl lurched out of the . . ."). Once the upsets become epidemic, though, a pall of melancholy introspection descends on the laptops and cellphones of the media facilities. Shoulders slump in the media trailers. Appetites wane in the media dining room. This gets us where we breathe. What are we here for? Where are we going? Because it fosters the suspicion, hard to resist at the best of times, that there are no defining gradations up there at the top—that it all comes down to who is *better on the day*. Never mind about game plans, about moving the two-fister wide on the backhand, or mixing it up to deny rhythm to the baseliner. The match will be decided over breakfast in the five-star-hotel room. The winner will be the man who looks up from his bananas and his zinc pills and says "Go for it" or "Just do it" or "Can I count on that, O Lord?" with the greater conviction.

HOLDING a split of Evian, and wincing from his injuries (you can see the eyes tighten as he runs these little damage checks), the player comes off court and is led into the interview room, there to hold his post-match press conference. He is often halt of step and encumbered by ice packs. After five sets, even the teen-ager will move with an elderly rigidity. Before him, as in a lecture hall, forty or fifty of the world's top-ranked tennis journalists sit waiting, motley in baggy shorts and pastel polo shirts, their necks looped and noosed with cameras, pens, sunglasses, and I.D. tags. The player's manner will suggest that the press conference is almost always a drag; but it is part of the general P.R. deal (and you get fined for not showing up). If the player has lost, the press conference is a torment, a bureaucratic italicization of his own grief and self-hatred. If he has won, then perhaps it's not a bad way to bask, briefly, before all the stuff with the masseur and the physio.

The players seemed to agree that there was something special about the U.S. Open. "This is the worst Grand Slam," said Andrei Medvedev, like a union spokesman, before he hared off on his personal vendetta about the food. (One recalled Goran Ivanisevic saying last year that if you eat too many hamburgers "you go to hospital forever.") "It's always kind of crazy here," said Courier (who is very mellow and easy now, like a college senior hugely assured of the admiration of his peer group). "The locker rooms are bad. The lounge is very crowded." It was a relief to get away from everything out on the court, Jim said (before his loss); there the only problem you faced was the absence of oxygen: "You can't breathe." "This is the most difficult to win," said Becker, intimidatingly enormous and half an hour late (no apology), part demigod, part lunk. "You have the crowd here, you have the heat here, you have the noise here."

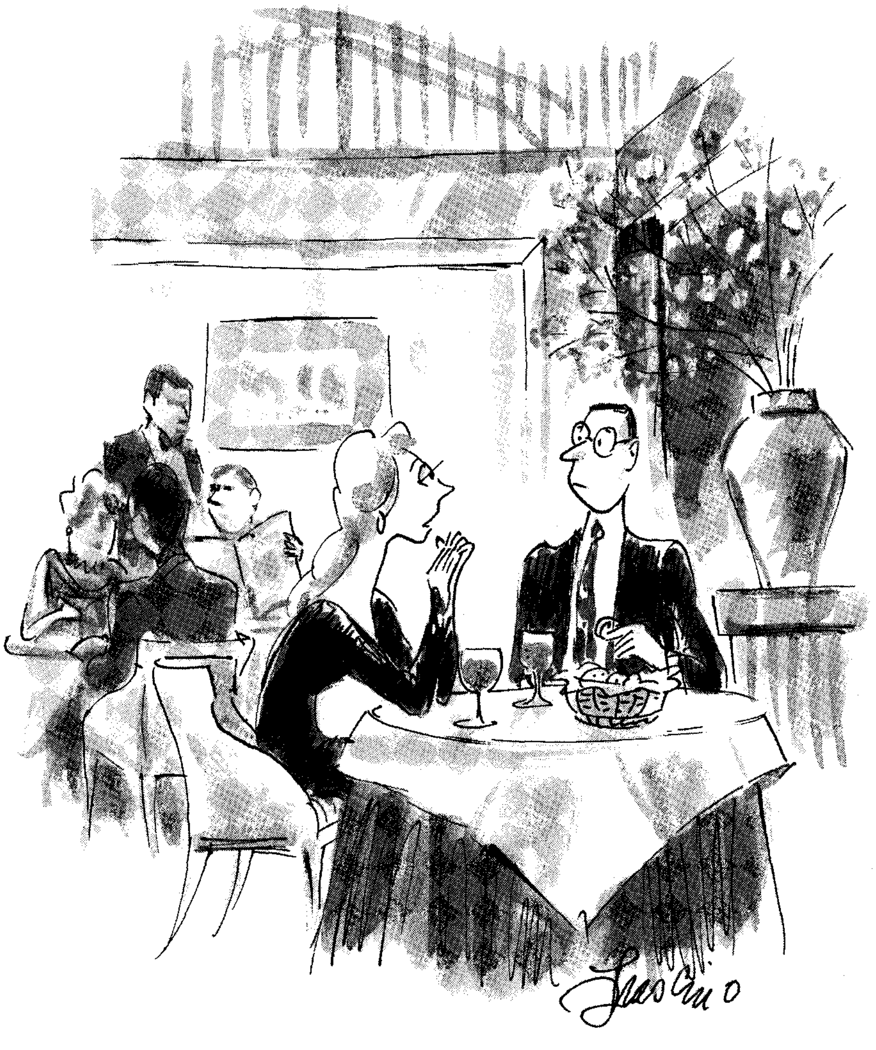
And the crowd loves to hear all that—about the crowd. Jim Courier has been described as a "meat and potatoes" kind of guy. Now, meat and potatoes doesn't normally know that it's meat and potatoes. But Jim is a modern American, and he *knows* he's meat and potatoes. Similarly, the Open crowd knows it's a bad crowd. Born to be bad. And proud of it. It wouldn't want it any other way. Essentially, although many of the people in the stand wear tennis gear, and some of them even tote tennis racquets, the crowd at the U.S. Open is not a tennis crowd. It is a sports crowd. What they mainly want the match to be is *close*. They are vociferous, bountiful, and jingoistic. They love Americans and brave losers. When they really get behind a player, they are just as likely to goad him to defeat. For instance, they do the gee-them-up pre-point slow handclap—and *go on* doing it once the point is under way. If a call of "Out" isn't given, they will give it, and *go on* giving it; while their hero gamely continues the rally, laboring to put the injustice out of his mind, the fans keep yelling, "Out! It was Out! The ball was out! *OUT!* OUT! *OUT!*" They *love* an ace: an ace elicits the "Whoo!"s and "Ow!"s and the double-pinkie whistles. Unlike the connoisseurs of Roland Garros, who hate aces, and unlike the fair-play merchants of Wimbledon, who tolerate them, the Open crowd would be happy with a match that consisted of nothing else. The drop shot, on the other hand, is greeted by soft snarls of "*Faggot*." Yes, it's a macho scene at Flushing Meadow. Correctly, it turns out, though surprising to me, all the commentators referred to the French player Arnaud Boetsch, a conspicuous pretty boy, as "Butch." Whatever the phase of the game, the crowd, when it isn't shouting, spends its time talking and strolling and, above all, eating.

Or, above all, drinking. One afternoon on the Grandstand Court, I sat between two young purists and happily transcribed their commentary as, down below, Todd Martin approached the end of his five-hour loss to Richard Krajicek. It should be said in fond mitigation that these boys had visited the liquor bar and were, I would guess, well into their last half hour before blacking out. "Smoke him, Todd!" "Look at all them cameras and shit. Come on, Todd! Slow down, man!" "He's lost, guy. He's lost." "This is bad, dude." "This guy is sick, man." "He's tired, guy." "Yeah! Nice! He's gonna win, man." "He's losing it, guy." "Who, dude?" "The other guy, man." A paragon of articulate dignity in the interview room, Todd shows no "personality" on court. Where are his code violations? Where are his cycling pants? But the crowd has an excellent reason for getting behind him: he's American. Thus they get to cheer Krajicek's aces *and* his double faults.

The next day, the rain came, if you please. And it would keep on coming. The crowd slow-handclaps the skies until the sun dully glows through the clouds. Then the court fills with court attendants carrying squeegees and towels. Much smug cheering. The Open crowd, you feel, nurses dreams of omnipotence. These people aren't just spectators. They are players, heavy hitters—they are big noises. As the giant blow-dryers start up, with their tremendous killer-bee sound effects, the crowd is propitiated by this expenditure of effort, energy, and dollar bills. Then it starts coming down again. The crowd boos the rain.

FIVE years ago, in Toronto, I played a set with a retired pro who had once hovered around the world's top hundred. It wasn't particularly humiliating: he was Swedish, and very gentle with me. When the set was over (2–6), we sat in the lounge and tried—as Frankenstein might have tried—to construct the perfect tennis player. This was the autumn of 1988. Here's what we came up with. First serve: Becker. Second serve: Edberg, McEnroe. Backhand: Edberg. Forehand: Lendl. Backhand volley: McEnroe, Edberg. Forehand volley: McEnroe. Return of serve: Connors. Mobility: Cash. Touch: McEnroe. Disguise: Mecir. Recently, and again with professional advice, I updated the Tennis Monster for 1993. First serve: Ivanisevic. Second serve: Stich. Backhand: Edberg. Forehand: Courier. Backhand volley: Edberg. Forehand volley: Becker. Return of serve: Agassi, Chang. Mobility: Chang. Touch: Stich. Disguise: Medvedev. As we were finishing up, and marvelling at the prowess of our creation, my Swedish friend said suddenly, "We forgot something. It should have Wilander's head." I didn't quite understand. "Wilander's head," he went on. "Wilander goes to night clubs, he stays up till four in the morning. He's just won three Grand Slams. And he's got no shots!"

The world of top-flight tennis these days, with its P.R. burnish, its sponsor marquees, and its courtesy cars (what good is a courtesy car in New York traffic?), exudes the settled, underlit glow of corporate philistinism. True, a devo-



"Your laughter, Kevin, is decidedly medicinal."

tion to the arts is not a striking feature of sports in general, but you notice this less in team games, like baseball, and less still in herd games, like football. Tennis is a game of individuals, and one in which artistic possibilities are everywhere apparent (as even the humblest hacker knows). Off-court intelligence is respected on the tour; what we might call "soul" is respected also. It is certainly considered a salute to high intellectual distinction when one player says of another, "He [or she] knows there are other things in life than tennis," or, even more reverently, "He [or she] knows there are more important things in life than tennis." Hence Becker's mystique as the philosopher-king of the sport; hence, too, his poor results. Becker is rather too amply aware that life has its non-tennis sections. Becker thinks, Becker broods; but this is no evidence, for example, that Becker reads. Once every couple of years on the circuit, reading gets a mention. As recently as 1991, we learned that Michael Stich liked thrillers. At the Open itself, it was rumored that one of the top women sought diversion, during a rain delay, with Sidney Sheldon's "The Other Side of Midnight." Andre Agassi lists his favorite author as "Don't have one, I never read books." Probably the only book that regularly gets passed around the locker room is the Bible. The ambient attitude was indirectly summed up at the Open by John McEnroe. During one of his night-match commentaries, he was confronted, on his monitor, by a swooningly numinous shot of the full moon. As one might say, "You see the camera gantry here," Johnny Mac said, simply, "You see the moon here," and got right back to business.

CHESS PIECE

It is well that war is so terrible, or we should
grow too fond of it.—*Robert E. Lee*

I wonder about chess—whether
it's not half the answer: *Im*plosion
instead of *Ex*plosion—an un-
manageable planet held
in total if brief eclipse
(by the backs of our heads) while
an Armageddon of pure mind
rages on a tea table. Consider
the evanescent kingdoms
of ivory and malachite,
how they triumph or topple; and how
lucid it is, this history, how
intact as to principle
with Homer and Holinshed,
the Chansons, the Book of Kings. . . .

(Looked coldly at from the moon,
our own globe would be garlanded
in every millennium
with borders ablaze, with lines of battle.)

I can imagine a life
pared to that essence: castles and crowns
and heraldic horses—a harmless Napoleon
or humane Machiavel, his hecatombs
rising up eight abreast again
threatening, in immaculate panoply,
and the end unpredictable: History
without horror . . . "Look" (he could say)
"we each get dominions,
an army in the field,
policy, principles of the wars,
honor in the balance. . . .
                                        God's
will be done; it is not dice
He plays with the world."

—Peter Kane Dufault

So it is nice to glimpse players who seem to have a big soul, as opposed to a big chest or a big temper. If Goran Prpic has the face (and the game, and the name) of a poet, and if Becker and Ivanisevic and Medvedev have the glittering eyes of thinkers and seekers, then Mats Wilander has the aquiline severity of the essayist. In his copious spare time, of course, Mats isn't an essayist. He's a guitarist (along with Mac and Pat Cash). But Mats is also a player who thought so hard about the game that he renounced it, three years after he came closer, far closer, to winning the full Grand Slam than anyone else since Laver. He took the Australian, the French, and the U.S. Open, and lost in the quarters at Wimbledon, to Miloslav Mecir. It was one of the greatest one-sided matches in the modern era: a three-set orgy of wrong-footing. The dominant image of that match shows Mecir stroking the ball into the corner while Wilander crosses the center of the baseline in the other direction—his run slowing and loosening, his face stretched back in bedraggled acknowledgment.

Mecir quit the game because of an incurable back injury. Wilander quit because he had almost done it all and could never come so close again. In his visit to the Open (part of a limited, local comeback), he wore down the clay-courter Jaime Oncins in the first round, played the match of the tournament in the second (a dynamic small-hours five-setter against Mikael Pernfors), and then met Cedric Pioline in the third. He lost 4–6, 4–6, 4–6. New to the tour, I asserted myself at the press conference (my ambition being to break into the tennis-journalist top fifty by the end of the year) and asked Wilander whether the game had had time to change in the four years he has been away. It had: more and more power. A few big shots, he said, and suddenly your serve is broken. "I don't remember feeling as helpless before as you can these days." Invited to elaborate on his reasons for early retirement, Wilander said that he felt he was playing on "for the wrong reasons." What are the right reasons? Nobody asked. Perhaps nobody knew. But something tells me that Pete Sampras has a good idea.

THE women have been getting equal money at the Open for longer than they've been getting it at any other Major. They get equal pay, but they don't get equal space; and their column inches, I suspect, will continue to shrink. A few years ago, it was possible to argue that the women's game was as interesting as the men's (in the women's game there is *time* for artistry). No longer. That poor idiot in Hamburg who stabbed Monica Seles in the back has also, it turns out, eviscerated her sport. The madman's proud dream has been realized: Steffi Graf is back at the top. But at the top of what? The men's tournament here had been a chaos of surprises. With the women, all we had was a trickle of torpid speculation about whom Steffi would thrash in the final. The answer was Helena Sukova, 6–3, 6–3.

With the women, the contest often seems more abstract and internal, more monologue than dialogue. Some rivet the attention: Navratilova's struggle against mortality and time, for example, and Sabatini's struggle against Sabatini. Martina presents you with an enclosed drama, and you strenuously empathize as she leaps and expletes and (as in her loss to Sukova) weeps—in protest at what gravity is doing to her reflexes, her speed, her self-belief. There is only one Martina Navratilova. But there are two Gabriela Sabatinis; and they play against each other, on the near side of the net. Her only Slam was the Open, in 1990; she won it by serving and volleying. Now she has let her serve deteriorate to the point where *nobody* could expect her to follow it to the net. In the third round, she faced an opponent called Ginger, with an umpire called Bunny (under the auspices of a U.S.T.A. president called Bumpy): surely, against all this, Sabatini could summon some Latin fire. She beat Ginger Helgeson in three, and then beat the apologetic newcomer Lindsay Davenport in three, and then lost in three to Steffi Graf. Gabriela used to be seeded to meet Steffi in the final, having bagelled her way through the draw. Now she meets her in the quarters, having struggled all the way. Her body language used to say, across the court: "Never mind my pretty face. Check out these shoulders." Now it says: "Go on. Raise your game. Play the match of your life against me."

The eeriest encounter of the tournament came in the fourth round, where Graf met Mary Pierce, the girl who is under physical threat from her own father—Jim Pierce, that vividly frightening loose cannon. Their match, when it was done, looked entirely routine on paper: 6–1, 6–0, in forty-odd minutes. But it wasn't like that. Mary Pierce came out onto the Stadium Court, under livid lights, with the air of a Brontë heroine: hunted and haunted, also proud, also theatrical. She then attempted to blast Graf off the court—no patience, no finesse, just pure power from the baseline. It was like engaging Mike Tyson in debate and deciding, very early, to dispense with these fine words and ask him out into the alley. In the twinkling of an eye, Pierce was in post-match mode: giving a press conference. She said she was stunned. And she looked it. She had lost her match, but she had also lost her head. In this swirl of anxiety and exposure, she was being asked to think about *tennis*? Graf, who has had dad trouble of her own, displayed the pitilessness of the champion. There is something resembling contempt, or triumphalism, in the dispatch with which Steffi will finish a point: her swivel, her erect stride, the unvarying angle of her gaze. But this is what her concentration looks like, when it's on. It is just a frictionless desire to hit the next tennis ball.

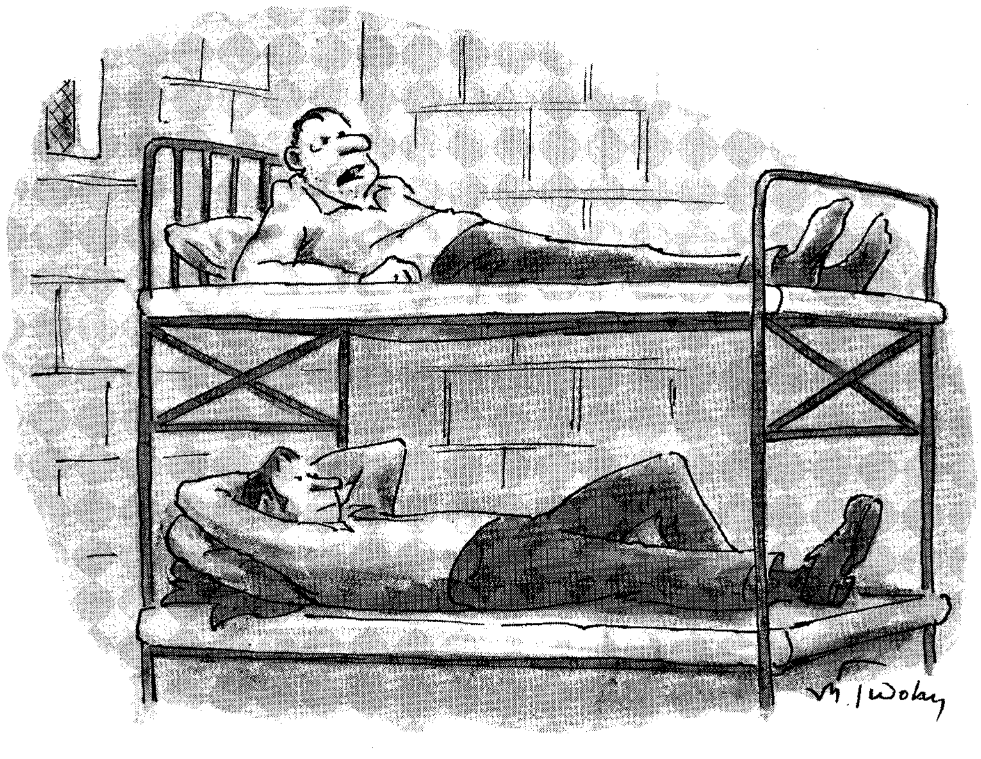
Mary Pierce had her own bodyguard, but security has been beefed up everywhere since Hamburg. It never felt necessary at the Open, where the line judges already remind you of the prison guards in "Cool Hand Luke," and even the keeper of the net cord wears a helmet lent to him by Darth Vader. Nonetheless, at changeovers two security men step onto the court and stand there, arms folded, staring at the crowd. That's what security people are really good at: staring. They stare week in, week out. Of course, all this world-class staring may deter the odd copycat, but it won't bring Monica back. Now she is fading like a ghost from the rankings. Without her the women labor through an atmosphere of unreality and fraudulence. And nobody is to blame except the man with the knife.

ALTHOUGH the emotional layout would seem to make for few comparisons, one keeps searching for symmetries between the men's game and the women's. As I watched Patrick McEnroe losing to the sprinting, pummelling, and whorfing of Thomas Muster, I glimpsed Mrs. McEnroe in the courtside seats. She is Patrick's mother, but she isn't his coach. You certainly couldn't imagine this smart and saintly soul coming on like Jim Pierce—slapping Patrick around in the parking lot, say, and calling Muster a scumbag and a piece of shit. It is interesting to recall that Jimmy Connors, of all people, used to depend on maternal inspiration: there was that letter from his grandmother which he ridiculously carried around with him. (What *did* it say? That you could do anything if you really wanted it bad enough?) All the women know, or have known, the dangers of familial intensity. But the only man on the tour who can lay a similar claim is Michael Chang.

Chang is the most exciting player alive. This definitely shouldn't be the case, because Chang's game is based on containment and retrieval. Most players caught with their noses over the net will run back for a defensive lob or an underspun lob. None except Chang will run back for a topspin lob (where the ball bites into the surface and accelerates off the bounce). Chang will run back for a *passing shot*. He really seems to believe that he can outspeed a well-struck tennis ball. At Wimbledon this year, I saw Chang cleanly lobbed by David Wheaton. Anyone else would have said, or whispered, "Yup." Chang leaped to the height of the umpire for the smash, missed, landed, turned, and started chasing. He didn't chase far. He stopped and laughed at his own ardor. Hit into the open court and Chang will run it down. Wrong-foot him and Chang will readjust like a bumper car. As for the drop shot, Bernd Karbacher tried a drop shot on Chang during their third-round match, inadequately reasoning that Chang was at the far corner of the stadium and wouldn't get there in time. Chang was there to greet the ball as it bounced. After some relaxed consideration, he produced a drop shot. Karbacher never moved. Chang won the French at the age of seventeen. Remember? He outlasted Lendl (he cramped, he moonballed, he served underhand), and then he beat Edberg, 6–2 in the fifth. He has not reached a Major final since. It has been argued that for various Sinocultural reasons (ancestor worship, no outside advice, etc.) Chang has stopped growing as a player. The simpler truth may be that he has stopped growing as a man. If it were illegal for anyone over five feet eight to play tennis, then Chang would have an embarrassment of Slams. He wouldn't be No. 1. He would be Nos. 1 through 10.

For the first two sets of his quarterfinal against Sampras, Chang gave the impression, as usual, that he was tired of being cooped up in a tennis court and wanted to go for a refreshing sprint around the five boroughs. The first set went to the tiebreaker, which Chang won 7–0. The second set went there, too, and Chang lost 2–7. Then something happened. After Sampras broke for a 2–1 lead in the third, Chang got just one more game: 7–6, 6–7, 1–6, 1–6. The next day, in the tennis community, all was baffled aftershock. There have been displays—by Becker, by Courier—that have everyone staggering around and murmuring the word "awesome." But this was different, as if we had witnessed some radical innovation—a new kind of shot, a new kind of racquet. "It's the best couple of sets I've ever seen anyone play," said Tim Gullikson. "This was a guy doing it all," said Tom Gorman. "I tell him, 'Best I see,' " said Nastase. Chang himself put it most memorably and feelingly when he said of the last two sets that there were "no plays on the ball." Sampras said, "I almost couldn't believe the zone I was in." Of course he couldn't believe it. He had entered that realm between shadow and substance: the twilight zone. Now Sampras only had to get past the nonbending, nonswivelling Alexander Volkov and he was World No. 1 again, and into the final to face the mysterious Pioline.

If Cedric Pioline ever strayed into the pages of "Lolita" and dared to give Dolores Haze some practical help with her tennis game, then Humbert Humbert would undoubtedly describe him as "repulsively handsome." His mug shot cries out for an imaginary biography: "Having spent his early years as a slot-machine mechanic in Paris's notorious 'Pigalle' district, Cedric moved south, working as an astrologer in Cannes and Saint-Tropez. He now lives with a mature ladyfriend in Cap d'Antibes." In his press conferences, Pioline turned out to be a likable introvert; he has advanced without the help of the French tennis establishment, he uses a fifty-dollar magnesium racquet, and he has a young child and an "almost wife." Out on the court, it's not easy to see what he's got that makes him so penetrating—that made Courier retreat so far beyond the baseline. He sticks his chest out, à la Leconte, and jerks his head up on the backhand, and this looks to be his best shot until you realize that it is simply the showiest. In fact, everything is firm, including his nerve, and he tortures you with depth. What we glimpse in Pioline we already see in Sampras—and it looks like the future. A great serve-and-volleyer with tremendous groundstrokes? Or a great baseliner with a tremendous serve and volley? Imagine a backcourt Courier who as he crosses the service line abruptly metamorphoses into Stefan Edberg. It's a terrifying thought, particularly for the specialists.



"The 'Post' did an unflattering piece on me."

As the slayer of Courier—and Wilander and Medvedev—Pioline was the right man to dispute the final, even though he couldn't quite make a match of it. He has never won a tournament, and you don't start out on that road at the U.S. Open. So the day was spent adjusting the fit of Sweet Pete's robes and crown. As I silently predicted after Wimbledon, Sampras has even had his tongue fixed. Remember the way it used to loll out after every point, in that childish, willful-forgetful reflex? Well, the tongue people have been called in, and the tongue problem is a problem no longer. But that's the least of it. In our Indenti-kit of the Complete Player, Sampras may already be No. 1 in the first three categories, and he is close to No. 2 in all the others. Also, he isn't far from having Wilander's head. He is doing it "for the right reasons." Which are? Sampras doesn't care, much, about being World No. 1. He doesn't care, much, about winning at Schenectady. He likes the ones that last two weeks and are contested over five sets. He is moved by winning Grand Slams. It's clear what he wants. The historian and psychologist (and tennis player) Robert Jay Lifton has shown, over a lifetime of inquiry, that this desire powers most human action, good and bad. Sampras wants what we all want. He wants immortality. ♦

FICTION

VANDALS

BY ALICE MUNRO

I

"LIZA, my dear, I have never written you yet to thank you for going out to our house (poor old Dismal, I guess it really deserves the name now) in the teeth or anyway the aftermath of the storm last February and for letting me know what you found there. Thank your husband, too, for taking you there on his snowmobile, also if as I suspect he was the one to board up the broken window to keep out the savage beasts etc. Lay not up treasure on earth where moth and dust not to mention teen-agers doth corrupt. I hear you are a Christian now, Liza, what a splendid thing to be! Are you born again? I always liked the sound of that!

"Oh, Liza, I know it's boring of me but I still think of you and poor little Kenny as pretty sunburned children slipping out from behind the trees to startle me and leaping and diving in the pond.

"Ladner had not the least premonition of death on the night before his operation—or maybe it was the night before that, whenever I phoned you. It is not very often nowadays that people die during a simple bypass and also he really did not think about being mortal. He was just worried about things like whether he had turned the water off. He was obsessed more and more by that sort of detail. The one way his age showed. Though I suppose it is not such a detail if you consider the pipes bursting, that would be a calamity. But a calamity occurred anyway. I have been out there just once to look at it and the odd thing was it just looked natural to me. On top of Ladner's death, it seemed almost the right way for things to be. What would seem unnatural would be to get to work and clean it up though I suppose I shall have to do that, or hire somebody. I am tempted just to light a match and let everything go up in smoke, but I imagine that if I did that I would find myself locked up.

"I wish in a way that I had had Ladner cremated but I didn't think of it. I just put him here in the Doud plot to surprise my father and my stepmother. But now I must tell you, the other night I had a dream! I dreamed that I was around behind the Canadian Tire store and they had the big plastic tent up as they do when they are selling seedlings in the spring. I went and opened up the trunk of my car, just as if I were getting my annual load of salvia or impatiens. Other people were waiting as well and men in green aprons were going back and forth from the tent. A woman said to me, "Seven years sure goes by in a hurry!" She seemed to know me but I didn't know her and I thought, why is this always happening? Is it because I did a little schoolteaching? Is it because I'm a Doud? Is it because of what you might politely call the conduct of my life?

"Then the significance of the seven years struck me and I knew what I was doing there and what the other people were doing there. They had come for the bones. I had come for Ladner's bones, in the dream it was seven years since he had been buried. But I thought, Isn't this what they do in Greece or somewhere, why are we doing it here? I said to some people, Are the graveyards getting overcrowded? What have we taken up this custom for? Is it pagan or Christian or what? The people I spoke to looked rather sullen and offended and I thought, What have I done now, I've lived around here all my life but I can still get this look, is it the word 'pagan'? Then one of the men handed me a plastic bag and I took it gratefully and held it, thinking of Ladner's strong leg bones and wide shoulder bones and intelligent skull all washed and polished by some bath-and-brush apparatus no doubt concealed in the plastic tent. This seemed to have something to do with my feelings for him and his for me being purified but the idea was more interesting and subtle than that. I was so happy though to receive my load and other people were happy too. In fact some of them became quite jolly and were tossing their plastic bags in the air. Some of the bags were bright blue, but most were green, and mine was one of the regular green ones.

" 'Oh,' someone said to me. 'Did you get the little girl?'

"I understood what was meant. The little girl's bones. I saw that my bag was really quite small and light, to contain Ladner. I mean Ladner's bones. What little girl? I thought, but I was already getting confused about everything and had a suspicion that I might be dreaming. It came into my mind, Do they mean the little boy? Just as I woke up I was thinking of Kenny and wondering, Was it seven years since the accident? (I hope it doesn't hurt you Liza that I mention this—also I know that Kenny was no longer little when the accident happened.) I woke up and thought that I must ask Ladner about this. I always know even before I am awake that Ladner's body is not beside me and that the sense of him I have, of his weight and skin and smell, is a memory. But I still have the feeling—when I wake—that he is in the next room and I can call him and tell him my dream or whatever. Then I have to realize that isn't so, every morning, and I feel a chill. I feel a shrinking. Just to be here in my old house where I haven't lived in fourteen years, to be alone in my old or pre-Ladner life. A common experience I'm having. But at the moment I'm not having it, just describing it, and in fact I am rather happy sitting here with my bottle of red wine."

This was a letter Bea Doud never sent and in fact never finished. In her big, neglected house in Carstairs, she had entered a period of musing and drinking, of what looked to everybody else like a slow decline, but to her seemed, after all, sadly pleasurable, like a convalescence.

BEA DOUD had met Ladner when she was out for a Sunday drive in the country with Peter Parr. Peter Parr was a science teacher, also the principal of the Carstairs High School, where Bea had for a while done some substitute teaching. She did not have a teacher's certificate but she had an M.A. in English, and things were more lax in those days. Also, she would be called upon to help with school excursions, herding a class to the Royal Ontario Museum or to Stratford for their annual dose of Shakespeare. Once she became interested in Peter Parr, she tried to keep clear of such involvements. She wished things to be seemly, for his sake. Peter Parr's wife was in a nursing home—she had multiple sclerosis and he visited her faithfully. Everyone thought he was an admirable man, and most understood his need to have a steady girlfriend (a word Bea said she found appalling), but some perhaps thought that his choice was a pity. Bea had had what she herself referred to as a checkered career. But she settled down with Peter—his decency and good faith and good humor had brought her into an orderly life, and she thought that she enjoyed it.

When Bea spoke of having had a checkered career, she was taking a sarcastic or disparaging tone that did not reflect what she really felt about her life of love affairs. That life had started when she was married. Her husband was an English airman stationed near Walley during the Second World War. After the war she went to England with him, but they were soon divorced. She came home and did various things, such as keeping house for her stepmother, and getting her M.A. But love affairs were the main content of her life, and she knew that she was not being honest when she belittled them. They were sweet, they were sour; she was happy in them, she was miserable. But she did not think that her time was being wasted. She did not think that it had been wasted.

She did think, she did admit, that she was vain. She liked tributes and attention. It irked her, for instance, that when Peter Parr took her for a drive in the country he never did it for the sake of her company alone. He was a well-liked man and he liked many people, even people whom he had just met. He and Bea would always end up dropping in on somebody or talking for an hour with a former student who was now working at a gas station or they would join an expedition which had been hatched up with some people they had run into when they stopped at a country store for ice-cream cones. She had fallen in love with him because of his sad situation and his air of gallantry and loneliness and his shy, delicate, thin-lipped smile, but in fact he was the sort of person who could not pass a family volleyball game in somebody's front yard without wanting to leap out of the car and get into the action.

On a Sunday afternoon in May, a dazzling, freshly green day, he said to her that he wanted to drop in for a few minutes on a man named Ladner. (With Peter Parr, it was always a few minutes.) Bea thought that he had already met this man somewhere, since he called him by a single name and seemed to know a great deal about him. He said that Ladner had come out here from England soon after the war, that he had served in the Royal Air Force (yes, like her husband!), had been shot down, and had received burns all down one side of his body. So he had decided to live like a hermit, he had turned his back on corrupt and warring and competitive society, he had bought up four hundred acres of unproductive land, mostly swamp and bush, in the northern part of the county, in Stratton Township, and had created there a remarkable sort of nature preserve, with bridges and trails and streams dammed up to make ponds, and exhibits along the trails of lifelike birds and animals. For he made his living as a taxidermist, working mostly for museums. He did not charge people anything for walking along his trails and looking at the exhibits. He was a man who had been wounded and disillusioned in the worst way and had withdrawn from the world yet gave all he could back to it, in his attention to nature.

Much of this was untrue or only partly true, as Bea discovered. Ladner was not at all a pacifist—he supported the Vietnam War and believed that nuclear weapons were a deterrent. He favored a competitive society. He had been burned only on the side of his face and neck, and that was from an exploding shell during the ground fighting (he was in the Army) near Caen. He had not left England immediately but had worked for years there, in a museum, until something happened—Bea never knew what—that soured him on the job and the country. It was true about the property and what he had done with it. It was true that he was a taxidermist.

They had some trouble finding Ladner's house. It was just a basic A-frame in those days, hidden by the trees. They found the driveway at last and parked there and got out of the car. Bea was expecting to be introduced and taken on a tour and considerably bored for an hour or two, and perhaps to have to sit around drinking beer or tea while Peter Parr consolidated a friendship.

Ladner came around the house and confronted them. It was Bea's impression that he had a fierce dog with him. But this was not the case; Ladner did not own a dog. He was his own fierce dog.

Ladner's first words to them were, "What do you want?"

Peter Parr said that he would come straight to the point. "I've heard so much about the wonderful place you've made here," he said. "And I'll tell you right off the bat, I am an educator. I educate high-school kids, or try to. I try to give them a few ideas that will keep them from mucking up the world or blowing it up altogether when their time comes. All around them what do they see but horrible examples? Hardly one thing that is positive. And that's where I'm bold enough to approach you, sir. That's what I've come here to ask you to consider."

Field trips. Selected students. See the difference one individual can make. Respect for nature, coöperation with the environment, opportunity to see at first hand.

"Well, I am not an educator," said Ladner. "I do not give a fuck about your teen-agers, and the last thing I want is a bunch of louts shambling around my property smoking cigarettes and leering like half-wits. I don't know where you got the impression that what I've done here I've done as a public service, because that is something in which I have zero interest. Sometimes I let people go through, but they're the people I decide on."

"Well, I wonder just about us," said Peter Parr. "Just us, today—would you let us have a look?"

"Out of bounds today," said Ladner. "I'm working on the trail."

Back in the car, heading down the gravel road, Peter Parr said to Bea, "Well, I think that's broken the ice, don't you?"

This was not a joke. He did not make that sort of joke. Bea said something vaguely encouraging. But she realized—or had realized some minutes before, in Ladner's driveway—that she was on the wrong track with Peter Parr. She didn't want any more of his geniality, his good intentions, his puzzling and striving. All the things that had appealed to her and comforted her about him were more or less dust and ashes. Now that she had seen him with Ladner.

She could have told herself otherwise, of course. But such was not her nature. Even after her years of good behavior, it was not her nature.

She had a couple of friends then, to whom she wrote and actually sent letters that tried to investigate and explain this turn in her life. "I would hate to think I've gone after Ladner because he was rude and testy and slightly savage," she wrote, "with the splotch on the side of his face that shone like silver in the sunlight coming through the trees. I would hate to think so, because isn't that the way in all the dreary romances—some brute gets the heroine tingling and it's goodbye to Mr. Fine-and-Decent."

No, she wrote, but what she did think—and she knew that this was very regressive and bad form—what she did think was that some women, women like herself, were on the lookout always for an insanity that could contain them. For what was living with a man if it wasn't living inside his insanity? Even if it was only some very ordinary insanity such as his devotion to a ball team? His version of the world equals his insanity. In Peter Parr's case, too—his kindness and goodness and hopefulness were surely extreme, when you thought about it. But in the end that proved to be not a suitable insanity for Bea.

Ladner must have offered her something right away that she could live inside. And she didn't mean by this just that she would be able to accept the importance of the habits of porcupines and the necessity of writing fierce, feuding letters on such subjects to journals that she had never before heard of. She meant also that she knew she would be able to live surrounded by implacability, by ready doses of indifference or possibly scorn.

So she wrote blithely enough, within her first year.

Several other women had thought the same thing. She found traces of them—a b[illegible] (size 26), a jar of cocoa butter, combs for the hair. He hadn't let any of them stay. "Why me and not them?" Bea asked him.

"None of them had any money," Ladner said.

A joke. Some time later she wrote to one of her friends, "I am slit top to bottom with jokes."

But driving out to Ladner's place, during the school week, a few days after she had first met, in fact first seen, him, what was her state? Lust and terror. She felt sorry for herself, in her fine silk underwear. Her teeth chattered. She felt sorry for the victim of such wants. Which she had felt before—she would not pretend she hadn't, this was not yet so different from what she had felt before.

She found the place easily. She must have memorized the route well. She had thought up a story: She was lost. She was looking for a place up here that sold nursery shrubs. That would suit the time of year. But Ladner was out in front of his trees working on the road culvert, and he greeted her in such a matter-of-fact way, without surprise or displeasure, that it was not necessary to trot out this excuse.

"Just hang on until I get this job done," he said. "It'll take me about ten minutes."

For Bea there was nothing like this—nothing like watching a man work at some hard job, when he is forgetful of you and works well, in a way that is tidy and rhythmical, nothing like it to heat the blood. There was no waste about Ladner, no extra size or unnecessary energy and certainly no elaborate conversation. His hair was cut very short, in the style of his youth—the top of his head shone silver like the metallic-looking patch of skin.

Bea said that she agreed with him about the students: "I've done some substitute teaching and taken them on treks. There have been times when I felt like setting Dobermans on them and driving them into a cesspit."

"I hope you don't think I'm here to persuade you of anything," she added. "Nobody knows I'm here."

"I expect you'd like a tour," said Ladner. "I expect you'd like to take a tour of the place yourself."

That was what he said and that was what he meant and that was what Bea got—a complete tour. She was wearing the wrong shoes—at that time in her life she did not own any shoes that would have been right. He did not slow down for her or help her in any way to cross a creek or climb a bank. He never held out a hand or suggested that they might sit and rest on any appropriate log or rock or slope.

He led her first across the mushy swamp on the boardwalk, and up to the lookout to watch the Canada geese on the pond, and a pair of swans, whose angry squawks and beady eyes had nothing to do with the serenity of their bodies.

Not far from these live birds was a glass-fronted case containing a stuffed golden eagle with its wings spread, a gray owl, and a snow owl. The case was an old

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gutted freezer, with a window set into its side and a camouflage of gray and green swirls of paint.

"Ingenious," said Bea.

Ladner said, "I use what I can get."

He showed her the beaver meadow, the pointed stumps of the trees the beavers had chewed down, their heaped, untidy constructions, the two beavers in their case. Also in cases, along the trail, she saw a red fox, a golden mink, a white ferret, a dainty family of skunks, a porcupine, and a fisher, which Ladner told her was intrepid enough to kill porcupines. Raccoons clinging to a tree trunk, a wolf poised to howl, and a black bear. (Only a small one, said Ladner.) Many other birds as well—a wild turkey, a pair of ruffed grouse, a pheasant with a bright-red ring around its eye. All in their separate cases—freezers, refrigerators, and some that Ladner had made himself, set separately among the trees. The trees themselves were often labelled—the signs telling their names, their range of habitat, potential size. Tight, accurate, complicated information. Other signs presented quotations.

Nature does nothing uselessly.

—Aristotle.

Nature never deceives us; it is always we who deceive ourselves.

—Rousseau.

When Bea stopped to read these, it seemed to her that Ladner was impatient, that he scowled a little. She made no comment on them.

In the orchard, which had gone wild, he directed her to look for morels. He himself found five, which he did not offer to share. She confused them with last year's half-dried brown apples. They checked the watercress in the creek, but it was not ready yet.

He took her up a steep hill covered with blooming hawthorn trees. "Fox Hill," he told her. "My kids call it Fox Hill because there's a fox's den up here."

"You have children?" said Bea.

He laughed. "Not to my knowledge. I mean the kids from across the road. Mind the branches, they have thorns."

By this time lust was lost to her altogether, though the smell of the hawthorn blossoms seemed to her an intimate one, musty or yeasty. She had long since stopped fixing her eyes on a spot between his shoulder blades and willing him to turn around and embrace her. It occurred to her that this tour, so strenuous physically and mentally, might be a joke on her, a punishment for being, after all, such a tiresome vamp and fraud. So she roused her pride and acted as if it were exactly what she had come for. She questioned, she took an interest, she showed no fatigue. As later on—but not on this day—she would learn to match him, with some of the same pride, in the hard-hearted energy of sex.

She did not expect him to ask her into the house. But he said, "Would you like a cup of tea? I can make you a cup of tea," and they went inside. A smell of hides greeted her, of Borax soap, wood shavings, turpentine. Skins lay in piles, folded flesh-side out. Heads of animals, with empty eyeholes and mouth holes, were set on stands. What she thought at first was the skinned body of a deer turned out to be only a wire armature with bundles of what looked like glued straw tied onto it. He told her the body would be built up with papier-mâché. To her relief, there were no further lessons.

There were books in his house—a small section of books on taxidermy, the others mostly in sets. The History of the Second World War. The History of Science. The History of Philosophy. The History of Civilization. The Peninsular War. The Peloponnesian War. The French and Indian War. Bea thought of his long evenings in the winter—his orderly solitude, his systematic reading and barren contentment.

He seemed a little nervous, getting the tea. He checked the cups for dust. He forgot that he had already taken the milk out of the refrigerator, and he forgot that she had already said she did not take sugar. When she tasted the tea, he watched her, asked her if it was all right. Was it too strong, would she like a little hot water? Bea reassured him, and thanked him for the tour and mentioned things about it that she had particularly appreciated. Here is this man, she was thinking, not so strange a man after all, nothing so very mysterious about him, maybe nothing even so very interesting. The Ice Age. The layers of information. The French and Indian War.

She asked for a bit more milk in her tea. She wanted to drink it down faster and be on her way.

He said that she must drop in again if she was ever out in this part of the country with nothing particular to do. "And feel the need of a little exercise," he said. "There is always something to see, whatever the time of year." He spoke of the winter birds and the tracks on the snow and asked if she had skis. She saw that he did not want her to go. They stood in the open doorway and he told her about skiing in Norway, about the tramcars with ski racks on top of them and the mountains at the edge of town.

She said that she had never been to Norway but she was sure she would like it.

SHE looked back on this moment as their real beginning. It was dull and uneasy and shaded by something like pity for each other. She asked him later if he had felt anything important at the time, and he said yes—he had realized that she was a person he could live with. She asked him if he couldn't say *wanted* to live with, and he said yes, he could say that. He could say it, but he didn't.

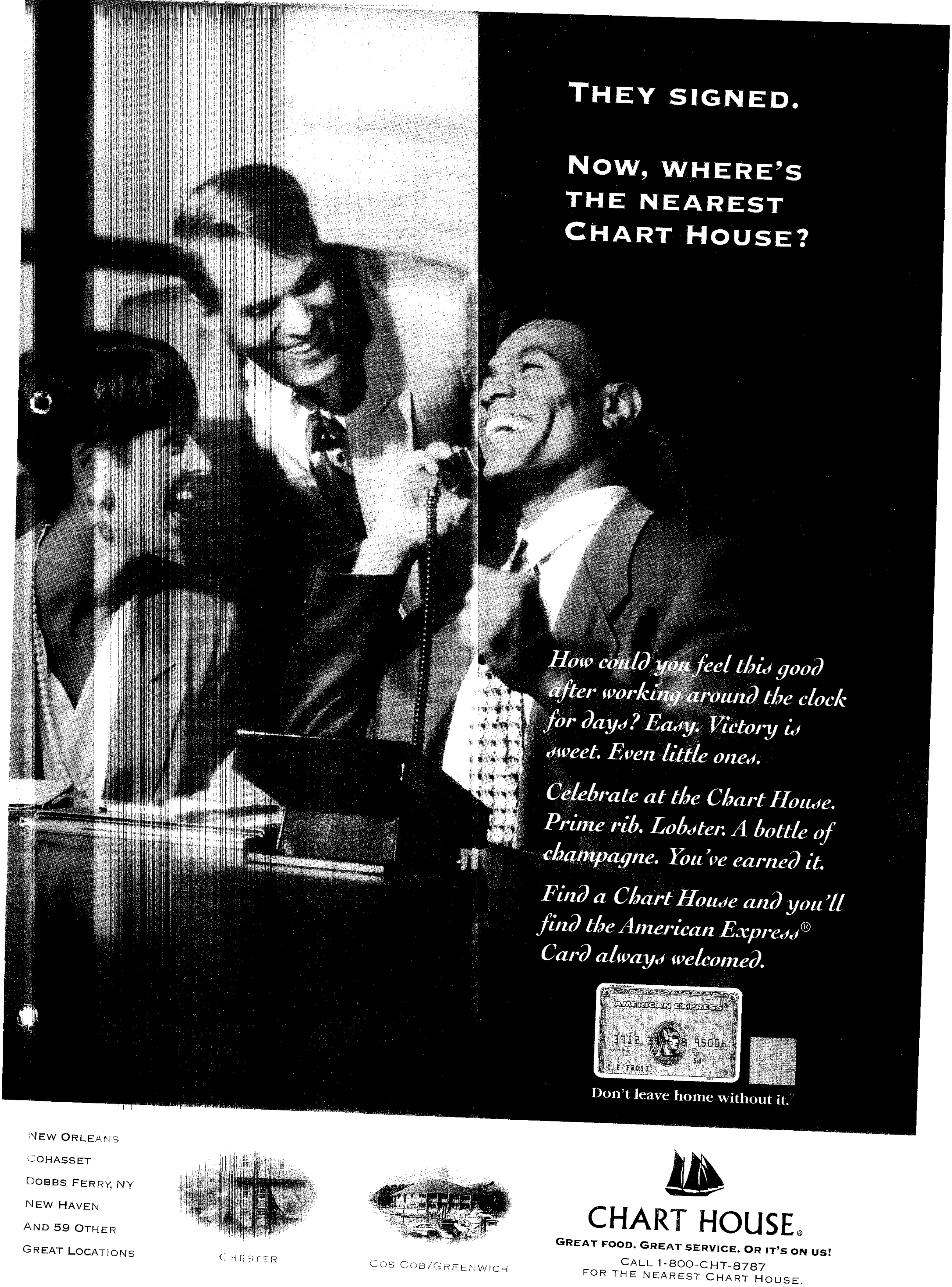
She had many jobs to learn which had to do with the upkeep of this place and also with the art and skill of taxidermy. (She would learn, for instance, how to color lips and eyelids and the ends of noses with a clever mixture of oil paint and linseed and turpentine.) Other things she had to learn concerned what he would say and wouldn't say. She had a hard time of that, because it meant unlearning the kind of love she had been used to until then. She had to be cured of all that froth and vanity and learn to breathe at a harsh altitude.

By the time this was accomplished—if it ever was fully accomplished—she had stopped writing to her friends. But she resumed this habit, at least in her head, after Ladner had died.

And when I was cured he was able to love me. I believe so. The night before the operation, we lay on our backs and kept touching any available skin.

II

LIZA told Warren that a woman named Bea Doud had phoned from Toronto and asked if they—that is, Warren and Liza—could go out and check on the house in the country, where Bea and her husband lived. They wanted to make sure that the water had been turned off. Bea and Ladner (not actually her husband, said Liza) were in Toronto waiting for Ladner to have an operation. A heart bypass. "Because the pipes might



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burst," said Liza. This was on a Sunday night in February during the worst of that winter's storms.

"You know who they are," said Liza. "Yes, you do. Remember that couple I introduced you to? One day last fall on the square outside of Radio Shack? He had a scar on his cheek and she had long hair, half black and half gray. I told you he was a taxidermist, and you said 'What's that?' "

Now Warren remembered. An old or older couple in backcountry clothes, flannel shirts and baggy pants. His scar and English accent, her weird hair and rush of friendliness.

A taxidermist stuffs dead animals. That is, animal skins. Also dead birds and fish.

He had asked Liza, "What happened to the guy's face?" and she had said, "W.W. Two."

"I know where the key is—that's why she called me," Liza said. "This is up in Stratton Township. Where I used to live?"

"Did they go to your same church or something?" Warren said.

"Bea and *Ladner*? Let's not be funny. They just lived across the road."

After a moment she said, "It was her who gave me some money to go to college. Just out of the blue, she phones me up and says that's what she's going to do. So I thought, She's got lots."

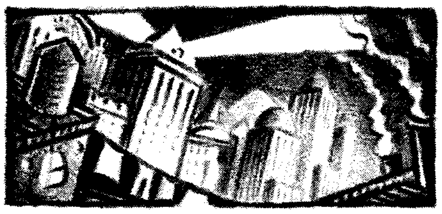
When she was little, Liza had lived in Stratton Township with her father and her brother Kenny, on a farm. Her father wasn't a farmer. He just rented the house. He worked as a roofer. Her mother was already dead. By the time Liza was ready for high school—Kenny was a year younger and two grades behind her—her father had moved them to Carstairs. He met a woman there who owned a trailer home, and later on he married her. Later still, he moved with her to Chatham. Liza wasn't sure where they were now—Chatham or Wallaceburg or Sarnia. By the time they moved, Kenny was dead—he had been killed when he was fifteen, in one of the big teen-age car crashes that seemed to happen every spring, involving drunk, often unlicensed drivers, temporarily stolen cars, fresh gravel on the country roads, crazy speeds. Liza finished high school and went to college in Guelph for one year. She didn't like college, didn't like the people there. By that time she had become a Christian.

That was how Warren met her. His family belonged to the Fellowship of the Saviour Bible Chapel, in Walley. He had been going to the Bible Chapel all his life. Liza started going there after she moved to Walley and got a job in the government liquor store. She still worked there, though she worried about it and sometimes thought that she should quit. She never drank alcohol now. She thought she should quit, but they needed the money. The small-engines shop where Warren used to work had closed down and he was retraining so that he could sell computers. They had been married a year.

In the morning, the weather was clear, and they set off on the snowmobile shortly before noon. Monday was Liza's day off. The plows were working on the highway, but the back roads were still buried in snow. Snowmobiles had been roaring through the town streets since before dawn and had left their tracks across the inland fields and on the frozen river.

Liza told Warren to follow the river track as far as Highway 86, then head northeast across the fields so as to half-circle the swamp. All over the river there were animal tracks in straight lines and loops and circles. The only ones that Warren knew for sure were dog tracks. The river with its three feet of ice and level covering of snow made a wonderful road. The storm had come from the west, as storms usually did in that country, and the trees along the eastern bank were all plastered with snow, clotted with it, their branches spread out like wicker snow baskets. On the western bank drifts curled like waves stopped, like huge lappings of cream. It was exciting to be out in this with all the other snowmobiles carving the trails and assaulting the day with such roars and swirls of noise.

The swamp was black from a distance, a long smudge on the northern horizon. But close up it, too, was choked with snow. Black trunks against the snow flashed by in a repetition that was faintly sickening. Liza directed Warren with light blows of her hand on his leg to a back road full as a bed and finally hit him hard to stop him. The change of noise for silence and speed for stillness made it seem as if they had dropped out of streaming clouds into something solid. They were stuck in the solid middle of the winter day.



On one side of the road was a broken-down barn with old gray hay bulging out of it. "Where we used to live," said Liza. "No, I'm kidding. Actually, there was a house. It's gone now."

On the other side of the road was a sign, "Lesser Dismal," with trees behind it, and an extended A-frame house painted a light gray.

Liza said that there was a swamp somewhere in the United States called Great Dismal Swamp, and that was what the name referred to. A joke.

"I never heard of it," said Warren.

Other signs said No Trespassing, No Hunting, No Snowmobiling. Keep Out.

The key to the back door was in an odd place. It was in a plastic bag inside a hole in a tree. There were several old, bent trees, fruit trees, probably, close to the back steps. The hole in the tree had tar around it—Liza said that was to keep out squirrels. There was tar around other holes in other trees, so the hole for the key didn't in any way stand out. How did you find it, then? Liza showed Warren a profile—easy to see, when you looked closely—emphasized by a knife following cracks in the bark. A long nose, a down-slanting eye and mouth, and a big drop—that was the tarred hole—right at the end of the nose.

"Very funny," said Liza, stuffing the plastic bag in her pocket and turning the key in the back door. "Don't stand there," she said. "Come on in. Jeepers, it's cold as the grave in here."

She was always very conscientious about changing the exclamation "Jesus" to "Jeepers" and "Hell" to "Help," as they were supposed to do in the Fellowship.

She went around twirling thermostats, to get the baseboard heating going.

Warren said, "We aren't going to hang around here, are we?"

"Hang around till we get warmed up," said Liza.

Warren was trying the kitchen taps. Nothing came out.

"Water's off," he said. "It's O.K."

Liza had gone into the front room.

"What?" she called. "What's O.K.?"

"The water. It's turned off."

"Oh, is it? Good."

Warren stopped in the front-room doorway.

"Shouldn't we ought to take our boots off?" he said. "Like, if we're going to walk around?"

"Why?" said Liza, stomping on the rug. "What's the matter with good clean snow?"

Warren was not a person who noticed much about a room and what was in it, but he did see that this room had some things that were usual and some that were not. It had rugs and chairs and a television and a sofa and books and a big desk. But it also had shelves of stuffed and mounted birds, some quite tiny and bright, and some large, the kinds that are suitable for shooting. Also a sleek brown animal—a weasel?—and a beaver, which he knew by its paddle tail.

Liza was opening the drawers of the desk and rummaging in the paper she found there. He thought that she must be looking for something the woman had told her to get. Then she started pulling the drawers all the way out and dumping them and their contents on the floor.

"Christ!" he said. (Because he had been in the Fellowship all his life, he was not nearly as careful as Liza about his language.) "Liza? What do you think you're doing?"

"Nothing that is remotely any of your business," said Liza. But she spoke cheerfully, even kindly. "Why don't you relax and watch TV or something."

She was picking up the mounted birds and animals and throwing them down one by one, adding them to the mess she was making on the floor.

"He uses balsa wood," she said. "Nice and light."

Warren did go and turn on the television. It was a black-and-white set, and most of its channels showed nothing but snow or ripples. The only thing he could get clear was a scene from the old series with the blond girl in the harem outfit—she was a genie—and the J. R. Ewing actor when he was so young he hadn't yet become J.R.

"Look at this," he said. "Like going back in time."

Liza didn't look. He sat down on a hassock with his back to her. He was like a grownup who thinks a child will stop if you refuse to watch. He turned the sound up loud.

Nevertheless, he could hear behind him the ripping of books and paper. Books were being scooped off the shelves, torn apart, tossed on the floor. He heard her go out to the kitchen and yank out drawers, slam cupboard doors, smash dishes. She came back to the front room after a while, and a white dust began to fill the air. She must have dumped out flour. She was coughing. Warren coughed, too, but he did not turn around. Soon he heard stuff being poured out of bottles—thin, splashing liquid and thick glug-glug-glugs. He could smell vinegar and maple syrup and whiskey. That was what she was pouring over the flour and the books and the rugs and the feathers and fur of the bird and animal bodies.

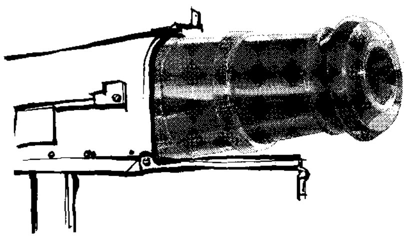
Something shattered against the stove. He bet it was the whiskey bottle.

"Bull's-eye!" said Liza.

Warren wouldn't turn.

Once, he and Liza had gone to a Christian rock concert and dance in St. Thomas. There was a lot of controversy about Christian rock in the Fellowship—about whether there could even be such a thing. Liza was bothered by this question. Warren wasn't. He had gone a few times to rock concerts and dances that didn't even call themselves Christian. But when they started to dance it was Liza who slid under, right away, and it was Liza who caught the eye—the vigilant, unhappy eye—of the Youth Leader, who was grinning and clapping uncertainly on the sidelines. Warren had never seen Liza dance, and the crazy, slithery spirit that possessed her amazed him. He felt proud rather than worried, but he knew that whatever he felt did not make the least difference. There was Liza, dancing, and the only thing he could do was wait it out, while she tore her way through the music, supplicated and curled around it, kicked loose, and blinded herself to everything around her.

That's what she's got in her, he felt like saying to them all. He thought that he had known it. He had known something the first time he had seen her at the Fellowship. It was summer, and she was wearing the little straw hat and the dress with sleeves that all the Fellowship girls had to wear, but her skin was too golden and her body too slim for a Fellowship girl's. Not that she looked like a girl in a magazine, a model or a showoff. Not Liza, with her high, rounded forehead and deep-set brown eyes, her expression that was both childish and fierce. She looked unique, and she was. She was a girl who wouldn't say "Jesus!" but would, in moments of downright contentment



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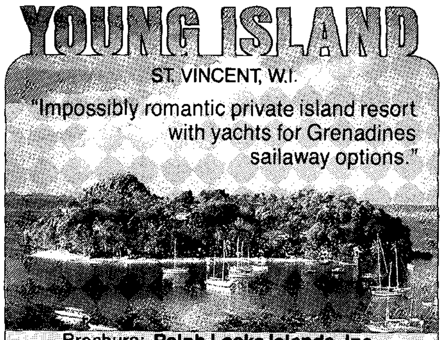

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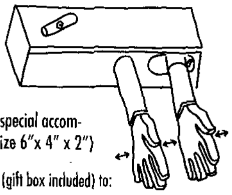

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and meditative laziness, say, "Well, *fuck!*"

She said she had been wild before becoming a Christian. "Even when I was a kid," she said.

"Wild in what way?" he had asked her. "Like, with guys?"

She gave him a look, as if to say, Don't be dumb.

Warren felt a trickle now, down one side of his scalp. She had sneaked up behind him. He put a hand to his head and it came away green and sticky and smelling of peppermint.

"Have a sip," she said, handing him a bottle. He took a gulp, and the strong mint drink nearly strangled him. Liza took back the bottle and threw it against the big front window. It didn't go through the window, but it cracked the glass. The bottle hadn't broken—it fell to the floor, and a pool of beautiful liquid streamed out from it. Dark-green blood. The window glass had filled with thousands of radiating cracks, and turned as white as a halo. Warren was standing up, gasping from the liquor. Waves of heat were rising through his body. Liza stepped delicately among the torn, spattered books and broken glass, the smeared, stomped birds, the pools of whisky and maple syrup and the sticks of charred wood dragged from the stove to make black tracks on the rugs, the ashes and gummed flour and feathers. She stepped delicately, even in her snowmobile boots, admiring what she'd done, what she'd managed so far.

Warren picked up the hassock he had been sitting on and flung it at the sofa. It toppled off. This was not the first time he'd been involved in trashing a house. Long ago, when he was nine or ten years old, he and a friend had got into a house on their way home from school. It was his friend's aunt who lived in this house. She wasn't home—she worked in a jewelry store. She lived by herself. Warren and his friend broke in because they were hungry. They made themselves soda-cracker-and-jam sandwiches and drank some ginger ale. But then something took over. They dumped a bottle of ketchup on the tablecloth and dipped their fingers in, and wrote on the wallpaper, "*Beware! Blood!*" They broke plates and threw some food around.

They were strangely lucky. Nobody had seen them getting into the house and nobody saw them leaving. The aunt herself put the blame on some teen-agers whom she had recently ordered out of the store.

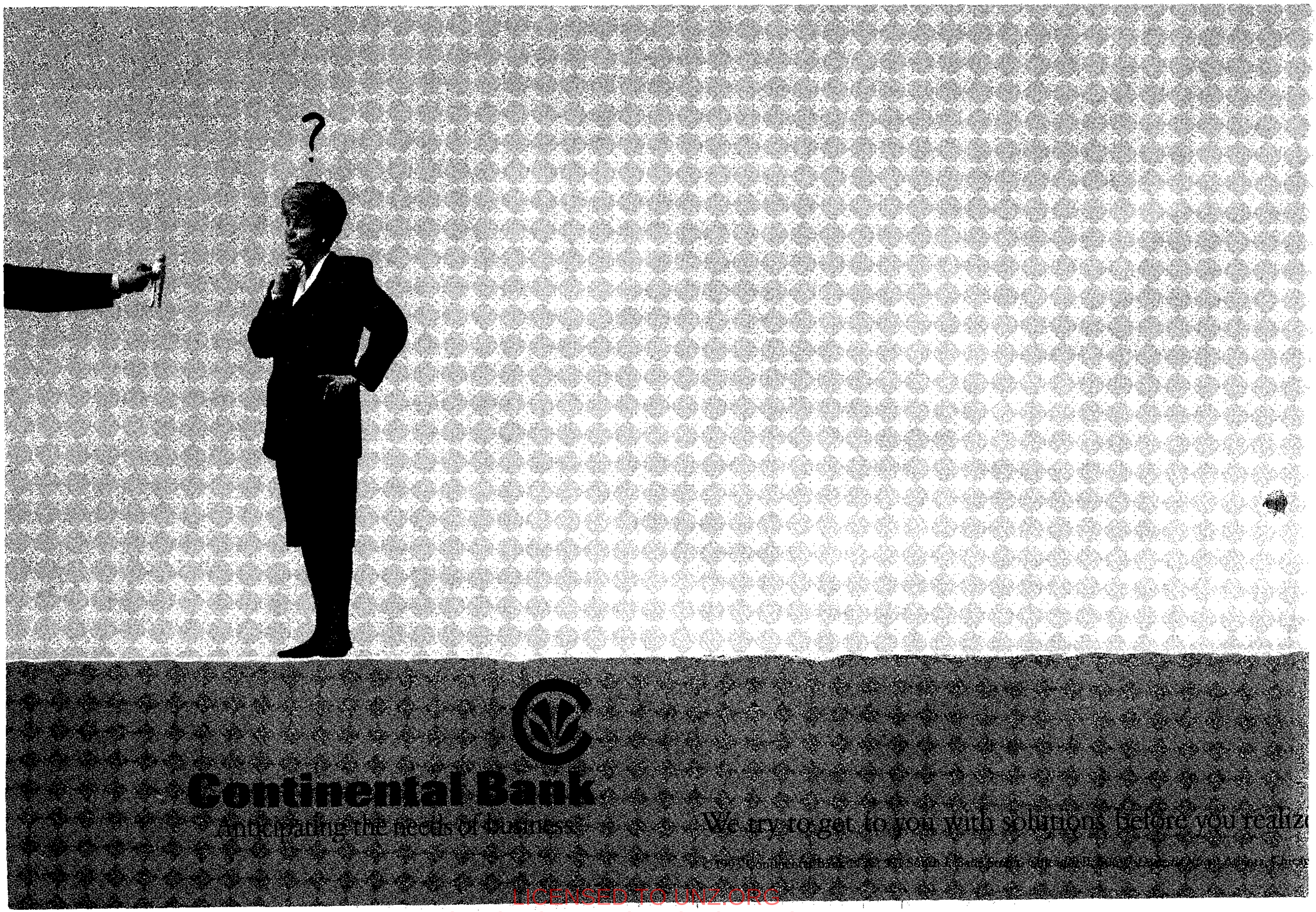
Recalling this, Warren went to the kitchen looking for a bottle of ketchup. There didn't seem to be any, but he found and opened a can of tomato sauce. It was thinner than ketchup and didn't work as well, but he tried to write with it on the wooden kitchen wall. "*Beware! This is your blood!*"

The sauce soaked into or ran down the boards. Liza came up close, to read the words before they blotted themselves out. She laughed. Somewhere in the rubble she found a Magic Marker. She climbed up on a chair and wrote above the fake blood. "*The Wages of Sin Is Death.*"

"I should have got out more stuff," she said. "Where he works is full of paint and glue and all kinds of crap. In that side room."

Warren said, "Want me to get some?"

"Not really," she said. She sank down



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on the sofa—one of the few places in the front room where you could still sit down.

“Liza Minnelli,” she said peacefully. “Liza Minnelli, stick it in your belly!”

Was that something kids at school sang at her? Or something she made up for herself?

Warren sat down beside her.

“So what did they do?” he said. “What did they do that made you so mad at them?”

“Who’s mad?” said Liza, and hauled herself up and went to the kitchen. Warren followed, and saw that she was punching out a number on the phone.

She had to wait a little. Then she said, “Bea?” in a soft, hurt, hesitant voice. “Oh, Bea!”

She waved at Warren to turn off the television.

He heard her saying, “The window by the kitchen door. I think so. Even maple syrup, you wouldn’t believe it. Oh, and the beautiful big front window, they threw something at that, and they got sticks out of the stove and the ashes and those birds that were sitting around and the big beaver. I can’t tell you what it looks like. . . .”

He came back into the kitchen, and she made a face at him, raising her eyebrows and setting her lips blubbering as she listened to the voice on the other end of the phone. Then she went on describing things, commiserating, making her voice quiver with misery and indignation. Warren didn’t like watching her. He went around looking for their helmets.

When she had hung up the phone she came and got him.

“It was her,” she said. “I already told you what she did to me. She sent me to college.”

That started them both laughing. But Warren was looking at a bird’s head in the mess on the floor. The head with its red, bitter eye was hanging loose from the soggy body, and he wondered how she knew just the way to pull it and wreck it like that.

She knows how they’re made.

“It was him, not her,” Warren said. “Liza? It was him was the weird one. I don’t care if he croaks.”

Liza made croaking noises, obligingly. Then she touched her teeth to his neck.

III

BEA asked Liza and Kenny a lot of questions. She asked them what their favorite TV shows and colors and ice-cream flavors were, and what kind of animals they would be if they could turn into animals, and what was the earliest thing they remembered.

“Eating boogers,” said Kenny. He did not mean to be funny.

Ladner and Liza and Bea all laughed—Liza the loudest. Then Bea said, “You know, that’s one of the earliest things I can remember myself!”

She’s lying, Liza thought. Lying for Kenny’s sake, and he doesn’t even know it.

“This is Miss Doud,” Ladner had told them. “Try to be decent to her.”

“Miss Doud,” said Bea, as if she had swallowed something surprising. “Bea. Bzzz. My name is Bea.”

“Who is that?” Kenny said to Liza, when Bea and Ladner were walking ahead of them. “Is she going to live with him?”

“It’s his girlfriend,” Liza said. “They

are probably going to get married."

By the time Bea had been at Ladner's place for a week, Liza could not stand the thought of her ever going away.

THE first time that Liza and Kenny had ever been on Ladner's property, they had sneaked in under a fence, as all the signs and their own father had warned them not to do. When they had got so far into the trees that Liza was not sure of the way out, they heard a sharp whistle.

Ladner called them: "You two!"

He came out like a murderer on television, with a little axe, from behind a tree.

"Can you two read?"

They were about six and seven at this time. Liza said, "Yes."

"So did you read my signs?"

Kenny said faintly, "A fox run in here."

When they were driving with their father, one time, they had seen a red fox run across the road and disappear into the trees here. Their father had said, "Bugger's living in Ladner's bush."

Foxes do not live in the bush, Ladner told them. He took them to see where the fox did live. A den, he called it. There was a pile of sand beside a hole on a hillside covered with dry, tough grass and little white flowers.

"Pretty soon those are going to turn into strawberries," Ladner said.

"What will?" said Liza.

"You are a pair of dumb kids," Ladner said. "What do you do all day—watch TV?"

That was the beginning of their spending Saturdays—and, when summer came, nearly all days—with Ladner. Their father said it was all right, if Ladner was fool enough to put up with them.

"But you better not cross him or he'll skin you alive," their father said. "Like he does with his other stuff. You know that?"

They knew what Ladner did. He had let them watch. They had seen him clean out a bird's skull and fix the feathers to best advantage with delicate wire and pins. Once he was sure that they would be careful enough he let them fit the glass eyes in place. They had watched him skin animals, scrape the skins and salt them and set them to dry inside out before he sent them to the tanner's. Tanning put a poison in them so they would never crack, and the fur would never fall out.

Inside the skin nothing was real. A bird's body could be carved from wood, but an animal's was a wonderful construction of wires and burlap and glue and mushed-up paper and clay.

They had touched guts. They had touched eyeballs. They told their father.

"But we won't get any diseases," Liza said. "We wash our hands in Borax soap."

Not all the information they had was about dead things.

What does the red-winged blackbird say? *Compan-ee!*

What does the Jenny wren say? *Pleasa-pleasa-please, can I have a piece of cheese?*

"Oh, can it!" said their father.

Soon they knew much more. At least Liza did. She knew birds, trees, mushrooms, fossils, the solar system. She knew where certain rocks came from and that the swelling on a goldenrod stem contains a little white worm that can live nowhere else in the world.

She knew not to talk so much about all she knew.

BEA was standing on the bank of the pond, in her Japanese kimono. Liza was already swimming. She called to Bea, "Come on in, come in!" Ladner was working on the far side of the pond, cutting reeds and clearing the weeds that clogged the water. Kenny was supposed to be helping him.

Liza thought, Like a family.

Bea dropped her kimono and stood in her yellow, silky bathing suit. She was a small woman with dark hair, blue eyes, and a powdery white skin. Her hair was cut like a girl's—bangs across her forehead, the rest of it to her shoulders. Her body was tidy in its outlines, and her face pretty, but the sun had covered her with dim freckles, and she was a little too soft all over. When she lowered her chin, little pouches collected along her jaw and under her eyes. She was a prey to little pouches and sags, dents and ripples in the skin or flesh, sunbursts of tiny purplish veins, faint discolorations in the hollows. And it was in fact this collection of flaws, this shadowy damage, that Liza especially loved. Also she loved the dampness that was often to be seen in Bea's eyes, the tremor and teasing and playful pleading in Bea's voice, its huskiness and artificiality. Bea was not measured or judged by Liza in the way that other people were. But this did not mean that Liza's love for Bea was easy or restful. Her love was one of expectation, but she did not know what it was that she expected.

Now Bea entered the pond. She did this in stages. A decision, a short run, a pause. Knee-high in the water, she hugged herself and squealed.

"It's not *cold*," said Liza.

"No, no, I love it!" Bea said. And she continued, with noises of appreciation, to a spot where the water was up to her waist. She turned around to face Liza, who had swum around behind her with the intention of splashing.

"Oh, no you don't!" she cried. And she began to jump in place, to pass her hands through the water, fingers spread, gathering it as if it were flower petals. Ineffectually, she splashed Liza.

Liza turned over and floated on her back and gently kicked a little water toward Bea's face. Bea kept rising and falling and dodging the water Liza kicked, and as she did so she set up some sort of happy silly chant. *Oh-woo, oh-woo, oh-woo.* Something like that.

Even though she was lying on her back, floating on the water, Liza could see that Ladner had stopped working. He was standing in waist-deep water on the other side of the pond, behind Bea's back. He was watching Bea. Then he, too, started jumping up and down in the water. As he jumped he turned his head sharply from side to side, skimming or patting the water with fluttery hands. He preened and twitched as if carried away with admiration for himself.

Ladner was imitating Bea. He was doing what she was doing, but in a sillier, ugly way. He was most intentionally and insistently making a fool of her. See how vain she is, said Ladner's angular prancing, see what a fake! How false her pleasure is, a coverup—a coverup for constant cowardice, for her fear of the deep pond water. A nervous ninny, that is what she is, and don't we all despise her?

This was thrilling and shocking. Liza's face was trembling with her need to laugh. Part of her wanted to make Ladner stop, to stop at once, before the damage was done, and part of her longed for that very damage, the damage Ladner could do, the ripping open, the final delight of it.

Kenny whooped out loud. He had no sense.

Bea had already seen the change in Liza's face, and now she heard Kenny. She turned to see what was behind her.

But Ladner had dropped into the water again, he was pulling up weeds.

Liza now kicked up a distracting storm. When Bea didn't respond to this, she swam out into the deep part of the pond and dived down. Deep, deep, to where it's dark, where the carp live, in the mud. She stayed under as long as she could. She swam so fast that she got tangled in the weeds near the other bank and came up gasping, only a yard or so away from Ladner.

"I got caught in the reeds," she said. "I could have drowned."

"No such luck," said Ladner. He made a pretend grab at her, to get her between the legs. At the same time he made a pious, shocked face, as if the person in his head was having a fit at what his hand might do.

Liza pretended not to notice. "Where's Bea?" she said.

Ladner looked at the opposite bank. "Maybe up to the house," he said. "I didn't see her go."

You'd never know, now, that he hadn't been sensibly preoccupied with his own work all along. You'd never guess. Ladner could do that—he could switch from one person into another, so as to make it your fault, if you remembered.

Liza swam in a straight line as hard as she could across the pond. She splashed her way out and heavily climbed the bank. She passed the owls and the eagle staring from behind glass. The "Nature does nothing" sign.

She didn't see Bea anywhere. Not ahead on the boardwalk over the marsh. Not in the open space under the pine trees. Liza took the path to the back door of the house. In the middle of the path was a beech tree you had to go around, and there were initials carved in the smooth bark. One "L" for Ladner, another for Liza, a "K" for Kenny. A foot or so below were the letters "P.D.P." When Liza had first shown Bea the initials, Kenny had banged his fist against P.D.P. "Pull down pants!" he shouted, hopping up and down. Ladner gave him a serious pretend-knock on the head. "Proceed down path," he said, and pointed out the arrow scratched in the bark, curving around the trunk. "Pay no attention to the dirty-minded juveniles."

Liza could not bring herself to knock on the door. She was full of guilt and foreboding. It seemed to her that Bea would have to go away. How could she stay, after such an insult—how could she put up with any of them?

Bea did not understand about Ladner. And how could she? Liza herself could not have explained what there was to be understood. It was something about his having to do certain things. His mixing up together what was bad and silly, terrible and funny. He always began with some capering, and dopey faces, with a show that insisted on your laughing, on your being silly, too. Then in the silliness would come a hush, a changeover, a determination. Ladner became very determined but not in an ordinary way. He became like somebody in a trance, like a magician.

Liza went around the house and out of the shade of the trees. Barefoot, she crossed the hot gravel road. There was her own house sitting in the middle of a cornfield at the end of a short lane. It was a wooden house with the top half painted white and the bottom half a glaring pink, like lipstick. That had been Liza's father's idea. Maybe he thought it would perk the place up. Maybe he thought pink would make it look as if it had a woman inside it.

There was a mess in the kitchen—spilled cereal on the floor, puddles of milk souring on the counter. A pile of clothes from the laundromat overflowing the corner armchair, and the dishcloth—Liza knew this without looking—wadded up with the garbage in the sink. It was her job to clean all this up, and she had better do it before her father got home.

She didn't worry about it yet. She went upstairs where it was baking hot, under the sloping roof, and got out her little bag of precious things. She kept this bag stuffed into the toe of an old rubber boot that was too small for her. Nobody knew about it. Certainly not Kenny.

In the bag there was a Barbie-doll evening dress, stolen from a girl Liza used to play with (Liza didn't much like the dress anymore, but it had an importance because it was stolen), a blue snap-shut case with her mother's glasses inside, a painted wooden egg that was her prize for an Easter picture-drawing contest in Grade Two (with a smaller egg inside it and a still smaller egg inside that). And the one rhinestone earring that she had found on the road. For a long time she had believed the rhinestones to be diamonds. Its design was complex and elegant, with teardrop rhinestones dan-

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gling from loops and scallops of smaller stones, and when it hung from Liza's ear it almost brushed her shoulder.

She was wearing only her bathing suit, so she had to carry the earring curled up in her palm, a blazing knot. Her head felt swollen with the heat, with leaning over her secret bag, with her resolution. She thought with longing of the shade under Ladner's trees, as if that were a black pond.

There is not one tree anywhere near this house, and the only bush is a lilac with curly, brown-edged leaves, by the back steps. Around the house nothing but corn, and at a distance the leaning old barn that Liza and Kenny are forbidden to go into, because it might collapse at any time. No divisions over here, no secret places—everything is bare and simple.

But when you cross the road—as Liza is doing now, trotting on the gravel—when you cross into Ladner's territory it's like coming into a world of different and distinct countries. There is the marsh country, which is deep and jungly, full of botflies and jewelweed and skunk cabbage. A sense there of tropical threats and complications. Then the pine plantation, solemn as a church, with its high boughs and needled carpet, inducing whispering. And the dark rooms under the downswept branches of the cedars—entirely shaded and secret rooms with a bare earth floor. In different places the sun falls differently and in some places not at all. In some places the air is thick and private, and in other places you feel an energetic breeze. Smells are harsh or enticing. Certain walks impose decorum and certain stones are set a jump apart, so they call out for craziness. Here are the scenes of serious instruction where Ladner taught them how to tell a hickory tree from a butternut and a star from a planet, and places also where they have run and hollered and hung from branches and performed all sorts of rash stunts. And places where Liza thinks there is a bruise on the ground, a tickling and shame in the grass.

P.D.P.
Squeegey-boy.
Rub-a-dub-dub.

When Ladner grabbed Liza and squashed himself against her, she had a sense of danger deep inside him, a mechanical sputtering, as if he would exhaust himself in one jab of light, and nothing would be left of him but black smoke and burnt smells and frazzled wires. Instead, he collapsed heavily, like the pelt of an animal flung loose from its flesh and bones. He lay so heavy and useless that Liza and even Kenny felt for a moment that it would be a transgression to look at him. He had to pull his voice out of his groaning innards to tell them they were bad.

Bad-bad-bad.

He clucked his tongue faintly. His eyes shone out of ambush like the animals' glass eyes.

"The loveliest thing," Bea said. "Liza, tell me—was this your mother's?"

Liza said yes. She could see now that this gift of a single earring might be seen as childish and pathetic—perhaps intentionally pathetic. Even keeping it as a treasure could seem stupid. But if it had been her mother's that would be understandable, and it would be a gift of some importance.

"You could put it on a chain," she said. "It's not much good just by itself. Unless you put it on a chain."

"But I was just thinking that!" Bea said. "I was just thinking it would look lovely on a chain. A silver chain—don't you think? Oh, Liza, I am just so proud you gave it to me!"

"You could wear it in your nose," said Ladner. But he said this without any sharpness. He was peaceable now—played out, peaceable.

Ladner and Bea were sitting under the plum trees right behind the house. They were sitting in the wicker chairs that Bea had brought out from town. She had not brought much—just enough to make islands here and there among Ladner's skins and instruments. These chairs, some cups, a cushion. The wineglasses they were drinking out of now.

Bea had changed into a dark-blue dress of very thin and soft material. It hung long and loose from her shoulders. She trickled the rhinestones through her fingers, she let them fall and twinkle in the folds of her blue dress. She had forgiven Ladner, after all, or made a bargain not to remember.

But she could spread safety, if she wanted to. Surely she could do it. If only she could turn herself into somebody firm and serious, a hard-and-fast, clean-sweeping sort of woman, whose love was deep and sensible. If only she could find the energy to rescue them—to make them all, and keep them all, good.

What Bea has been sent to do she doesn't see. Only Liza sees.

IV

Liza locked the door as you had to, from the outside. She put the key in the plastic bag and the bag in the hole in the tree. She moved toward the snowmobile, and when Warren didn't do the same she said, "What's the matter with you?"

Warren said, "What about the window by the back door?"

Liza breathed out noisily.

"Ooh, I'm an idiot!" she said. "I'm an idiot ten times over!"

Warren went back to that window and kicked at the bottom pane. Then he got a stick of firewood from the pile by the tin shed and was able to smash the glass out. "Big enough so a kid could get in," he said.

"How could I be so *stupid*?" Liza said. "You saved my life."

"Our life," Warren said.

The tin shed wasn't locked. Inside it he found some cardboard boxes, bits of lumber, simple tools. He tore off a piece of cardboard of a suitable size. He took great satisfaction in nailing it over the pane that he had just smashed out.

"Otherwise animals could get in," he said to Liza.

When he was all finished with this job, he found that Liza had wandered a little way into the snow between the trees. He went after her.

She said, "Can you tell what the trees are from their bark?"

Warren said he couldn't even tell from their leaves. "Well, maples," he said. "Maples and pines."

"Cedar," said Liza. "You've got to know cedar. There's a cedar. And that's a wild cherry. Down there's birch. The white. There's another birch. And that's a beech."

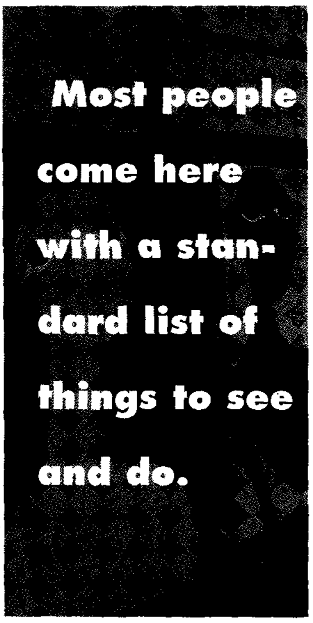
He thought there were letters carved on the one she said was a beech, but he didn't feel like going closer, to read them. It wasn't much after three o'clock, but you could feel the darkness collecting. Darkness was rising among the trees, like a cold smoke off the snow. ♦

NEW YORK CITY

OFF THE BEATEN PATH

© Bill Cardoni

The best thing about New York is that thrill it gives you. Just being in Manhattan makes you feel ready to take on the world. And as often as not, you'll find it's the off-beat side of the city that gives you that thrill.



Most people come here with a standard list of things to see and do.

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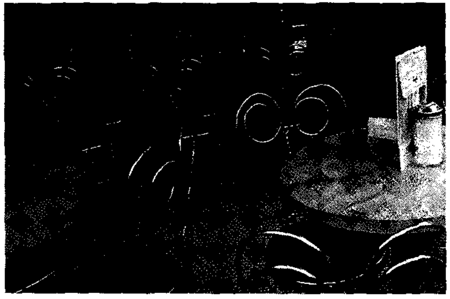

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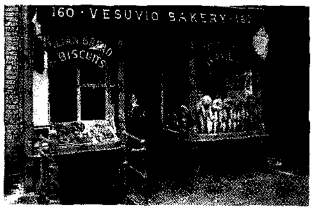
Most people come here with a standard list of things to see and do. And, granted, most of what the natives refer to as "the touristy stuff" is worth seeing and doing. But once you've been to Yankee Stadium, the Statue of Liberty, and the Empire State Building, you can start in on the best part of your visit to New York City: the things you don't know about until you've been here awhile.

© Richard Sandler



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It'll take a little digging to discover some of our best-loved secrets. But here are a few suggestions to help you on your journey.

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THEATRE
MORE THAN BROADWAY

It's fun to take in a Broadway show. There's something very "native" about hanging around the half-price-tickets booth on Times Square and seeing what's available. But Broadway is just a small part of the picture. If you want to see *real* New York theatre—that is, the kind of theatre that's part of our everyday life here—head for "Off-Off-Broadway."

CRAZY FOR
GUYS AND DOLLS

Theatre marquees and billboards, part of the show.

The backbone of the New York theatre scene is the network of tiny "black box" theatres scattered around Chelsea, Greenwich Village, SoHo, and TriBeCa, plus the stretch of Forty-second Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues known as "Theatre Row." On any given night, you can choose from a classical production of Shakespeare or Sophocles, a modern treatment of a three-hundred-year-old Restoration comedy, an experimental drama by a promising young author, a musical that might or might not make it to Broadway, or a one-man show by someone who wrote, directed, acted, and produced the whole thing.

To find out what's available around town, check any of the weekly papers or magazines that cover the local entertainment scene: The "Off-Off-Broadway" listings will give you a choice of as many as fifty shows.

If you're a fan of modern dance, it's the same story: A dance recital at Lincoln Center is sure to be a great experience, but you might also wander downtown for an experimental performance at one-tenth the cost.

Those same newspaper and magazine listings will usually include sections headed, "Performance Art" and "Spoken Word." The former could be anything: a multi-media show, dance, mime, improvisation, guerrilla theatre, or a little of each. As for the latter, who says nobody reads poetry any more? Various small clubs and restaurants throughout the city, mainly in the East Village, are proving grounds for today's up-and-coming poets; you'll also hear recitals of classic poetry.

Fans of rock, jazz, and experimental music will think they've gone to heaven when they're in New York. The area bounded by Fourth and Houston Streets, between Sixth Avenue and The Bowery, is *the* neighborhood for anything from straight-ahead jazz to rockabilly to heavy metal. A night of club-crawling here is a must.

DINING
SAVORY SURPRISES

If you were to ask your average New Yorker what's the best thing about living here, the answer's most likely to be "Food." It's inescapable. Practically anywhere you walk, the dominant scent will be of something cooking. If it's eaten anywhere in the world, you can get it in New York.

Different neighborhoods in the city have different specialties. Choose one and wander until you find the restaurant that looks, smells, and feels right. It won't take long.

Little India, on East Sixth Street between First and Second Avenues, is a popular spot for the adventurous. The block is lined with Indian and Pakistani restaurants, all good, all dirt-cheap, serving up hot lamb curry, tandoori chicken, vegetarian casseroles, delicious native breads, creamy rich desserts, and refreshing Indian beer.

For heartier, less spicy dishes, Little Ukrainia is just two minutes away. This is a short stretch of Second Avenue, centered around East Ninth Street. If your roots are in Eastern Europe, you'll feel right at home here.

***In Chinatown, try a traditional Chinese lunch of* dim sum.**

© Richard Sandler

Most visitors know about Chinatown, but few know about *dim sum*. This is the traditional Chinese lunch, at which carts loaded with various exotic small dishes (usually dumplings) are wheeled past your table: You take whatever looks good; when you're done, the waiter counts up your empty plates and charges you accordingly. Chinatown has plenty of *dim sum* restaurants: You know you've

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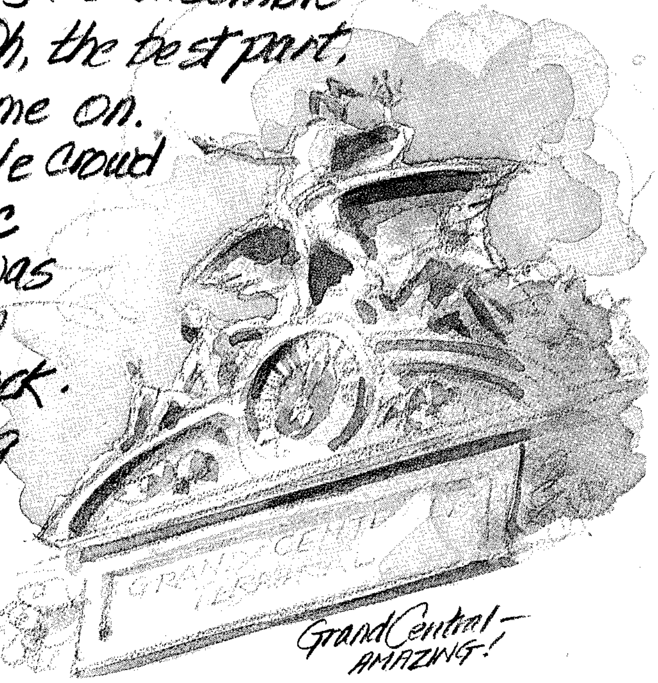
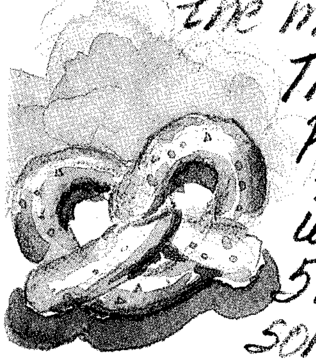
After the show, we just headed down Broadway and fell into this charming cappuccino place. We were both still full from dinner, but we couldn't resist. Cozy little booths. A jazz ensemble. What a find! Oh, the best part, they had this singer come on. She was great. She had the whole crowd singing. Then, she passed the mic around and we all sang solos. It was hysterical. We stayed till 1:45 in the morning. And walked back. There was this guy selling paintings a few blocks from our hotel. And wouldn't you know, after 5 months of searching for something for the kitchen wall, we found it in 2 minutes. You should've seen us. I don't know what was bigger, the painting or the grins on our faces. And all I kept thinking was





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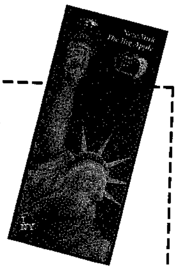

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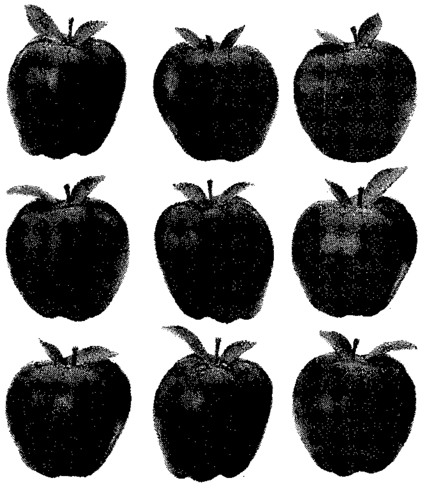

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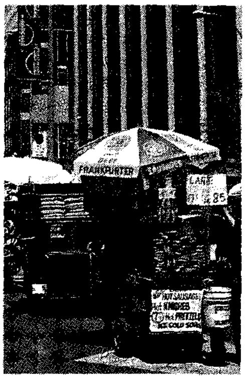
found one if you see waiters pushing carts around the dining room. These restaurants are usually crowded, so arrive early, be prepared to wait, and expect to share your table.

Second Avenue in the Eighties is Manhattan's Hungarian enclave, with not only some terrific restaurants, but also a couple of gourmet shops that specialize in Central European delicacies.



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Lunch like a native. Eat "street food."

If you happen to be in the neighborhood of Rockefeller Center around lunchtime, take a walk over to Sixth Avenue at West Fiftieth Street. Thousands of New Yorkers have their lunch outside here when the weather's nice, and no wonder. We love "street food," and on this corner you can take your pick of Chinese, Japanese, Israeli, Thai, Afghan, Italian, and Greek cuisine, and a few others besides—all sold from pushcarts.

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ties: besides furniture, they're treasure troves of folk art, lighting, clothing, jewelry, toys, vintage paintings and sculptures, and *objets* such as walking sticks, pens, and cigarette cases.

It's not all antiques: This neighborhood is also one of the best in the city for artistic ceramics and glassware, high-fashion clothing, the latest in men's and women's hairstyling, and off-beat art galleries.

People who live near Union Square shop at the Farmer's Market.

OUTDOOR MARKETS: After having lunch in Chinatown, wander along Canal Street from the Bowery to West Broadway. Most of the stores here are open-fronted; even the enclosed ones have a flea-market feel to them. The merchandise changes as you walk along the north side of Canal Street: Near the Bowery, you'll find almost nothing but jewelry stores; further west, the stores specialize in fake name-brand watches and pens, costume jewelry, and souvenirs; as you approach West Broadway you'll see numerous electronics and hardware stores. On the south side of Canal, it's mainly clothing and luggage. Don't be shy about haggling: A smart negotiator will walk away happy.

The city has several permanent flea markets, mainly in SoHo and Greenwich Village; the best-known is held on weekends on Broadway between Fourth and Great Jones Streets.

MUSEUMS
WELL-KEPT SECRETS

It's impossible to get an accurate count of museums in New York City, because new ones open up all the time. Once you've hit the "must-sees" (the Met, MoMA, the Guggenheim, the Museum of Natural History), try some of the lesser-known ones.

The Children's Museum of Manhattan, on Eighty-third Street between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue, is ideal for children under ten. Most of its exhibits are more than just things to look at: They require participation and involve all the senses. The

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museum's attractions on weekends also include puppet shows, storytelling, theatre, and music.

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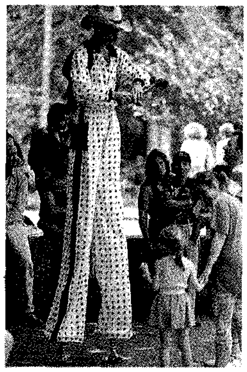
Detail of a Crown Shield at The National Museum of the American Indian.

Located at Twenty-five West Fifty-second Street, The Museum of Television and Radio covers the eighty-year history of radio and TV. You can hear and see tapes of more than 40,000 radio and TV programs in private screening booths, or see public screenings.

The National Museum of the American Indian, on Broadway at One-hundred-and-fifty-fifth Street, houses the world's largest collection of Indian art and artifacts.

THINGS WE DON'T NOTICE

New York's also full of little pleasures that the locals take for granted and that visitors don't know about. Like standing at the front window of the first car of a subway train, getting a motorman's-eye-view of the route; hanging out in Washington Square Park on a Saturday afternoon and checking out the jugglers, singers, and stand-up comics, doing their bits for whatever change they can get; walking along St. Mark's Place in the East Village to find out what's the fashionable color to dye your hair these days; or sitting at a sidewalk café on Columbus Avenue, any evening, just watching the natives go by. It's these little things that make you pinch yourself and say, "Hey! You're in New York!"



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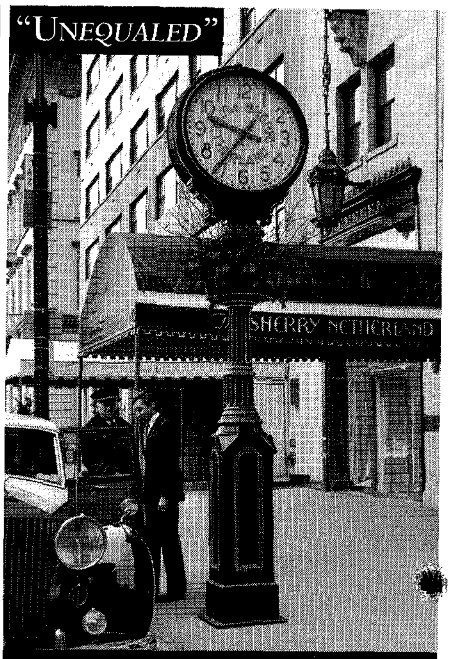
You never know who—or what—will show up in Washington Square Park.

Joseph D'O'Brian is a free-lance writer living in New York City.



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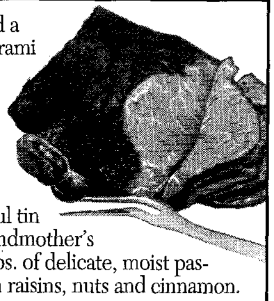

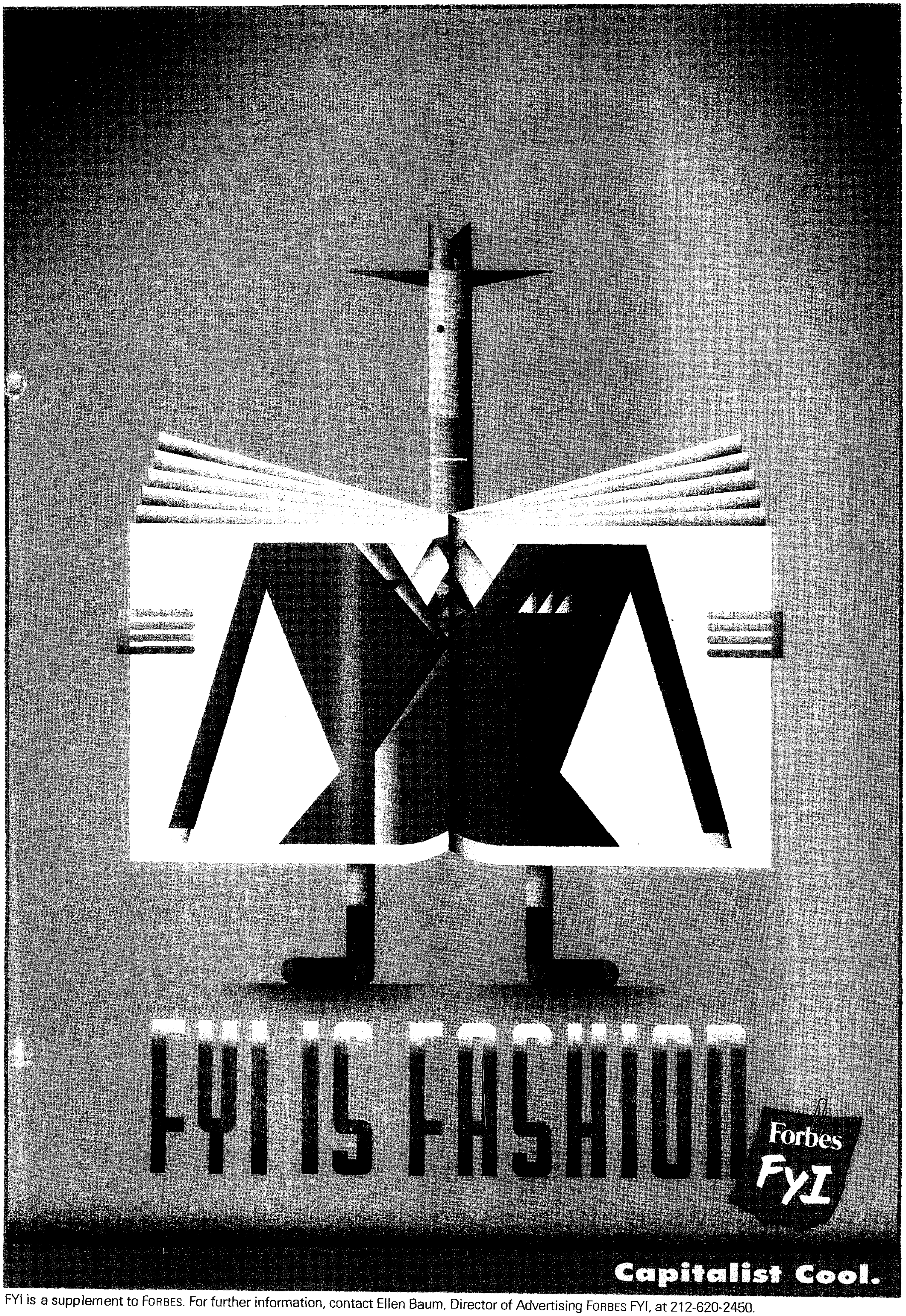
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THE CRITICS

A CRITIC AT LARGE

REWORKING WHARTON

BY JOHN UPDIKE

MORE than fifty years after her death, Edith Wharton is having a lively time of it. A dozen of her novels and short-story collections sell briskly in paperback. Even if she had never written a word of fiction, she would be remembered as a shaper of American taste, with such enduring texts as "Italian Villas and Their Gardens" and (with Ogden Codman, Jr.) "The Decoration of Houses." The Mount, the mansion that she built to put her theories on architecture, décor, and landscaping to the test, is being restored to an approximation of its elegant condition during her inhabitancy (1902-1911) and ornaments the Berkshires as a tourist attraction and the home of a Shakespeare company. With the years, the weaker of Wharton's imaginative works have sunk deeper into the shadows, and the stronger have climbed to a refulgent height. R. W. B. Lewis, in his very fine 1975 biography of Wharton, described the uncertainty of "enlightened critical opinion" as to "whether 'The House of Mirth' could be adjudged a masterpiece or whether it fell just short of that final accolade"; introducing the Signet paperback version, in 1984, he was pleased to announce that "in some inexplicable way, 'The House of Mirth' has become a masterpiece." Concerning "Ethan Frome" and "The Age of Innocence," there has never been much doubt; their perfection and power were immediately apparent. The latter won the Pulitzer Prize, and the former has become compulsory reading for myriad American schoolchildren. If there is a more highly regarded female American author of the twentieth century, her name doesn't come readily to mind.

Nurtured and matured in a social milieu almost uniformly unsympathetic to the notion of a literary vocation, and wherein a proper woman's full and adequate duties consisted of homemaking and an incessant socializing, Wharton took up writing rather late and distractedly. After the age of forty, however, she applied herself to the craft with an almost vengeful energy and consistency of purpose, aristocratically holding herself to the exacting standards of what she called "that dispassionate and ironic critic who dwells within the breast." Enthralled by books and storytelling since childhood, and a cheerful and conscientious student to the few literary tutors that chance threw her way, she became a thorough professional—perhaps too professional, in her last decades. Feminists can rejoice in her female martyrs and feckless males, but readers of any gender must admire "her fearless way of looking life in the eyes"—to use her own words about the French novelist Hortense Allart. The plight of women is her dominant topic, but she portrays the ruthless wars between women quite unsentimentally. Her moral poise and cosmic pessimism did not permit her to blame any one sex for life's tragic side. Her own female trials—undereducation (save in "modern languages and good manners," her memoir, "A Backward Glance," allows), a stifling marriage, neurasthenic illness and breakdown—came early, and were followed by a long, gathering triumph of best-selling fame and expatriate pomp. Her vigorous example is eminently useful, and many are the uses to which her work has been lately put. In the last year, two movies based upon her books have been released—"Ethan Frome" and "The Age of Innocence"—and films of "The Custom of the Country" and "The Buccaneers" are in the works. "The Buccaneers," her last, unfinished novel, which was first published in 1938, the year after her death, has just been reissued in a version "completed" by Marion Mainwaring (Viking; $22).

The scrupulous "Note" supplied to the 1938 original edition of "The Buccaneers," by Wharton's longtime friend Gaillard Lapsley, resonates with the decorums of a less meretricious era of publishing:

> The remarkable novel here submitted to the public is neither complete nor finished in all its parts. There are some parts so characteristically achieved that I am confident Mrs. Wharton would never have retouched them. Others again are evidently either provisional or at most just blocked in; and this is as you would expect, for the novel had been growing in her mind for a number of years before she ever wrote a word of it.

The decision to publish at all, Lapsley goes on to say, was taken only after he and "three of her friends, to whom she had also been in the habit of showing her work while it was in progress," had unanimously agreed:

> It was not only that the incomplete text contained some work too good to be kept back, so good indeed that she would herself probably have been satisfied with it, but because the unfinished passages have their interest and value too. Indeed the very disparity of the several parts of the text affords an insight into the way in which she worked.

And for ten pages more he discusses, with a fastidious critical dispassion, the virtues and faults of "The Buccaneers" as he sees them. In contrast, Ms. Mainwaring's afterword is less than a hundred and fifty words long; it acknowledges, besides some few additions to Lapsley's emendations, only that "the passages I have interpolated in the original text serve to reconcile discrepancies in the narrative or prepare for later developments." Any caring reader would have welcomed a franker, fuller discussion from Ms. Mainwaring of the difficulties she faced, and the rationale of her solutions. Instead, we have a text that in no typographical way discriminates between her words and Wharton's, and that asks us to accept this bastardization as a single smooth reading unit, wrapped in a jacket by John Singer Sargent and a puff by Leon Edel. In truth, the last quarter of the novel is Ms. Mainwaring's, based upon a synopsis that Wharton had drawn up early in its composition, and which the honest 1938 edition appends to the last of the author's own written words.

"THE BUCCANEERS" as it was left is a pretty mess—an ambitious canvas spottily covered with pastel sketches. It wasn't just the infirmities of age that prevented Edith Wharton from completing it but its own internal contradictions and proliferating loose ends. A novel should grow its complications from a stout central stem, and the stem here was manifold from the start. As Wharton's synopsis states:

> This novel deals with the adventures of three American families with beautiful daughters who attempt the London social adventure in the 'seventies—the first time the social invasion had ever been tried in England on such a scale.
>
> The three mothers—Mrs. St. George, Mrs. Elmsworth, and Mrs. Closson—had all made an attempt to launch their daughters in New York, where their husbands are in business, but have no social standing (the families, all of very ordinary origin, being from the south-west, or from the northern part of the state of New York).... So, though admired at Saratoga, Long Branch and the White Sulphur Springs, they fail at Newport and in New York, and the young men flirt with them but do not offer marriage.

Shades of Consuelo Vanderbilt, who married the Duke of Marlborough; of Consuelo Yznaga, who became the Duchess of Manchester; and of Jennie and Leonie Jerome, who married Lord Randolph Churchill and the Irish baronet Sir John Leslie, respectively, when Wharton was a girl. The world of New York society, which had been Wharton's element and of which she had written scornfully, in "The House of Mirth" (1905) and "The Custom of the Country" (1913), and then ruefully, in "The Age of Innocence" (1920) and "The Mother's Recompense" (1925), is here, following upon "A Backward Glance" (1934), approached nostalgically, in a flurry of period detail and a misty mood of forgiveness. The horrors of the upper-class marriage mart, so mordantly portrayed in her earlier novels, are played for gentle comedy. We open in Saratoga, at the height of the racing season:

The Edith Wharton boom peaks with the publication of the now "completed" edition of "The Buccaneers," her unfinished novel.

> Mrs. St. George . . . sat on the wide hotel verandah, a jug of iced lemonade at her elbow and a palmetto fan in one small hand, and looked out between the immensely tall white columns of the portico, which so often reminded cultured travellers of the Parthenon at Athens (Greece). On Sunday afternoons this verandah was crowded with gentlemen in tall hats and frock-coats, enjoying cool drinks and Havana cigars, and surveying the long country street planted with spindling elms; but today the gentlemen were racing, and the rows of chairs were occupied by ladies and young girls listlessly waiting their return, in a drowsy atmosphere of swayed fans and iced refreshments.

With a Whartonian precision as to fashion and décor, Mrs. St. George reflects fondly back to the days when dresses were not outrageously low-cut in the newest Parisian style: "What, for instance, could be prettier, or more suitable for a lady, than a black alpaca skirt looped up like a window-drapery above a scarlet serge underskirt, the whole surmounted by a wide-sleeved black poplin jacket with ruffled muslin undersleeves, and a flat 'pork-pie' hat like the one the Empress Eugénie was represented as wearing on the beach at Biarritz?" But an entire novel cannot spend itself on a veranda in preoccupation with such momentous questions; Mrs. St. George, while "her thoughts moved during the endless sweltering afternoon hours, like torpid fish turning about between the weary walls of a too-small aquarium," is also running mental inventories of the charms and marital prospects of her two daughters, eighteen-year-old Virginia and sixteen-year-old Annabel, or Nan, compared with those of the two Elmsworth girls, Elizabeth and Mabel (Lizzy and Mab), and the lone Closson daughter, Conchita.

These five marriageable girls present problems to the author, too: how to make them easily distinguishable to the reader, and how to trace memorably their fivefold fortunes. Had Wharton lived and found strength to bring "The Buccaneers" to a consummate fullness and finish, she might have managed to do so, though at the length of a Victorian three-decker. As it is, Mab drops almost entirely out of sight, Lizzy is only very fitfully vivid, and Nan's gradual emergence as the heroine turns her lovely older sister into a brittle blond stick. In solving the initial prob-

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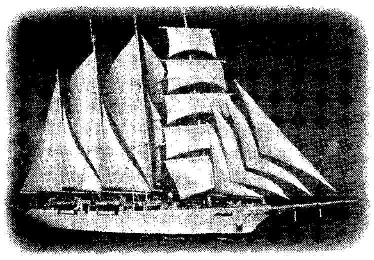

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Learning is a treasure which accompanies its owner everywhere.

Chinese proverb

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lem of draftsmanship, Wharton drew upon the "dusky" tinge introduced into the Closson ménage by Mrs. Closson, a remarried Brazilian widow—or, the vicious rumor is, divorcée—whose two children, Teddy and Conchita, "bear a queer exotic name like Santos-Dios." As if a touch of the Brazilian brush weren't distinguishing enough, Wharton gives olive-skinned Conchita tallness and red hair. Virginia, "pure and luminous as an apple blossom," is a blonde, so that leaves brunetteness to the third young lady who is freshly "out," Lizzy. The two junior girls, not quite nubile, are relatively dim, though Mab is assigned a certain boniness and a laugh that "showed too many teeth" and Nan a volatile, inquisitive intensity that suggests a budding author. One feels that Wharton has exhausted her first inspiration when she triumphantly rallies her five creations for a group display in the Saratoga dining room, on an evening when two young men—a rare and precious commodity, usually vended in Newport—have arrived to gladden their prospects:

> Ah, but there they were, the girls! . . . The fancy had taken them to come in late, and to arrive all together, and now, arm in arm, a blushing bevy, they swayed across the threshold of the dining-room like a branch hung with blossoms, drawing the dull middle-aged eyes of the other guests from lobster salad and fried chicken. . . . Seeing them through the eyes of the new young men, Mrs. St. George felt their collective grace with a vividness almost exempt from envy. To her, as to those two foreigners, they embodied "the American girl," the world's highest achievement; and she was as ready to enjoy Lizzy Elmsworth's brilliant darkness, and that dry sparkle of Mab's, as much as her own Virginia's roses and Nan's alternating frowns and dimples. She was even able to recognize that the Closson girl's incongruous hair gilded the whole group like a sunburst.

This vision forms the novel's bright heart: "the American girl," beloved of Howells and James, the chimerical creation of the new continent, looming at the threshold of the American century with her captivating innocence and perilous freedom. Here she is bathed in a glowing backward glance from the gritty decade of the Depression, by an elderly Parisienne who herself was once an American girl. But a vision does not a novel make, and as Wharton executed the plot its multiplying ramifications diffuse the action to the consistency of froth.

Laura Testvalley, Nan's monitory but winning governess, whose descriptive adjectives "small" and "brown" suggest a direct descent from Jane Eyre, and whose odd name the author—she tells us in "A Backward Glance"—found herself helpless to change, arrives in Saratoga, and in next to no time, it seems, Conchita is married to Lord Richard Marable, a younger son of the Marquess of Brightlingsea. Soon the other girls are in England to try their luck at landing noble husbands. The expedition is comically successful. Like bluefish when they are running, the lords scarcely need bait to take the hook: Lord Seadown, Lord Richard's staider older brother, snaps up Virginia St. George, after nibbling at Lizzy Elmsworth, and Nan, small fry though she is, attracts the appetites of both [illegible]y Thwarte, son of the baronet Sir Helmsley Thwarte and heir to the lovely old manor called Honourslove, and the Duke of Tintagel, who is so enchanted to find "a girl who doesn't know what a duke is" that he and Nan marry before she realizes she doesn't know what a duchess is, either. It turns out that she doesn't like being one. The plotter of "The Buccaneers," wearying at last of matchmaking (the Elmsworth girls have had to settle for non-titled rich men: dark-browed Lizzy for a rising Conservative M.P., Hector Robinson, and many-toothed Mab, back in America, for a widower from Magnesia, Illinois, named Caleb Whittaker), turns to freeing Nan from her unhappy marriage to a duke so that she can enter a happy one with a future baronet. At this point, Edith Wharton's failing hand dropped the pen, and Marion Mainwaring, half a century later, has rushed to the rescue.

BEFORE considering Ms. Mainwaring's job of completion, we should admit that the original author was not finding the going easy. Sensing that her saga lacked something, she kept adding on. The guardian figure of Miss Testvalley is doubled, in London, by the advisory spinster Jacky March[illegible]an American once jilted by the empty-headed Marquess of Brightlingsea. In a tiny Mayfair house expressive of her diminished expectations, she ekes out her life in the margins of fashionable London, and acts as "the oracle of transatlantic pilgrims in quest of a social opening." Wharton, having constructed and furnished, with her incomparable flair for interior decoration, a number of grand English homes (Honourslove, the

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Marie Louise Vase, *ca.* 1821
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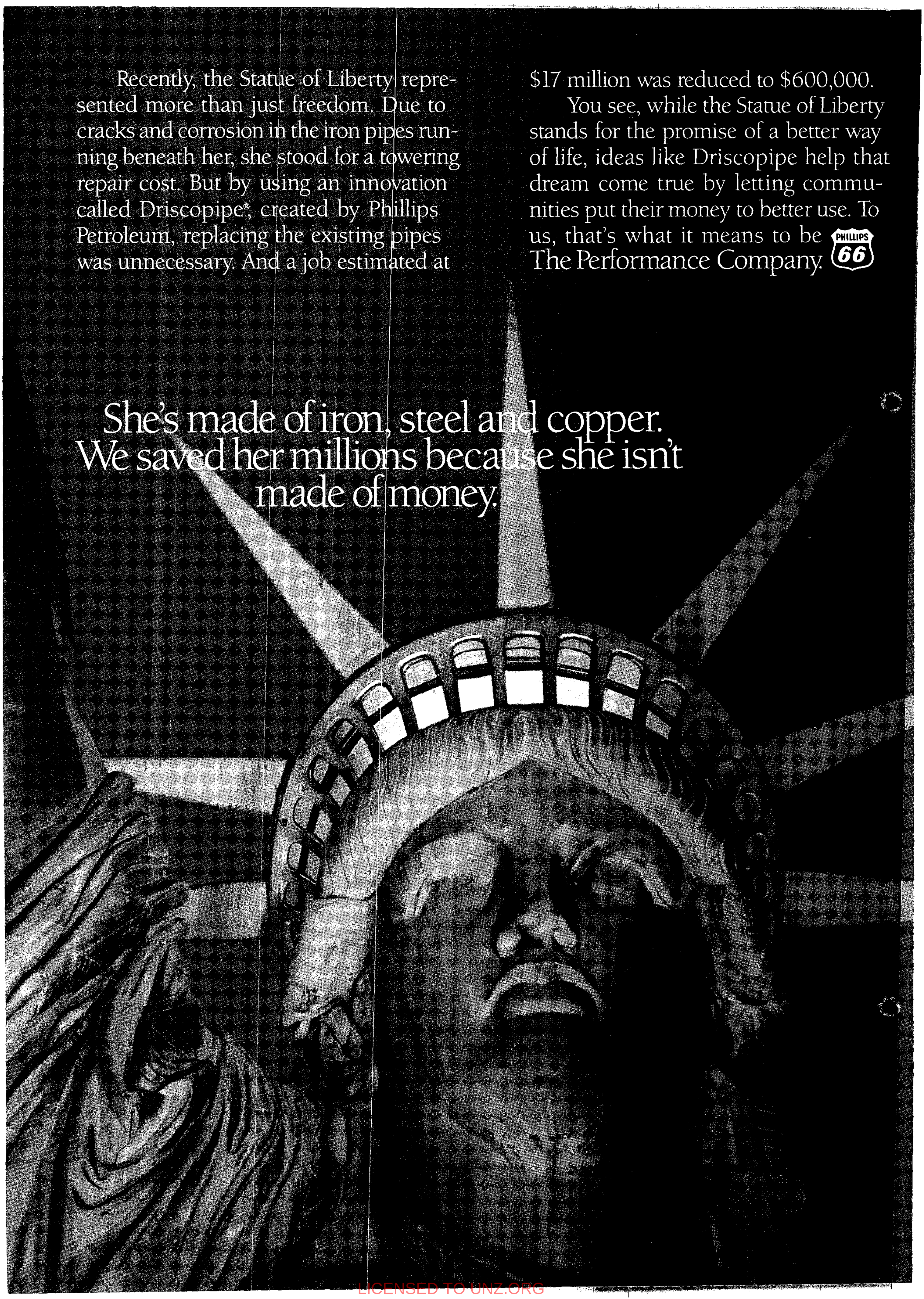
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Cotswold seat of the Thwartes; Longlands, the ducal country residence; Folyat House, the duke's London abode), late in her working of "The Buccaneers" sets up yet another, Champions, "the Glenloe place in Gloucestershire," where Nan, as a refugee duchess, takes shelter with the hearty, peripatetic Lady Glenloe and her two daughters, Corisande and Kitty. These two young ladies bring the nubility problem around again; Sir Helmsley intends his darkly handsome son, back from three years creating a family fortune in Brazil (that country again!), to marry one of them—he doesn't care which.

The three American fathers, left in their native dust by the emergence of a number of more colorful, titled English fathers, have nothing to do but silently supply money to feed their daughters' romantic buccaneering. Although Wharton took care to establish all three men as shady operators, inscrutably riding the roller coaster of Wall Street manipulation, she forgot to have any of them go bankrupt, and thus denied the reader a classic Whartonian moment, when the untrustworthiness of men stands naked in the marketplace. What a splendid scene it is, in "The House of Mirth," when Lily Bart's careworn father, having laughed at his daughter's reasonable wish to sweeten the luncheon table with twelve dollars' worth of lilies of the valley each day, is asked by his free-spending wife if he is ill.

> "Ill?—No, I'm ruined," he said.
>
> Lily made a frightened sound, and Mrs. Bart rose to her feet.
>
> "Ruined—?" she cried; but controlling herself instantly, she turned a calm face to Lily.
>
> "Shut the pantry door," she said.
>
> Lily obeyed, and when she turned back into the room her father was sitting with both elbows on the table, the plate of salmon between them, and his head bowed on his hands.
>
> Mrs. Bart stood over him with a white face which made her hair unnaturally yellow.

Indeed, the disgraced Mr. Bart does shortly die, and his wife follows not long after. The lack of a mother, and the social guidance and protection a mother provides, becomes Lily's tragic flaw, whereas in "The Buccaneers" the presence of mothers is mostly a nuisance—the Americans are ineffectual society sloths and the British are aristocratic harridans.

Comedy is perhaps a natural mode for aged authors. The momentousness

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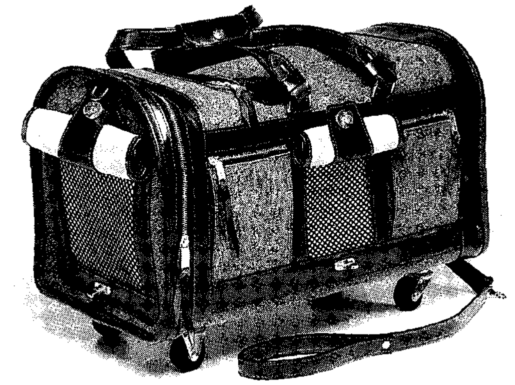

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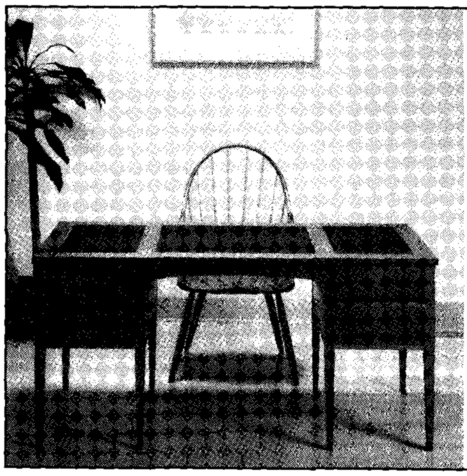

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of being alive—the majestic awfulness—is felt most keenly by the young; human existence comes to seem, as death nears and perspective lengthens, gossamer-light, "such stuff/As dreams are made on." "The Buccaneers" can hardly keep a straight face as it pushes its dolls back and forth in the elaborate patterns of attraction and courtship. The characterizations we tend to remember are the comic ones: the poor young Duke of Tintagel, with his timid scruples, his "naturally inexpressive face," and his wistful penchant for winding clocks; the dashing old wastrel and artist manqué Sir Helmsley Thwarte, with his baroque and catty epistolary style; and Colonel St. George, whose obtuse pride it is to cleave to his house on Madison Avenue (once owned by a member of the Tweed ring), even after his wife has discovered "that no one lived in Madison Avenue, that the front hall should have been painted Pompeian red with a stencilled frieze, and not with naked Cupids and humming-birds on a sky-blue ground, and that basement dining-rooms were unknown to the fashionable."

BY way of completing the mare's nest that Wharton left behind, Ms. Mainwaring, a native Bostonian who has lived much of her life in London and Paris, inserted a short chapter, numbered IX, that attempts to soften with some transitional information the jolt when Wharton abruptly transposed the action, in Chapter VIII, to England. In Chapters XXVI, XXVII, XXVIII, and XXIX, while the plot thickens, or fails to thicken, around Annabel, the waif Duchess of Tintagel, Mainwaring adds a paragraph or two, including, as her confidence as a pseudo-Wharton grows, some piquant dialogue. From Chapter XXX on, everything, with the exception of four pages in Chapter XXXII, is Mainwaring's. It was her principal task to flesh out the latter part of Wharton's synopsis:

> Sir Helmsley Thwarte, the widowed father of Guy, a clever, broken-down and bitter old worldling, is captivated by Miss Testvalley, and wants to marry her; but meanwhile the young Duchess of Tintagel has suddenly decided to leave her husband and go off with Guy, and it turns out that Laura Testvalley, moved by the youth and passion of the lovers, and disgusted by the mediocre Duke of Tintagel, has secretly lent a hand in the planning of the elopement, the scandal of which is to ring through England for years.
>
> Sir Helmsley Thwarte discovers what is going on, and is so furious at his only son's being involved in such an adventure that, suspecting Miss Testvalley's complicity, he breaks with her, and the great old adventuress, seeing love, deep and abiding love, triumph for the first time in her career, helps Nan to join her lover, who has been ordered to South Africa, and then goes back alone to old age and poverty.

But Sir Helmsley as we know him is scarcely "broken-down and bitter," nor is Miss Testvalley ever really established as a "great old adventuress," though some passages are devoted to detailing her antecedents as the granddaughter of the Italian revolutionary Gennaro Testavaglia. Our attention rarely rests on Miss Testvalley, but settles by default on Nan and her rather fantastic plight as girl queen of the ducal domains. But Nan has not been adequately groomed to receive the mantle of heroine, in the line of such statuesque heroines as Jane Austen's Emma Woodhouse and George Eliot's Dorothea Brooke, whose moral educations attain an epic import.

Ms. Mainwaring brings what she can to the plot's gaps. She has a fonder eye for English scenery than Wharton, and supplies a number of scenic vignettes:

> Guy, on horseback, and Sir Helmsley (whose injury rendered the saddle impossible) in a light and narrow cabriolet, could make the journey from Honourslove cross-country along lanes that tunnelled through overarching hedges, and wide smooth grassy rides, and stubbly old rights-of-way through fields, in half the time it took carriages and wagons obliged to follow the roundabout road that linked a dozen villages.

Having thoroughly traversed the original text, Mainwaring tidily picks up a number of the *objets* that Wharton tossed into her scenes, as if to make them yield a vitality the thin characterizations withhold:

> The stuffed birds rescued from the fire in the old Champions shared the new glossy-oak library with trophies of post-conflagration Glenloe travels. On the bookshelves, Voyages and Explorations jostled witch-masks, scrimshaw-work, and *guislas,* and a corner of the Feraghan rug was occupied by an enormous and handsome globe of the world which, unlike its counterpart at Allfriars, had lost some of its varnish as the result of much fingering by intending travellers with itineraries to plot.

The Elmsworth sisters, unconscionably neglected by Wharton, are called back by Mainwaring; Lizzy becomes quite a dizzy schemer, in a plot suddenly bristling with spiky little developments. A montage of rapid scenes races to wrap up the scattered implications of Wharton's studied tableaux; the original stately andante quickens to Mainwaring's sprightly allegro, and a moony, post-Freudian light begins to illuminate the characters' psyches. We gain sudden access to Nan's dreams, in one of which she is Proserpine, lowering herself into a black hole, "carefully gathering in the folds of her simple Grecian chiton, to return to the Duke." Wide awake, she throws herself on her bed and moans, "I am in love. I never knew. . . . And what am I to do . . . ? I didn't know." Our he[illegible] too, is now awash in a "turmoil of emotions": "Guy felt as if he were wallowing in the trough of the waves: not the mild ripples of the moonlit Thames, but the mountainous breakers of an ocean sea." The physiognomies of our protagonists reflect the romantic sea change. Guy sadly observes "the violet smudges beneath the great dark eyes" with which Nan stares at him "with a white intensity"; away from such lurid glimpses, he cannot stop picturing "her face, dimpling or wet with tears, a rainbow face." His very voice goes under; with his goal of cohabitation in sight, Guy, under his new management, produces an unsuave stutter: "I d-do. . . . But I will never c-c-consort, never have any but the unavoidable business conacts, with anyone, anywhere, where Annabel isn't honored."

We smile at this hasty obeisance to he social pressures and forms so gravely felt in Wharton and Henry James. The antipodean South Africa that Wharton envisioned, in a serenely colonial era, as a refuge for her unmarried lovers is deftly transposed to less racially awkward limes by Guy's avowal to Miss Testalley: "If Annabel were to be unhappy, or I to be unhappy *for* her, we wouldn't tay! We'd go to Canada, or Australia—New Zealand—where life is different. I'm a working man. A civil engineer. I are no more than Annabel does about ociety." The Mainwaring completion artakes of the blithe social anarchy of ris Murdoch's world, where dreams and morous fits are free to seek their fulfillment in a comfortably bohemian moneyed class. The female heart, in Wharon's world sternly restrained by the whalebone of Victorian morality, is

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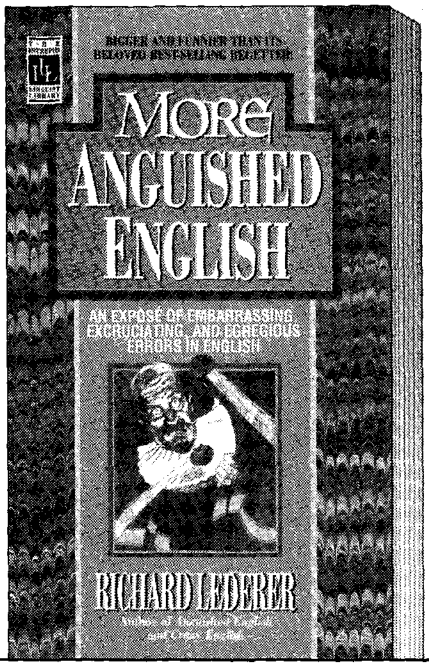
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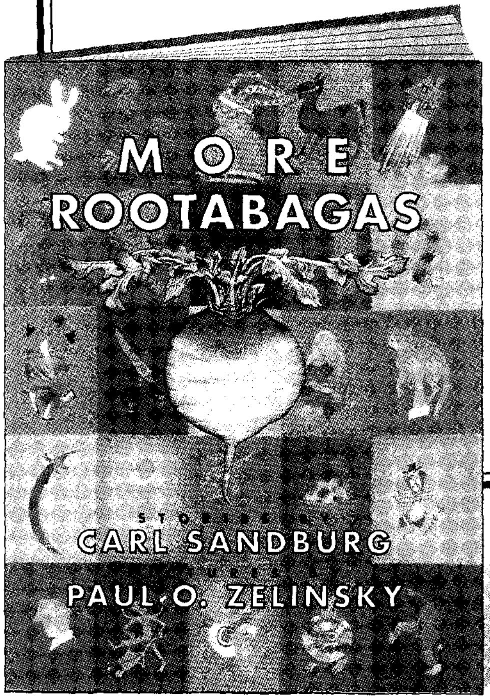

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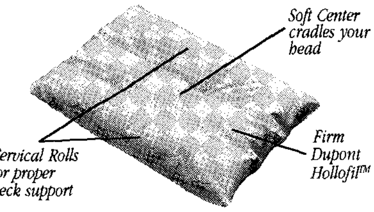
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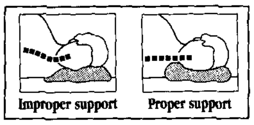

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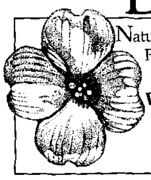

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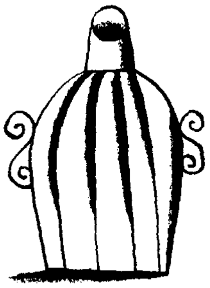
uncorseted and free in Mainwaring's late-twentieth-century garb. The sacred unmentionable in Wharton and James, the fact of sexual congress, is given a vulgar, matter-of-fact voicing: "Lizzy politicly treated the question as a simple request for information. 'Nan is certainly in love with Guy Thwarte, but I don't think there's anything "going on."' " Mainwaring places our focus on Annabel's love match—Guy sees girl, Guy gets girl—whereas Wharton evidently intended to focus on Miss Testvalley's renunciation of marriage to Sir Helmsley: "The great old adventuress . . . goes back alone to old age and poverty." Renunciation was Edith Wharton's métier; her readers, more sentimental than she, complained of her refusal to provide her heroines with happy endings. As Marion Mainwaring has it, Miss Testvalley's loss is a mere footnote to Nan's gain, a shadow swallowed in the sunset glow as the young couple heads toward the colonies and sexual happiness forever after. The holiday, the Shakespearean comedy of mating, that Wharton proposed for herself toward the end of her life has been invaded by the general moral holiday of the last decades. A project that verged on the trivial has been completed into thorough triviality.



Our estranging distance from the austere ideological frame in which Wharton's moral dramas occur could be gauged, too, in the worthy motion picture of "Ethan Frome" released earlier this year. The makers of this respectful, visually beautiful adaptation, unable to believe that Ethan and Mattie would attempt joint suicide without even a single evening in the sack together, provided one, by golden lamplight, with whimpering and openmouthed kisses; thus they unwittingly gave to Wharton's comfortless ending the jolly aspect of a man's successfully establishing himself at home with both his wife and his mistress. Of course, it might be argued that on the sexual scale of 1911, when the novel appeared, let alone that of the eighteen-eighties, when its catastrophe is supposed to have occurred, the few embraces and kisses that Ethan and Mattie do share in Wharton's lean text constitute the equivalent of contemporary copulation, as breathily demonstrated on the screen. A delicacy of indication possible on the printed page, in the tiny theatre of the easy chair, becomes untrustworthy in the massy cineplex. Ethan's lameness, a souvenir of the fateful night of failed suicide, is tersely, suggestively described by Wharton's narrator as "checking each step like the jerk of a chain," but in the film the actor Liam Neeson, under John Madden's direction, performs a twisted gyration with each step that rivets the viewer's mind to orthopedic thoughts. Even the film's color, though subdued, provides a warmth and a New Englandy charm that soften Wharton's harsh vision. This wintry tale is a steel etching on a stark white ground (the town, like some stopover in "The Pilgrim's Progress," is called Starkfield), whose bleakness is beyond the nineteen-nineties' ken. We are invited into the final stage of Puritanism, which renounces God Himself. A living hell: that is how Mrs. Hale, speaking for the residents of Starkfield, complacently sums up Ethan Frome's household. "The way they are now, I don't see's there's much difference between the Fromes up at the farm and the Fromes down in the graveyard 'cept that down there they're all quiet and the women have got to hold their tongues."

The modern filmmakers have introduced a specifically Christian note into this grim Aeschylean tale. In place o Wharton's vaguely industrial narrator-observer, whose slow discovery of the Frome scandal is the novel's structura masterstroke, there now is the young Reverend Mr. Smith, a bumbling innocent fresh from works of mercy in the Boston slums. When Zenobia Frome i last seen in the movie, she is placing a marked Bible in the docile hands of th paralyzed Mattie Silver. Yet Christianity is strikingly absent from the major work of Edith Wharton; her characters though conventionally churchgoing never think of turning to God in thei moments of crisis. She, like *many* o the late Victorians and Edwardians harbored an atheism more determine than ours, because it was more consciously and deliberately acquired, i

Allen.) "I have drunk of the wine of life at last," Wharton wrote in her journal, at the age of forty-six. "I have known the thing best worth knowing, I have been warmed through and through, never to grow quite cold again until the end"; but no mere discovery of hot-blooded love among her own possibilities deflected the author from the relentless design of "Ethan Frome"—its illustration of the crushing imprisonment that nature and society impose upon the individual life. This is naturalism as it came to the late nineteenth century. For all the horrors that the twentieth century has witnessed, such starkness now seems naïve; the materialist premises of science have grown somehow airy, so that physicists speak of finding "the God particle," and the electronic texture of popular culture unweights misery, spliced as it is among the television commercials. The inexorable financial logic of Frome's captivity, spelled out by Wharton with the care of an accountant, melts away in this day of credit cards and billion-dollar budget shortfalls. The dénouement of frozen fates, in the novel so devastating, so maestic in its pain, in the movie becomes merely puzzling; Liam Neeson's broad face in the final closeup looks nothing but puzzled, perhaps by the mysteries of the New England accent that kept eluding his Irish tongue. The movie seems a kind of willful child obstinately clutching its unhappy ending when a happy one lies just around the corner, or just to one side of the big elm at the bottom of the sledding hill. And Wharton did cling to her unhappy endings; she refused to let the sad ending of "The House of Mirth" be changed for the play version, and, she later wrote, "in spite of Fay Davis's exquisite representaion of Lily Bart I knew that (owing to ny refusal to let the heroine survive) it was foredoomed to failure." Emerging from the theatre with her after the play's Broadway opening, William Dean Howells told her, "Yes—what the American public always wants is a tragedy with a happy ending."

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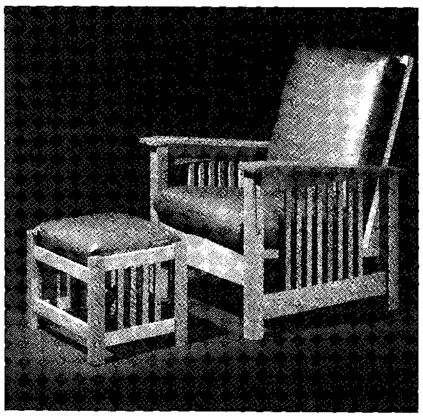
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joy and fullest ease." There was much for the artist in her to enjoy; her imagination, removed from the arch conversation of polite society, carved wonderfully laconic and suggestive country dialogue. As in the happiest narratives, the incidents are effortlessly efficient: Zeena's trip to the doctor in Bettsbridge serves to give Mattie and Ethan their opportunity and then to motivate Mattie's banishment. The red glass pickle dish from Philadelphia, a wedding present to the Fromes, adorns the mock marital table of Ethan and Mattie, and then shatters to seal their doom. Wharton moves with assurance among the homely country details of housekeeping and hardscrabble farming. The humiliating pains and exiguous emphases of poverty—Zeena mourns more over the shards of her pickle dish than over any human ruin—were mysteriously accessible to this rich woman, transferred from some enduringly felt deprivation amid her life of outward comforts. It remains difficult to account for the depth of Wharton's pessimism and her capacity to terrify. I read her three most highly considered novels—"The House of Mirth," "Ethan Frome," "The Age of Innocence"—at widely separated ages, yet experienced in each a sickening, stunning drop into the void. Lily Bart's muddled ascent into the purity of death and Ethan Frome's dogged shouldering of a love-crazed moment's wreckage are matched in "The Age of Innocence" by the way an entire world vanishes between the penultimate chapter and the last; the young lovers we have been suffering with day by day suddenly have their lives behind them, wasted and lost, as far as our sentimental valuation goes.

THE present motion picture of "The Age of Innocence," directed and partly written by Martin Scorsese, does not yet establish Wharton as the chief lode, now that E. M. Forster has been all but mined out, for the Masterpiece Theatre school of polite costume drama. There is a playfulness in Forster, a flickering lightness, which feeds the camera as Wharton's polished relentlessness does not. Scorsese, known for his shock effects, begins with thunderous music and gargantuan unfolding roses, as if to overwhelm the audience into admitting that these stiff, poky, thoroughly clothed New Yorkers of the eighteen-seventies contain volcanic passions. Violent camera effects—a stage curtain descending in sharp downward perspective, helicopterish aerial views of Gilded Age banquet spreads—keep jolting this tale, Wharton's most efficient and exquisitely balanced, of covert social maneuver. The movie is flamboyantly sumptuous, where Wharton's repeated point, in her fiction and autobiography both, about the society in which she was raised was how relatively restrained and even Spartan it was—the prudent, conformist descendants of Dutch and English merchants entertaining each other at quiet dinners. It was not until the arrival, in the eighties, of [illegible]ig money from the West, "soon to be followed by the lords of Pittsburgh," that Manhattan got vulgar. From the opulent, giddy look of Scorsese's panning shots, we might be at one of Caligula's orgies.

As with the film of "Ethan Frome," there are problems of accent and deportment. Of the three principals, only Daniel Day-Lewis, flattening his British accent and pinning down his Mohican good looks with a thin white bow tie, seems, in the role of Newland Archer, to belong to the last century. Michelle Pfeiffer and Winona Ryder, though both are described in the press handout as ardent Wharton readers, radiate twentieth-century vibes and look lovely but miscast. Pfeiffer—who admirably carried off the exotic roles of Madame de Tourvel in "Dangerous Liaisons" and a Soviet damsel in distress in "The Russia House"—makes no attempt at the "trailing slightly foreign accent" Wharton ascribes to Ellen Olenska; instead, she does a kind of Grace Kelly imitation and in moments of urgent expression falls into the laid-back cadences of her native California. And Ryder, with her shiny eyes and elfin protruding ears, seems far from the "frank forehead" and "Diana-like aloofnes[illegible] of the impervious May Welland. Perhaps styles of women as well as of women's clothes change; both actresses seem to be suppressing their natural twitches and the nervous, ironic sensitivity they have evolved under modern conditions, wherein the rules must be improvised, rather than learned. But then who, after Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland, has looked at home in a "skirt looped up like a window-drapery"?

Nevertheless, the film gathers strength as it goes along—strength taken directly from Wharton. Startlingly at first, a voice reads passages of her prose to us—a voice oddly close to that of Archer's obtuse mother, but presumably that of the omniscient author. Such blunt interpolation seems clumsy, but then we relax into it, as if a cinematic adaptation could be simply a reading aloud of the condensed text, lavishly illustrated by gorgeous faces, scenery, and period interiors—a super slide show. There are some mishaps: Wharton, trying to understand the blind force of utter conventionality, wrote words about May that, when broadcast from the screen, sound like a sneer, and provoked an uncomfortable laugh from the audience. But at the climax of the plot—the hero's near-simultaneous realizations that all his social circle has been conspiring to break up a liaison he has not yet achieved, and that his wife has scared off Ellen with a premature claim of pregnancy—the audience was still. May's white bony face as she innocently, unchallengeably confesses her triumph becomes a monstrous luminous hammer pounding Archer into his fate. The terse dialogue is almost exactly Wharton's; after two hours of visually powerful false flourishes, authentic power arrives from the heart of the novel—from the heart, ultimately, of the little girl to whom her father seemed lonely and unfulfilled and her mother cool and implacably conventional. Lewis in his biography writes:

> The relationship between George Frederic Jones] and Lucretia [née Rhinelander], in heir daughter's version of it, provided Edith Wharton with the first and most compelling instance of what would become one of her central themes: the larger spirit ubdued and defeated by the smaller one.

In reworking Wharton, how tied hould the workers be to the cruel overeer within her who denied her characers happiness after bringing them tanalizingly close to it? There was, for me, momentary ambiguity at the end of Scorsese's film: it appeared unclear nto which building on the Paris set Newland's son goes to visit the now very middle-aged Ellen Olenska, who has efriended the girl who will be his ride. When his father, having asked im to go on alone but saying that he

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might follow, rises from his bench and takes a few stooped steps, it seemed possible that Hollywood might exercise its prerogative and give us "a tragedy with a happy ending"—have Archer do what any red-blooded widower would do, that is, take the *ascenseur*, give his hostess a hug, and spend the rest of his life with Michelle Pfeiffer. He is only fifty-seven, as he reminds himself. His timidity seems merely perverse, even in the text, which offers a few hurried reasons—a wish to keep Ellen as she was thirty years ago, a fear that the sparkling milieu of Paris formed a "rich atmosphere that he already felt to be too dense and yet too stimulating for his lungs." They are not persuasive, at least to the reader for whom Newland Archer, a few pages back, has come alive in his infatuation, his glimpse of other possibilities than respectability's confinement.

It is rather as if Edith Wharton, a thorough Parisienne by 1920, were closing the shutters on a ghostly representative of the New York of her girlhood. It is too cruel, too imperious; perhaps it is realism, or at least naturalism. But abnegations that seem fitting in Starkfield feel willful in the moneyed circles of New York and Paris. She denies her characters the liberation that she herself found. Though during her lifetime and after she suffered much invidious comparison with Henry James, she was, it might be said, the more normal human being, with more real social and sexual knowledge; she can conjure out of her own nature people too full-blooded to be subjected to Jamesian torments of design. They rebel, or invite us to urge them to rebel, there in their two-dimensional prisons of print. Lily Bart, unlike Milly Theale, could rise up and live a life, if the author would permit it. There was an iron vein in Wharton that her adapters will have to work with, or work around. Marion Mainwaring has given the semi-tragedy of Laura Testvalley a happy ending belonging to a subsidiary plot; Scorsese, the film finally makes clear, has piously followed the author's intention, a renunciation in the classic French style of Madame de La Fayette's "Princesse de Clèves." It could have gone, our illusion is, the other way. Contradictory possibilities are a sign of life, and Wharton's work is full of them. ♦

THE ART WORLD

CAGE BY CHANCE

BY MARK SWED

JOHN CAGE was always telling stories. One concerned a ketchup a friend had made from fungi gathered in New Zealand. It tasted awful, but the friend bottled it anyway and put it on the shelf. A year later, she found that it had changed. "Originally a dirty gray, it had become black," Cage would conclude, "and, as she told me, it was divine, improving the flavor of whatever it touched."

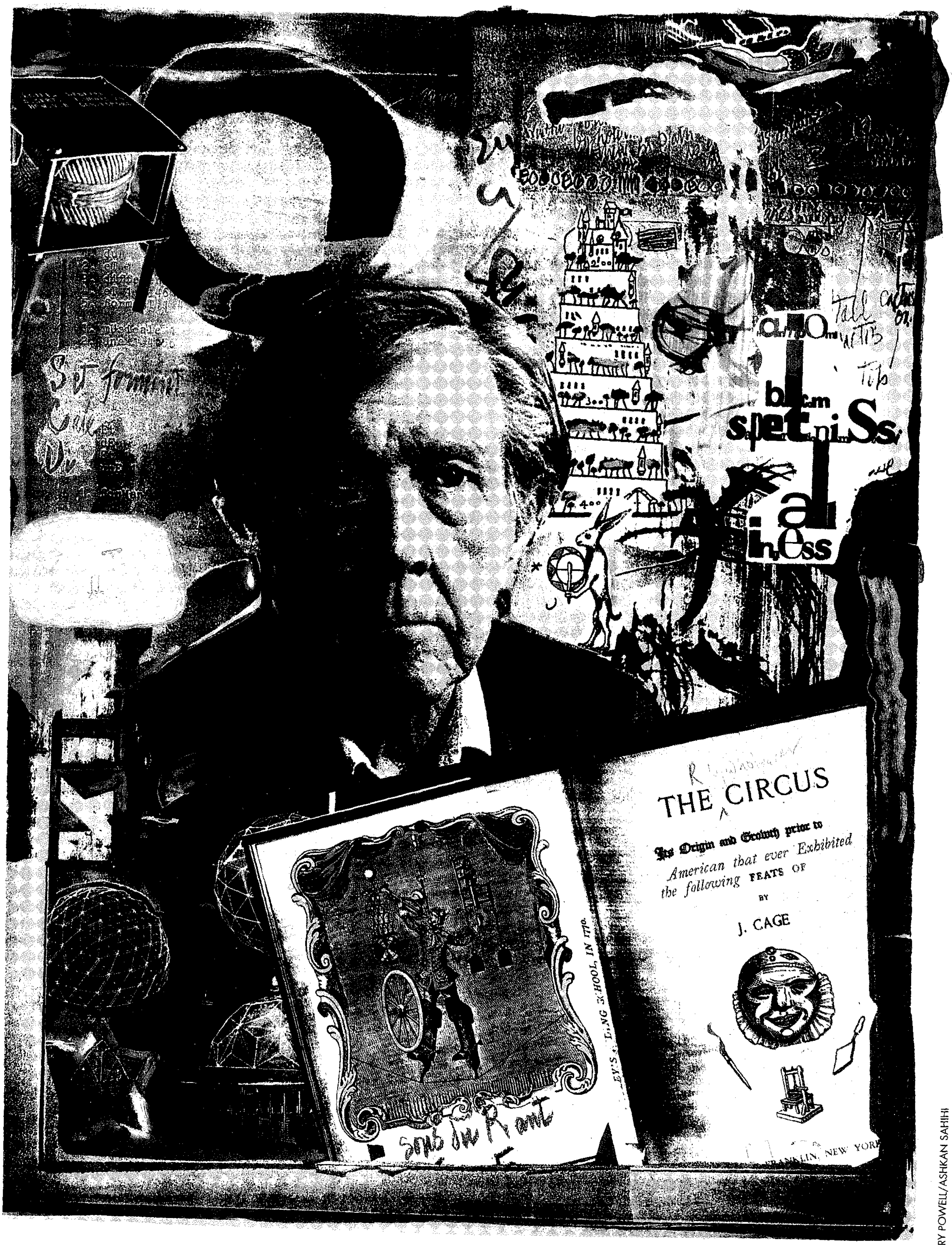
There is something very Cagean about that ketchup. Cage regularly employed transforming agents, mostly chance procedures, to change art in unpredictable ways, and the world is pretty much divided between those who think he improved its flavor and those who think he made it awful. Cage often said he used chance operations in his music, his lectures, and his visual-art works with the intent of becoming more open to life experience. Life, moreover, is a circus, as Cage was also fond of noting; and one of the last things he was cooking up, before his sudden death, a year ago, was a way to turn an art museum into one as well, by applying a big dollop of his aesthetic ketchup to the whole curatorial process.

"Rolywholyover A Circus," which opened recently at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles (and will travel to museums in Houston, New York, Philadelphia, and Mito, Japan), is an immersion in the world of Cage on his own terms. Working with the MOCA curator Julie Lazar, Cage prescribed a computer-generated score that would allow works by visual artists close to him—they included Marcel Duchamp, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, Mark Tobey, and Morris Graves—to be seen, along with Cage's own graphic works, the way he liked to see them, as unexpected pleasures.

In one large gallery, the chance process specifies not only where but how long each work will be displayed. (Only about half of this part of the show is up at any particular time.) On opening day, then, that meant that the luminous blues of Yves Klein and Ad Reinhardt happened to find themselves together, surrounded by black-and-white prints. Across the room, a mystical expressionistic painting by Arnold Schoenberg seemed to have attracted the ghostly shadows of Rauschenberg's "Erased de Kooning Drawing." But that has changed, and it will continue to change throughout the show, as the hangers follow their daily timetables. Cage wanted every day in the gallery to be different, just as every day is.

In another gallery, works lent by different museums all over Los Angeles are shown in selections that were also made by chance operations, so that one might appreciate unrelated objects from a fresh, non-curatorial perspective. Who would have thought, for instance, that Ingrid Bergman's bustier from "Cactus Flower," lent by Frederick's of Hollywood, would look so good in front of an etching of Napoleon's court, courtesy of the Hebrew Union College Skirball Museum?

Such, however, is the circus of Cage's mind, which is what the museum ultimately strives to become. All his famous passions—mushrooms, chess, the music of Erik Satie, plants, James Joyce (the word "rolywholyover" comes from "Finnegans Wake"), Zen Buddhism, anarchism, nanotechnology, Merce Cunningham, the ideas of Marshall McLuhan, R. Buckminster Fuller, and Thoreau—are in some way represented. But there is little guidance; it is up to visitors to poke around in the corners to see what they may find on their own. Besides the art on the walls, they are invited to explore cabinets full of books and scores, Plexiglas flat files with a hodgepodge of Cage ephemera, and chessboards on which a quick game may be played. Even concerts in the museum auditorium are to be discovered, since Cage, who delighted in the notion of music being chanced upon without expectations, specified that they should not be announced in advance. ♦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THE CURRENT CINEMA

AMERICAN HIGH

BY ANTHONY LANE

School's out: Rory Cochrane, Milla Jovovich, and Jason London in "Dazed and Confused."

THE action of "Dazed and Confused" begins, we are told, on "May 28, 1976, 1:05 P.M.," and ends eighteen hours later. You might expect this level of precision from a tense international thriller, but hardly from a meandering memoir of dope-fogged teen-age laziness. That's the first of many good jokes littering the movie, which keeps a cool head while all around it are losing theirs. Written and directed by Richard Linklater, it has scarcely any plot and no perceptible moral, apart from the injunction to "Eat More Pussy" scrawled on a high-school wall. Even that is disregarded; sex may be in the air, but it sounds like hard work once you knuckle down to it, and who wants to work?

It's the Bicentennial year, and the last day before summer vacation. Smartly, but with no sense of hurry, the movie homes in on different groups: Mike (Adam Goldberg) and Tony (Anthony Rapp), for example—sensitive types who may lack athletic prowess but more than make up for it in folly. Moving slightly further toward Cloud Nine, we find Slater (Rory Cochrane). With his tiny, scrunched-up face and endless hair, he looks like an otter that just chewed the wrong kind of river weed. Slater's problem is not that he's stoned all the time but that he presumes everyone else must be, too, and therefore limits all communication to some personal cosmic wavelength, writhing around in mid-speech as if trying to align the aerial inside his own head. His riff on the Washington household—Martha always had a bowl of grass waiting for George when he came home—rises to a majestic hippie logic: "Did you ever look at a dollar bill, man? There is some spooky stuff going on on a dollar bill, man. And it's *green.*" This makes a wonderful change from the standard anti-capitalism rant: money is no longer the enemy; it's just another freaky friend.

Meanwhile, up at the tougher end of the scale, there are jocks like O'Bannion (Ben Affleck) and Randy "Pink" Floyd (Jason London). I was hoping that Pink might have friends called Larry "Black" Sabbath or Chris "Deep" Purple, but, sadly, not; still, it shows how quickly one warms to the spirit of the movie. The crucial surprise of "Dazed and Confused" is that it conjures up affection for a silly era even in the hearts of those who weren't there, or those whose memories tell a different story. I spent most of that summer, for instance, cowering in the library or serving double faults, but the movie almost persuaded me that I, too heaved bowling balls out of fast-moving orange cars. What could have been a narrow, cultish little picture, a mere retro-trip, fans out into a broader study of longing and belonging.

Pink has two problems. First, he wants to play football next year, but that means signing an official pledge—no drink or drugs. To him that's like agreeing not to breathe. Second, he ha promised Jodi Kramer (Michelle Burke not to thrash the hide off her younge brother, Mitch (Wiley Wiggins). Fai enough, except that today is initiation day for those coming up from junio high. For boys, like Mitch, this mean being hunted down, turned around, an whumped with wooden bats; for girls, like Sabrina (Christin Hinojosa), it's more a question of being smeared with mustard and ketchup and generally treated like human hot dogs. If all this smacks horribly of a Kenneth Anger movie, don't worry: there's nothing underground or murky about Linklater, who prefers to revel in the open air, where grievances heal rather than fester. Finally caught by his seniors, Mitch grimaces as the blows strike home—he reminds you of Malcolm McDowell in "If . . . ," his pain closely scrutinized by the lens—but Pink stays his hand at the last moment, like a high-school Abraham, and thereby honors his promise.

Gradually, the action slows down and modulates into a beer party, planned for somebody's house but switched to the middle of nowhere. As the evening lingers on, and the movie shows no sign of losing interest, you realize that "Dazed and Confused" is working from the blueprint of "American Graffiti," cramming a whole generation into a few short hours. George Lucas, however, was besotted: he was scoring a hymn to ost youth, to the tune of everyone's greatest hits. Linklater is unmoved by that pop pathos: he remembers his school days as clearly as Lucas does, but he's not so sure what he thinks about them—the more honest course. If "American Graffiti" turned high jinks into epiphanies, "Dazed and Confused" moves in the opposite direction: fuelled by joints, the characters yearn for significant events hat never quite arrive. Hence the great moment when a girl wanders boozily nto a shot and simply falls over, as if she had something vital to announce but couldn't be bothered. The spirit of the occasion infects even Mike, who used o shun frivolity in favor of helping he world. Now he's having doubts. "You're not going to go to law school?" omebody asks. "What are you going to do?" Mike pauses, his features twisted with the struggle to come clean. "I want o *dance*."

The film is resplendent with seventies lutter, right down to the bulging typography of the opening titles. But there's othing spacey or Slater-like in Linklater's instinct for composition; apart rom a cheap shot of a car reflected in a onvex mirror, "Dazed and Confused" ignifies the period with a measured uency, sliding from one bunch of figures to the next. "American Graffiti" was lit like a school prom, glossy with neon but blessed with enough pockets of darkness for a back-seat fumble. Linklater gives his picture a crisper, critical edge, on the assumption that the first duty of a director is to commemorate rather than seduce. He allows himself the occasional descant, a few seconds of lyrical release (look out for Sabrina and her friends cleaning up in a car wash), but even then the image can tremble with mixed feelings. The sight of Mitch awaiting his fate on a baseball field, marooned amid luminous green and unconsoled by a huge sign that cries "Happy Birthday America," is one of the most arresting visions of loneliness in recent cinema.

In its daffy way, "Dazed and Confused" breaks with Hollywood habits to find a fresh, hip momentum in the quaint old principle of charity. It seethes with has-beens and wannabes, with the lovesick and the laughable, but Linklater refuses to set them up for target practice. Only one character is remotely vicious, and his comeuppance is no more than a dash of slapstick—the other seniors drift away from it looking pleased but not triumphant. It can be hard to adjust to this level of light comedy; you keep expecting things to turn gloomy or brutish—by definition, the rites-of-passage movie should come loaded with portent—and Linklater keeps wiping the smile back onto your face. Although the screenplay is pitted with minor moral quandaries, he steps lightly around them instead of plunging in. When Mitch stays out all night, for instance, returning home at dawn to face his mother, you brace yourself for a family firestorm; but just this once she lets him off—he's had a great time, and the glow of it gets to her. If Linklater were using the scene to wrap the picture up cutely, it would count as sentimental spoon-feeding, and you'd gag on the taste; but the emotions feel hard-earned, and Mitch, like all the other characters, deserves a break.

This makes a change from Linklater's last movie, "Slacker," which hardly used characters at all; the credits listed "Scooby Doo philosopher" or "Guy who tosses typewriter" instead of names. The camera tagged along with each in turn, and the world that emerged was somewhere between a drifting shoal and a nutty

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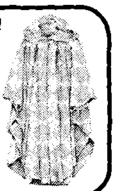

conspiracy; it was fun, but also a bit of a pain. Though "Dazed and Confused" is equally thronged, it is far less arch; Linklater has moved beyond the patterns that people make, and started to ask himself why they link up in the first place. He has a classy feel for the tempo of an ensemble movie, which fosters its own brand of suspense not with plotting but through the rotation of characters: just when you're getting into X, along comes Y to claim your attention, leaving you thirsty for more X later on, and already looking forward to Z. The touchstone of this method is "Meet Me in St. Louis," which still seems as pointless and pleasurable as a dance. You sit there waiting for Minnelli to get going, for the story to find its proper focus, and gradually you see that its fleet, nonchalant rhythm, handing on happiness like a baton from one person to the next, is all it has to offer. Who could ask for anything more?

"Dazed and Confused" can't match that grace—no film featuring Alice Cooper on the soundtrack could hope to do so—but Linklater shares Minnelli's desire to swerve aside from the threat of melodrama. Maybe he decided there was enough of it in the sight of all those flared jeans without adding any more of his own. He doesn't so much direct the movie as host it, letting people do their own thing; as a result, the acting is like a riposte to James Dean—buoyant with throwaway gestures, and draining the anguish and spite out of teen-age rebellion until it seems no more than a variant of basic freedom. This will annoy some people no end—particularly aging rockers—but it's hard not to get hooked on the gags and join the party. Only then will you get full value from the closing scenes, and Linklater's pin-sharp rendition of the morning after—all liquor drunk, all passion spent, everyone sick and hollow and lightheaded at having soldiered through the epic of the night. It's a kind of appalled joy, and you watch it on the faces of the characters as they screw their eyes up against the early sun. The film ends with one of the elementary shots of American cinema—the view through a windshield onto open road. Is that a bright future ahead of them, or a false dawn, or just a lousy hangover? They hardly care, still blissed out from the smiles of a summer night. ♦

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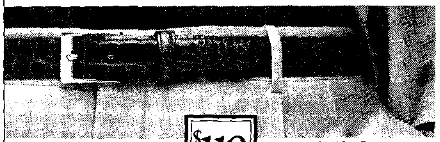

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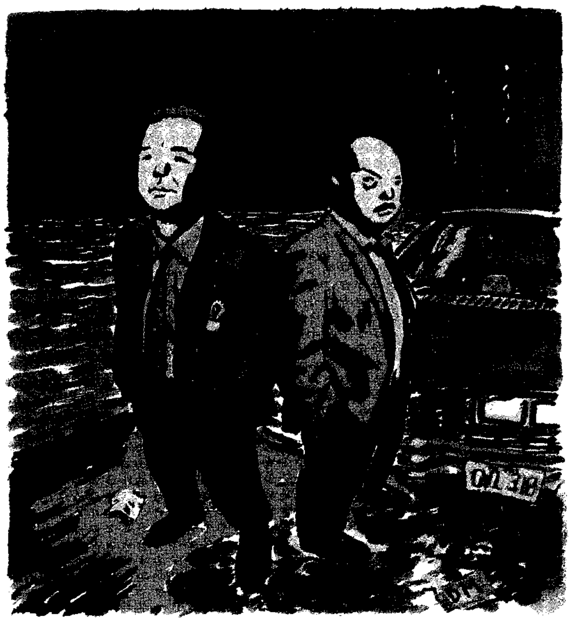
ON TELEVISION

UNTRUE GRIT

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

In person, the television producer Steven Bochco recalls Michael Rennie in "The Day the Earth Stood Still"—an ambassador from a planet older and wiser than our own, a cold father from afar. Wearing his body like a suit of armor, he speaks slowly and carefully, as if selecting his words off a small plate. He has whitish hair, fluorescent skin. When I moderated a conversation between him and the playwright Dennis Potter at the Museum of Television & Radio last year (conversation?—it was more a Potter monologue forged in a private hell), Bochco seemed crystallized as he sat serene in his chair. One would think that the programs produced by such an unfazed being would be brain food without a trace of blood or bile—messages from space.



Acting as if they owned the dump: David Caruso and Dennis Franz as Steven Bochco's bad detectives in "NYPD Blue."

Anything but. Not since he heyday of Norman Lear has a television producer tirred such hornets. Bochco's best and worst work is a Borgia-like nest of back-tabbings, bad-mouthings, neaky ambitions, fancy kinks, and absurdist slapstick, ll involving collapsed ceilngs, severed hands, bondage gear, dead ats. "Doogie Howser, M.D." aside, Bochco's specialty is the large-ensemble series, where everyone invades everyone lse's personal space. His long-running series "L.A. Law" is set in an office that seems to double as a laboratory for the tudy of yuppie mating habits. The poce station in "Hill Street Blues" was a ermanent uproar, an urban Fort Apache in which the various lowlifes seemed to seep out of the walls. Not evry group effort gels. Inspired by Potter's "The Singing Detective" and "Pennies om Heaven," Bochco set the bedlam of "Hill Street" to a musical beat in the much abused "Cop Rock," which had uspects boogalooing in the cells, juries singing hallelujah. His baseball series, "The Bay City Blues," in which the team mascot was a pervert and the top pitcher a bed-wetter, turned the dugout into a long symbolic latrine. Each step took the players deeper into the dank lie of the American dream.

Over the years, Bochco's shows have shed some of their existential morass and adopted a Purgatorial pallor. "Civil Wars," his recent series about divorce lawyers, locked its mortal-combat couples in dungeon rooms as dark as a Sidney Lumet movie set. (Like Lumet, Bochco believes in saving on light bulbs.) Although the series eased up as it went along, it never quite shook off its initial dolor. As Bochco's shows have become more overtly bitter, his fighting spirit has stiffened. With "Civil Wars" he provoked Christian fundamentalists—some of whom, predictably, pressured sponsors to withdraw advertising—by showcasing Mariel Hemingway in a nude sequence. This looks like a mild flurry compared with the major flak created by his new cop series, "NYPD Blue," Tuesdays on ABC. Ever since

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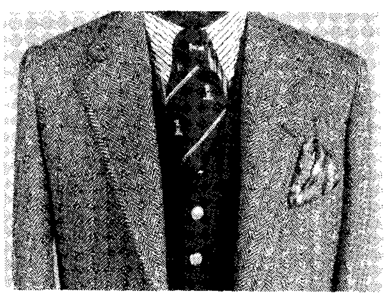

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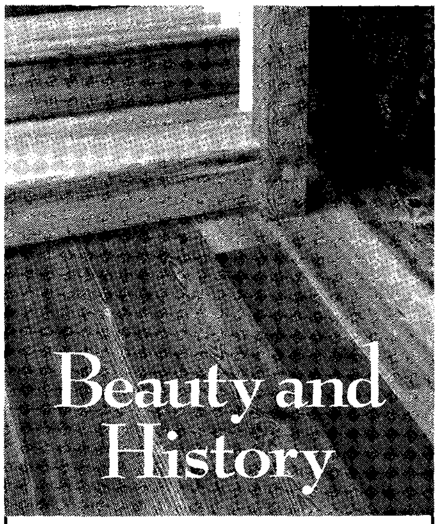
Bochco announced his intent to create R-rated TV with the show—adult in word, deed, and skin—he has had the religious right in hysterics.

Set in Sodom-on-the-Hudson, "NYPD Blue" is the story of two righteous cops—a youngish hot dog, played by David Caruso, and a heart attack waiting to happen, played by Dennis Franz—who act as if they owned the dump. Unlike the investigating officers on "Law & Order," who catch static over every infraction of proper procedure, these bad detectives don't hesitate to bend rules and bust chops. (In the première, written by David Milch and directed by Gregory Hoblit, Franz drags a hood out of a restaurant and feeds him his own toupee.) The premise of "NYPD Blue" recalls hang-loose shows from the seventies like "Baretta" and "Starsky and Hutch," where the hip cops also shrugged off official policy, finding it too slow and codified to deal with the naked cry of the streets. These shows always included a steaming captain who would pound on the desk and bellow, "By the book, boys, by the book!" (Not as long as there are people out there hurting, Cap!) What makes "NYPD Blue" such a nineties number is the amount of grit glued to its surface. It uses words never before heard on network prime time. "Hey, ipso this, you pissy little bitch," Franz snaps at a woman district attorney as he grabs his crotch. And in the first episode Bochco tried to top "Civil Wars" in serving female nudity on a platter. (Fifteen seconds of butt footage was trimmed from the broadcast.)

No matter how badass-authentic TV wants to be, however, it can't help showing off its nouveau self-consciousness—signalling that it knows that we know that it knows what it's doing. A shiny brochure on urban scuzz, "NYPD Blue" sports its funk like a designer label. It can't stop itself from stylizing. Study actual New York cops on the street sometime. They avoid eye contact, address civilians with a noncommittal clip, couldn't be more solidly planted on the sidewalk if cement were being poured into them. They bury their feelings behind a blank, averted stare. Aside from the barrelling Franz, who had a lot of practice playing pork as Buntz on "Hill Street Blues," the cops on "NYPD Blue" have doe-y, dewy eyes and the boneless fluency of interpretive-dance majors. The show's jumpy nerves are supplied by the cinema-vérité camera, which jerks and bobs as if trying to see around bystanders' heads.

Once the characters are off duty, the camera becomes their intimate confidant. When Caruso and Amy Brenneman drift back to his place for a night of amour, they're teleported from the hall to the apartment to the bedroom in a series of ghostly dissolves, as "quiet storm" music smolders on the soundtrack. The tension that ought to be building between them (her seduction of him is a potential act of betrayal) collapses as they evaporate into these invisible nooks on the screen. Time was you could count on a Bochco show to exert some sexy gravitational pull. Think of Bar[illegible]ra Babcock's Grace Gardner or Ally Sheedy's Catholic schoolgirl on "Hill Street Blues." Now he's just another voyeur loading vaseline on the lens. When Mariel Hemingway bared all on "Civil Wars," she was shot as if posing for a *Playboy* video calendar—cheesecake material. When Amy Brenneman does likewise, the scene is staged like one of those soft-core "Red Shoe Diaries" on Showtime cable, reducing her to an abstract essay on the erotic female form. Pure, passive curves, she becomes her own body double. "NYPD Blue" is so busy "extending the boundaries of the medium" that it loses the electric moment. The gunplay also seems programmatic, as if cops and crooks alike were simply pop-up figures on the practice range.

You have to give Bochco credit for braving the subjects of sex and violence in a fall season dominated by lovable, squabbling family fare. But the truth is that he's fighting the wrong fight in trying to make "NYPD Blue" the new word in verisimilitude. He's fancily shooting for raw urban realism right at the point when we've all had our fill of it. The commercial flop of such Richard Price-scripted films as "Mad Dog and Glory" and "Night and the City" ought to have warned Bochco that audiences hav[illegible]os interest in modernist angst spiked with the arsenic putdowns of permanent losers. It's no fun watching the formation of an ulcer, no matter how much value i may have as a social indicator. Even lowe on the pleasure meter are such sociopathic bugout films as Quentin Tarantino's "Reservoir Dogs" and Abel Ferrara' "Bad Lieutenant," in which the mal stars undergo brutal purification rites i



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their personal Calvary. So overwrought they're almost camp, these films are for the cult few. A tamer TV version of this macho bull doesn't satisfy any target audience. Certainly there's nothing for women to watch. These are stag parties of the damned.

It may sound philistine to put things n such commercial terms. Box-office receipts and ratings points aren't everyhing. Aren't these writers and directors rtists, after all? Surely Bochco sees himelf as one of the anointed. In interviews, he often argues that sex, violence, and obscenity are primary colors on his paltte, and that robbing him of them reduces him to pastels. But in all the years 've followed Bochco's career I've never een able to figure out what unborn ream he's been keeping under wraps. Beneath the exciting, volatile mixture of ynicism, sentimentality, and social conent in "Hill Street Blues," "L.A. Law," tc., is an almost Zen nonattachment. Bochco is brilliantly adaptable, as the est TV creators must be. He appears to ave a picture tube for a soul. He's like ther successful producers (Stephen J. Cannell, Aaron Spelling, Dick Wolf) in hat his strength is in presenting a grabber idea to the network and assembling he parts to make it click. Even if a show riginally springs from a single brain, it ventually becomes a multiple personaly, as the writers, actors, and directors orm their own organism.

Indeed, producers often go furthest stray when they decide to play auteur. mboldened by the success of "M*A*S*H," arry Gelbart unburdened himself of a eries called "United States," an Ingmar ergmanish depressant about a dud marriage. Norman Lear returned to telesion after a long layoff with "Sunday Dinner," a sitcom that mirrored his peronal situation (marriage to a much ounger woman) and imparted his spirial musings. Steven Bochco has spared that. Instead, the preoccupations pop rough the pores of his characters. The onstant harping on fatness and baldness n "NYPD Blue" (better title: "Bad Dectives") bespeaks an aversion to human ggage. He sees flesh as folly. Fine; but issing in the series is the dirty-minded isto that a Richard Price or Abel errara can bring to such cheap hamurger. We never feel that Bochco's own ody and desires are being implicated. e's a very clean machine. ♦

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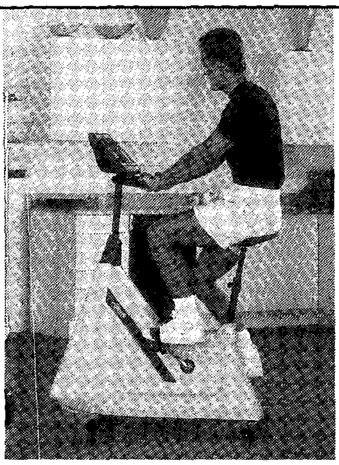

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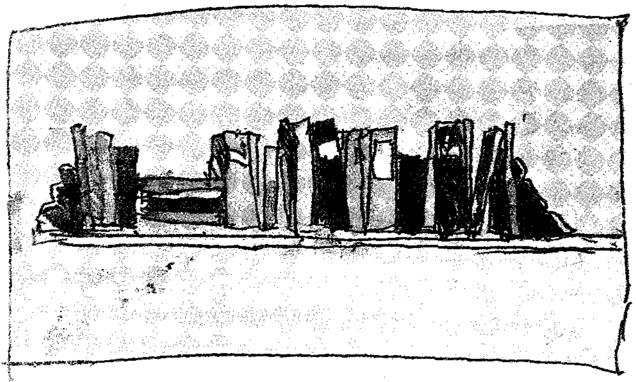
NOT JUST BAD SEX

BY KATHA POLLITT



"STICK to straight liquor," my father advised me when I left for college, in the fall of 1967. "That way, you'll always know how drunk you are." I thought he was telling me that real grownups didn't drink brandy Alexanders, but, of course, what he was talking about was sex. College boys could get totally plastered, and the worst that would happen to them would be hangovers and missed morning classes. But if I didn't carefully monitor my alcohol intake one of those boys might, as they used to say, take advantage of me. Or, as they say now, date-rape me.

Veiled parental warnings like the one my father gave me—don't go alone to a boy's room, always carry "mad money" on a date, just in case—have gone the way of single-sex dorms, parietal hours, female-only curfews, and the three-feet-on-the-floor rule, swept away like so much Victorian bric-a-brac by the sexual revolution, the student movement, and the women's movement. The kids won; the duennas and fussbudgets lost. Or did they? In "The Morning After: Sex, Fear, and Feminism on Campus" (Little, Brown; $19.95) Katie Roiphe, a twenty-five-year-old Harvard alumna and graduate student of English at Princeton, argues that women's sexual freedom is being curtailed by a new set of hand-wringing fuddy-duddies: feminists. Anti-rape activists, she contends, have manipulated statistics to frighten college women with a nonexistent "epidemic" of rape, date rape, and sexual harassment, and have encouraged them to view "everyday experience"—sexist jokes, professorial leers men's straying hand and other body parts— as intolerable insult and assaults. "Strange rape" (the intrude with a knife) is rare true date rape (the fra boy with a fist) is eve rarer. As Roiphe s[illegible]s i most students who sa they have been date raped are reinterpreting in the cold gra light of dawn the "bad sex" they wer too passive to refuse and too enamored c victimhood to acknowledge as their ow responsibility. Camille Paglia, move ove

These explosive charges have alread made Roiphe a celebrity. The *Tim Magazine* ran an excerpt from her boo as a cover story: "Rape Hype Betray Feminism." Four women's glossies ra respectful prepublication interview in *Mirabella* she was giddily questione by her own mother, the writer Ann Roiphe. Clearly, Katie Roiphe's messag is one that many people want to hea sexual violence is anomalous, not en demic to American society, and appea ances to the contrary can be explaine away as a kind of mass hysteria, fc mented by man-hating fanatics.

How well does Roiphe support h case? "The Morning After" offers itse as personal testimony, with Roiphe— to use her own analogy—as a spunk commonsensical Alice at the ma women's-studies-and-deconstructionis tea party familiar from the pages Paglia and Dinesh D'Souza. As suc it's hard to challenge. Maybe Roiph classmates really are as she p[illegible]ra them—waiflike anorexics, male-femini wimps, the kind of leftist groupthinke who ostracize anyone who says Ali Walker is a bad writer. Maybe Roip was, as she claims, "date-raped" ma times and none the worse for it. T general tone of her observations is u pleasantly smug, but in her depiction a tiny subculture on a few Ivy Leag campuses, she may well be onto som thing. The trouble is that "The Morning After," although Roiphe denies this, goes beyond her own privileged experience to make general claims about rape and feminism on American campuses, and it is also, although she denies this, too, a "political polemic." In both respects, it is a careless and irresponsible performance, poorly argued and full of misrepresentations, slapdash research, and gossip. She may be, as she implies, the rare grad student who has actually read "Clarissa," but when it comes to rape and harassment she has not done her homework.

HAVE radical feminists inundated the nation's campuses with aburd and unfounded charges against men? Roiphe cites a few well-publicized ncidents: at Princeton, for example, a tudent told a Take Back the Night rally hat she had been date-raped by a young man she eventually admitted she had never met. But Roiphe's claim that such dubious charges represent a new norm ests on hearsay and a few quotations rom the wilder shores of feminist heory. "Recently," she writes, "at the University of Michigan, a female teachng assistant almost brought a male stuent up on charges of sexual harassment," because of some mildly sexist umor in a paper. When is "recently"? n what department of the vast Univerity of Michigan did this incident occur? How does Roiphe know about it—after ll, it only "almost" happened—and now that she got it right? Roiphe ridiules classmates for crediting and magifying every rumor of petty sexism, but he does the same: hysterical accusations re always being made at "a prominent niversity." Don't they teach the stuents at Harvard and Princeton anyhing about research anymore?

Where I was able to follow up on Roiphe's sources, I found some fairly misleading use of data. Roiphe accuses he legal scholar Susan Estrich of ipping "her ideas about the nature f sexual encounters into her legal nalysis" in "Real Rape," her study of cquaintance rape and the law—one ich idea being that women are so powless that even "yes" does not necessary constitute consent to sex. In fact, in e cited passage Estrich explicitly lays at view aside to pursue her own subct, which is the legal system's victimization of women who say *no*. Nowhere does Roiphe acknowledge that—whatever may happen in the uncritical, emotional atmosphere of a Take Back the Night rally or a support-group meeting for rape survivors (a term she mocks)—in the real world women who have been raped face enormous obstacles in obtaining justice in the courts or sympathy from their friends and families. Nor does she seem to realize that it is the humiliation and stigmatization and disbelief reported by many rape victims, and documented in many studies, that have helped to produce the campus climate of fear and credulity she deplores. Indeed, the only time Roiphe discusses an actual court case it is to argue that the law veers too far to the victim's side:

> In 1992 New Jersey's Supreme Court upheld its far-reaching rape laws. Ruling against a teenager charged with raping his date, the court concluded that signs of force or the threat of force is [*sic*] not necessary to prove the crime of rape—no force, that is, beyond that required for the physical act of penetration. Both the plaintiff and the defendant admitted that they were sexually involved, but the two sides differed on whether what happened that night was rape. It's hard to define anything that happens in that strange, libidinous province of adolescence, but this court upheld the judgment that the girl was raped. If the defendant had been an adult he could have gone to jail for up to ten years. Susan Herman, deputy public defender in the case, remarked, "You not only have to bring a condom on a date, you have to bring a consent form as well."

Roiphe should know better than to rely on a short item in the Trenton *Times* for an accurate account of a complicated court case, and she misrepresents even the sketchy information the article contains: the girl was not the boy's "date," and they did not both "admit" they were "sexually involved." The two, indeed, disagreed about the central facts of the case. The article does mention something Roiphe chose to omit: the girl was fifteen years old. The Supreme Court opinion further distinguishes this case from Roiphe's general portrait of date-rape cases: the hypersensitive female charging an innocently blundering male with a terrible crime for doing what came naturally and doing it without a peep from her. The offender, it turns out, was dating another girl living in the house where the rape took place, and not the victim,

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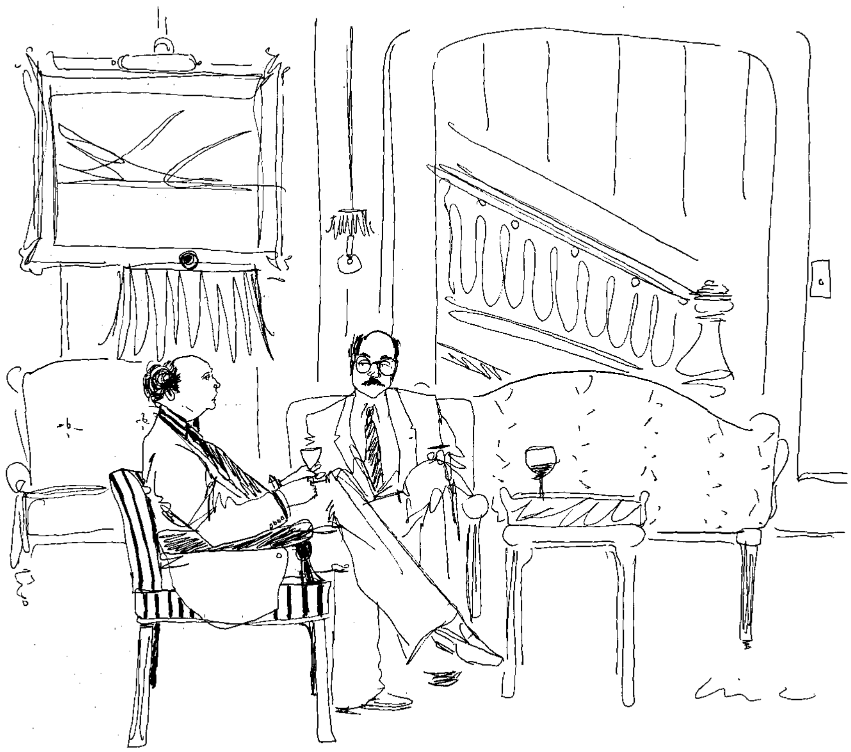

"There was a time when you could cry poverty and it meant something."

• •

who, far from passively enduring his assault, did what Roiphe implies she did not: she slapped him, demanded that he withdraw, and, in the morning, told her mother, whereupon they went immediately to the police. It is absurd to use this fifteen-year-old victim—who had surely never heard of Catharine MacKinnon or Take Back the Night—as an example of campus feminism gone mad. And it is equally absurd to suggest that the highly regarded New Jersey Supreme Court, which consists of one woman and six middle-aged men, issued a unanimous decision in the victim's favor because it had been corrupted by radical feminism.

The court did affirm that "signs of force or the threat of force"—wounds, torn clothes, the presence of a weapon—were not necessary to prove rape. This affirmation accords with the real-life fact that the amount of force necessary to achieve penetration is not much. But it is not true that the court opened the door to rape convictions in the kinds of cases Roiphe takes for the date-rape norm: sex in which the woman says yes but means no, or says yes, means yes, but regrets it later. The court said that consent, which need not be verbal, must be obtained for intercourse. It's easy to parody this view, as the defense counsel did with her joke about a "consent form"—but all that it really means is that a man cannot penetrate a woman without some kind of go-ahead. Roiphe ridicules this notion as "politically correct" and objects to educational materials that remind men that "hearing a clear sober 'yes' to the question 'Do you want to make love?' is very different from thinking, 'Well, she didn't say no.'" But is that such terrible advice? Roiphe herself says she wants women to be more vocal about sex, yet here she is dismissive of the suggestion that men ought to listen to them.

Roiphe's attempt to debunk statistics on the frequency of rape is similarly ill-informed. A substantial body of research, by no means all of it conducted by feminists, or even by women, supports the contention that there is a staggering amount of rape and attempted rape in the United States, and that most incidents are not reported to the police—especially when, as is usually the case, victim and offender know each other. For example, the National Women's Study, conducted by the Crime Victims Research and Treatment Center at the Medical University of South Carolina, working under a grant from the National Institute of Drug Abuse, which released its results last year, found that thirteen per cent of adult American women—one in eight—have been raped at least once, seventy-five per cent by someone they knew. (The study used the conservative legal definition of rape which Roiphe favors: "an event that occurred without the woman's consent, involved the use o force or threat of force, and involved sexual penetration of the victim's vagina, mouth or rectum.") Other researcher come up with similar numbers or even higher ones, and are supported by studies querying men about their own behavior: in one such study, fifteen pe cent of the college men sampled[illegible]ai they had used force at least once to obtain intercourse.

Roiphe does not even acknowledg the existence of this sizable body o work—and it seems she hasn't spen much time studying the scholarly journals in which it appears. Instead, sh concentrates on a single 1985 articl in *Ms.* magazine, which presented preliminary journalistic account of a acquaintance-rape study conducted b Dr. Mary Koss, a clinical psychologis now at the University of Arizona. Relying on opinion pieces by Neil Gilbert, professor of social welfare at Berkeley Roiphe accuses Koss of inflating he findings—one in eight students raped one in four the victims of rape or attempted rape—by including as victim women who did not describe their experience as rape, although it met a widel accepted legal definition. It is unclea what Roiphe's point is—that wome don't mind being physically forced t have sex as long as no one tells the it's rape? Surely she would not argu that the victims of other injustices—fraud, malpractice, job discrimination—have suffered no wrong as long as the are unaware of the law. Roiphe als accuses Koss of upping her numbe by asking respondents if they ha[illegible]eve had sex when they didn't want to because a man gave them alcohol or drug "Why aren't college women responsib for their own intake of alcohol drugs?" Roiphe asks, and it may fair to say that the alcohol questio in the study is ambiguously worde But it's worth noting that the questio doesn't come out of feminist fantas land. It's keyed to a legal definition rape which in many states includes sex obtained by intentional incapacitation of the victim with intoxicants—the scenario envisioned by my father. Be that as it may, what happens to Koss's figures if the alcohol question is dropped? The number of college women who have been victims of rape or attempted rape drops from one in four to one in five.

ONE in five, one in eight—what if it's "only" one in ten or twelve? Social science isn't physics. Exact numbers are important, and elusive, but surely what is significant here is that lots of different studies, with different agendas, sample populations, and methods, tend in the same direction. Rather than grapple with these inconvenient data, Roiphe retreats to her own impressions: "If I was really standing in the middle of an epidemic, a crisis, if 25 per cent of my female friends were really being raped, wouldn't I know about it?" Roiphe forgets that the one-in-four igure includes attempts, but let that pass.) As an experiment, I applied Roiphe's anecdotal method myself, and wrote down what I knew about my own circle of acquaintance: eight rapes by strangers including one on a college campus), two exual assaults (one Central Park, one Prospect Park), one abduction (woman walking down street forced into car full of men), one date rape involving a Mickey Finn, which resulted in pregnancy and abortion, and two stalkings one ex-lover, one deranged fan); plus one brutal beating by a boyfriend, three incidents of childhood incest (none inolving therapist-aided "recovered memoies"), and one bizarre incident in which friend went to a man's apartment after meeting him at a party and was forced y him to spend the night under the hower, naked, while he debated whether o kill her, rape her, or let her go. The most interesting thing about this tally, owever, is that when I mentioned it to friend he was astonished—he himself new of only one rape victim in his rcle, he said—but he knows several of he women on my list.

It may be that Roiphe's friends have othing to tell her. Or it may be that hey have nothing to tell *her*. With her dolescent certainty that bad things on't happen, or that they happen only weaklings, she is not likely to be on the receiving end of many painful, intimate confessions. The one time a fellow-student tells her about being raped (at knifepoint, so it counts), Roiphe cringes like a high-school vegetarian dissecting her first frog: "I was startled. . . . I felt terrible for her. I felt like there was nothing I could say." Confronted with someone whose testimony she can't dismiss or satirize, Roiphe goes blank.

ROIPHE is right to point out that cultural attitudes toward rape, harassment, coercion, and consent are slowly shifting. It is certainly true that many women today, most of whom would not describe themselves as feminists, feel outraged by male behavior that previous generations—or even those women themselves not so long ago—quietly accepted as "everyday experience." Roiphe may even be right to argue that it muddies the waters when women colloquially speak of "rape" in referring to sex that is caddish or is obtained through verbal or emotional pressure or manipulation, or when they label as "harassment" the occasional leer or off-color comment. But if we lay these terms aside we still have to account for the phenomenon they point to: that women in great numbers—by no means all on élite campuses, by no means all young—feel angry at and exploited by behavior that many men assume is within bounds and no big deal. Like many of those men, Roiphe would like to short-circuit this larger discussion, as if everything that doesn't meet the legal definition of crime were trivial, and any objection to it mere paranoia. For her, sex is basically a boys' game, with boys' rules, like football, and if a girl wants to make the team—whether by "embracing experience" in bed or by attending a formerly all-male college—she has to play along and risk taking some knocks. But why can't women change the game, and add a few rules of their own? What's so "utopian" about expecting men to act as though there are two people in bed and two sexes in the classroom and the workplace?

Roiphe gives no consistent answer to this question. Sometimes she dismisses the problems as inconsequential: coerced intercourse is bad sex, widespread sexual violence a myth. Sometimes she suggests that the problem is real, but is wo-

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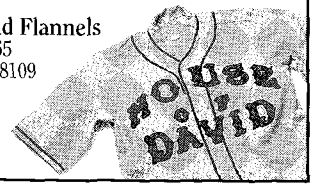

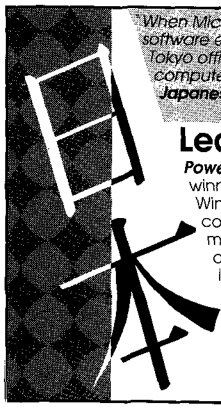

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men's fault: they should be more feisty and vociferous, be more like her and her friends, one of whom she praises for dumping a glass of milk on a boy who grabbed her breast. (Here, in a typical muddle, Roiphe's endorsement of assertive behavior echoes the advice of the anti-rape educational materials she excoriates.) Sometimes she argues that the women's movement has been so successful in moving women into the professions that today's feminists are whining about nothing. And sometimes she argues that men, if seriously challenged to change their ways and habits, will respond with a backlash, keeping women students at arm's length out of a fear of lawsuits, retreating into anxious nerdhood, like her male-feminist classmates, or even, like the male protagonist of David Mamet's "Oleanna," becoming violent: "Feminists, Mamet warns, will conjure up the sexist beast if they push far enough."

Coming from a self-proclaimed bad girl and sexual rebel, this last bit of counsel is particularly fainthearted: now who's warning women about the dangers of provoking the savage male? When Roiphe posits a split between her mother's generation of feminists—women eager to enter the world and seize sexual freedom—and those of today, who emphasize the difficulties of doing either, she has it wrong, and not just historically. (Sexual violence was a major theme of seventies feminism, in whose consciousness-raising sessions women first realized that rape was something many of them had in common.) The point she misses is that it was not the theories of academics or of would-be Victorian maidens masquerading as Madonna fans that made sexual violence and harassment an issue. It was the movement of women into male-dominated venues—universities, professions, blue-collar trades—in sufficiently great numbers to demand real accommodation from men both at work and in private life. If Roiphe's contention that focussing on "victimhood" reduces women to passivity were right, the experience of Anita Hill would have sent feminists off weeping, en masse, to a separatist commune. Instead, it sparked a wave of activism that revitalized street-level feminism and swept unprecedented numbers of women into Congress.

Roiphe is so intent on demonizing the anti-rape movement that she misses an opportunity to address a real deficiency of much contemporary feminism. The problem isn't that acknowledging women's frequent victimization saps their get-up-and-go and allows them to be frail flowers; it's that the discourse about sexuality says so little about female pleasure. Unfortunately, Roiphe, too, is silent on this subject. We hear a lot about heavy drinking, late nights, parties, waking up in strange beds, but we don't hear what made those experiences worth having, except as acts of rebellion. In a revealing anecdote, she cites with approval a friend who tells off obscene phone callers by informing them that she was her high school's "blow job queen." Not to detract from that achievement, but one wonders at the unexamined equation of sexual service and sexual selfhood. Do campus bad girls still define their prowess by male orgasms rather than their own?

It's sad for Roiphe and her classmates that they are coming of age sexually at a time when sex seems more fraught with danger and anxiety than ever. Indeed, AIDS is the uneasily acknowledged spectre hovering over "The Morning After": the condom, not the imaginary consent form, is what really put a damper on the campus sex scene. Certainly AIDS gives new urgency to the feminist campaign for female sexual self-determination, and has probably done a lot, at both conscious and unconscious levels, to frame that quest in negative rather than positive terms. But that's just the way we live now—and not only on campus. Rape, coercion, harassment, the man who edits his sexual history and thinks safe sex kills passion, the obscene phone call that is no longer amusing because you're not in the dorm anymore but living by yourself in a not so safe neighborhood and it's three in the morning: it's not very hard to understand why women sometimes sound rather grim about relations between the sexes.

It would be wonderful to hear more from women who are nonetheless "embracing experience," retaining the vital spark of sexual adventure. Roiphe prefers to stick to the oldest put-down of all: Problems? What problems? It's all in your head. ♦

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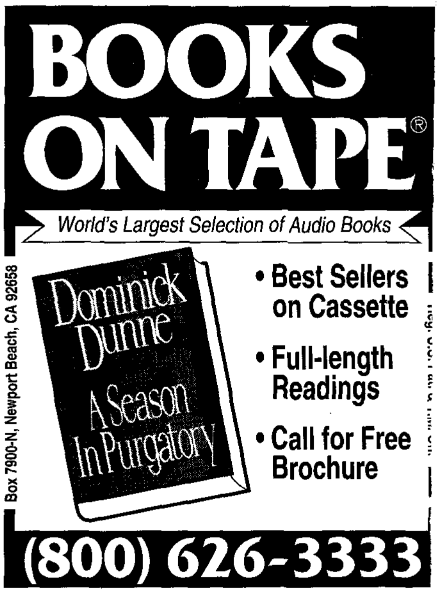
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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Big Storm Knocked It Over

by Laurie Colwin
(HarperCollins; $22)

LAURIE COLWIN died suddenly last October, at the age of forty-eight, leaving legions of readers—who ad been sustained by her stubborn optimism—stricken. Part of her legacy is a ovel in which she examines the myth of appy families. "Why are people's families horrible? And here we are, just about to art our own." This is the paradox bugging Jane Louise, a book designer and the eroine of this funny, thoughtful novel. ne Louise, who is a Jew and has always lt herself an outsider, is happily mar-ed to a New England Wasp, an eco-gically correct chemist. Her best iend, Edie, is also involved in a mar-age of opposites: she's white, he's black, nd together they run a stylish catering usiness. Three of the four had unhappy ildhoods, and all of them think fami-es are hell. They lead busy, New York ves, and fret. Jane Louise longs for eadiness, with no messy loose ends, nd, to insulate herself from unnerving rban surprises, she is almost relentlessly omestic; cooking, especially, is her pas-on. (Colwin herself was a lively food riter, and full menus appear in the ages of this book.) The serpent in Jane ouise's well-tended garden is her boss, ven, whose chronic pursuit of women a source of endless amusement and eculation. Jane Louise is not immune to s blandishments; Sven contributes an greeable *frisson* to her life. Ultimately, d by design, she and Edie produce ba-es simultaneously, and in this book, e final step in a progression of novels out family, Colwin abandons the ide-ization of family life for the chosen mily of friends. "Do you suppose these tuses will someday not be able to stand ?" Jane Louise asks. "Oh, doubtless," die says. "But they'll have each other."

BIOGRAPHY

Ralph Bunche: An American Life

by Brian Urquhart
(Norton; $27.50)

SUPERB biography of one of the great ternational civil servants—and one of e best-known African-Americans—of ır time. Before the Second World 'ar, Bunche was a political-science ofessor. After the war started, Harvard—where he had done his dissertation—recommended him to the government as an expert on Africa, and he worked for the O.S.S. and the State Department until 1946, when he was lent to the United Nations. The loan became permanent, and Bunche, who died in 1971, spent the rest of his life at the U.N. Urquhart worked with him there, and his book succeeds by showing, rather than merely telling, what those tumultuous early years of the U.N. were like, and how Bunche operated as a negotiator and a peacekeeper in Palestine, the Congo, Cyprus, and Kashmir. When we find the mild-mannered professor surrounded by guns, spears, tanks, and hysteria, we feel we are in the middle of an improbable action movie, but Bunche's life really does demonstrate the power of rationality in an irrational world.

RECOMMENDED

(*Our choice of books recently reviewed on this page. The date of the note is given.*)

Malefice
by Leslie Wilson
Pantheon (7/12)

Such Times
by Christopher Coe
Harcourt Brace (9/13)

The Hidden Life of Dogs
by Elizabeth Marshall Thomas
Houghton Mifflin (8/9)

Theirs Was the Kingdom
by John Heidenry
Norton (9/13)

The Invisible Man

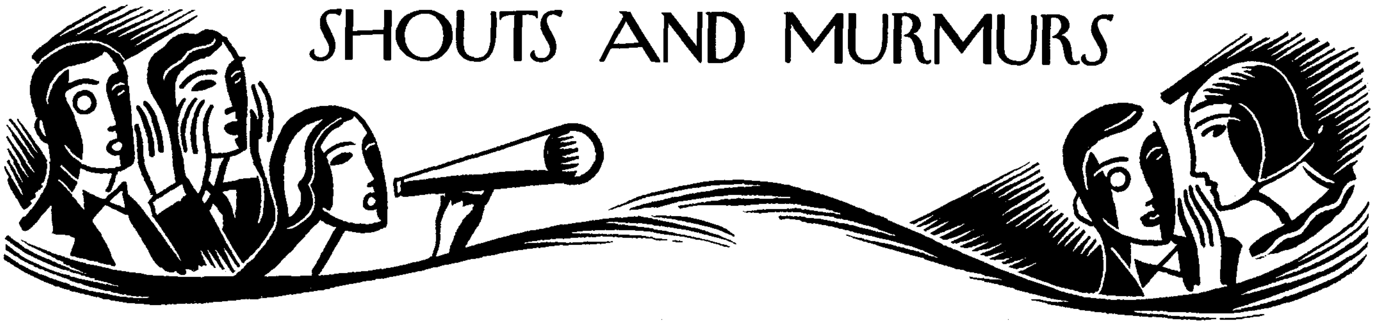
by Michael Coren
(Atheneum; $22.50)

NEARLY half a century after H. G. Wells died, general opinion has it that he was an enlightened liberal reformer, a pioneer in causes like woman suffrage, a man of science devoted to human perfectibility. The author of this book does not agree. Wells, he believes, was an influence for evil: a social engineer whose ideas on race were little different from the Nazis', an advocate of "relocation" camps and the killing of the "unfit," a womanizer with scant regard for the intellectual capacities of women, and an anti-Semite who thought that Jews were "termites in the civilized world." This is revision with a vengeance, but Coren presents his case with fairness and restraint. He concedes to Wells his full due as one of the most remarkable men of his time, who rose by his own energies to world fame. The evidence against him, however, is also fully laid out, and should be a matter of chagrin to previous biographers, because it is all there, in Wells's own words. Like these: "I have always refused to be enlightened and sympathetic about the Jewish question."

Dreams of Exile

by Ian Bell
(Holt; $25)

THE life of Robert Louis Stevenson was haunted, as his biographers never tire of pointing out, by dualities: Scotland and Samoa, sickness and frantic activity, loneliness and camaraderie, hackdom and brilliance. Readers seeking to understand the pressures, from within and without, that formed his particular brand of Romanticism could do worse than look again at "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Bell takes a more literal approach, and tries to rescue Stevenson from the swirl of fantastication and Caledonian mist that has surrounded him almost since his untimely death, a hundred years ago. The result is clear and thorough but occasionally plodding and uncritical (Bell goes so far as to suggest that Kipling was a lesser author than his beloved "Lou"), and Bell can't disguise a passionate dislike of Fanny Osbourne, Stevenson's American-born wife, whom he blames for a lot that went wrong with Robert's career. ♦



SHOUTS AND MURMURS

RINK RAT

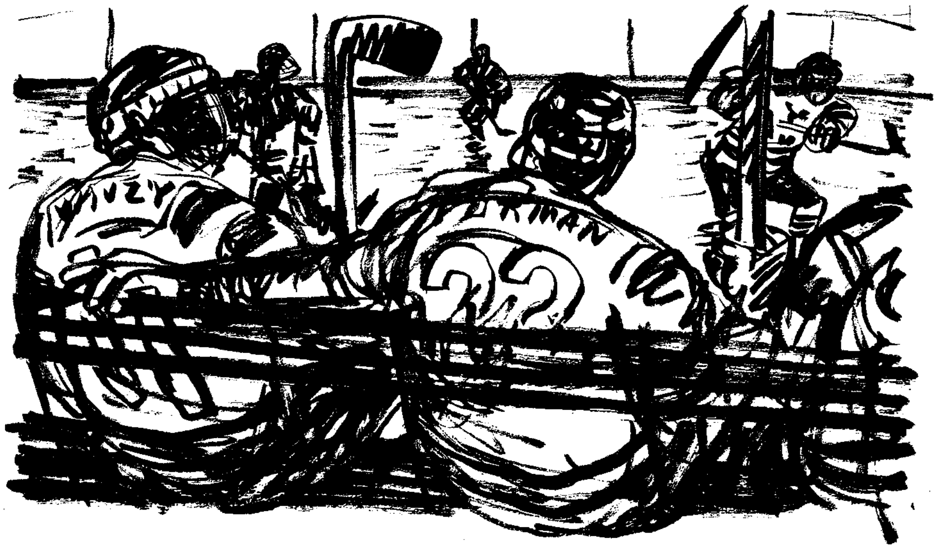
BY CHARLES McGRATH

I GOT my hockey stuff out of the closet the other day—to air it out for the upcoming season—and right away my heart started racing like a kid's. I should explain that I'm forty-six, and that my days of hockey glory, such as they were, are long past. I'm one of those guys you see at the rink early in the morning or late at night, when nobody else wants the ice. The snack bar's shut, the parking lot is ghostly, and the stands are empty except for a couple of girlfriends bundled up in down jackets and looking bored. (You know they must be girlfriends, because wives never come.) We're out there warming up on the ice, practicing our rink turns and booming slap shots against the boards—the guys with the taped-up gloves, the mothy, mismatched stockings, the raggedy jerseys (or sweaters, as we still prefer to call them) bearing the names of bars and auto-body shops that folded years ago. A few of these guys still have legs: they can *motor.* But the rest of us, slow of foot and short of wind, can sometimes put it together, sort of, for a game, or a period, or maybe just a single shift, and that's enough. We're faster than you think—sometimes. And we're smarter than the young players. We know that the ice slopes a little over there in the corner, where the door for the Zamboni is, and that the puck can hang up there; and we know that when you're panting after an opponent it's always worth trying the old trick of yelling for a blind drop pass, because you can never tell when somebody will fall for it.

Why do we do it, give up sleep and drive for hours to play a game, and a sometimes violent and dangerous one at that? Not because we want to feel younger. Playing hockey makes us feel *older.* And not because we're trying to live out athletic fantasies. We know the difference. When we score a goal, we don't ride the broomstick, the way Tiger Williams used to, or slide on one knee, pumping an arm, like Bernie Nicholls; we gratefully accept a stick-slap on the butt or a whack on the shin pads, and head back to the bench.

Part of why we do it is just to be around people who speak the same language. I have no idea what most of my teammates do in real life—only that there's a couple of lawyers (they often commit the unforgivable sin of talking shop before a game), a man who sells meat, one who owns a fleet of garbage trucks, and one who must be in construction, because he once attempted to change the blade on an aluminum stick by heating it with an industrial-size propane torch. (It ignited with dramatic *whomp*, and for a moment threatened to set fire to the entire locker r[illegible]m. I'm not even sure I'd recognize some of th others if I saw them on the street. But i the locker room there's an instant bond between us all—a temporary oneness of purpose, however foolish, and a reassurin predictability. We basically have the sam conversation every week, with tiny but inspired variations. We insult each othe we expound on everything that's wron with the Rangers; we relive famous, gor rink disasters (brawls, broken limbs, hea attacks); and we bring up sex as often as w can. (Some of our sex talk is pretty inventive, but we can always use new materia that case of Mr. and Mrs. Bobbitt, down i Virginia, was a godsend.) This may nc sound like much, but we older guys don necessarily look for much. We're connoisseurs of little stuff.

In the end, though, the main reaso older guys play hockey is that it's so fa and so difficult that when you're don you're transported—you feel great. Yo could even say that a hockey game is hard than getting old: it quicker, more ti ing, sometimes mo painful, and you sco even less often. But hockey, when it go right, you get to st outside yourse[illegible] Y stop thinking ar you stop feeling an thing except spe and momentum. Y glide, you curve ar cut, you effortles ly reverse yourse and float backwar You're so happy y don't even know it.



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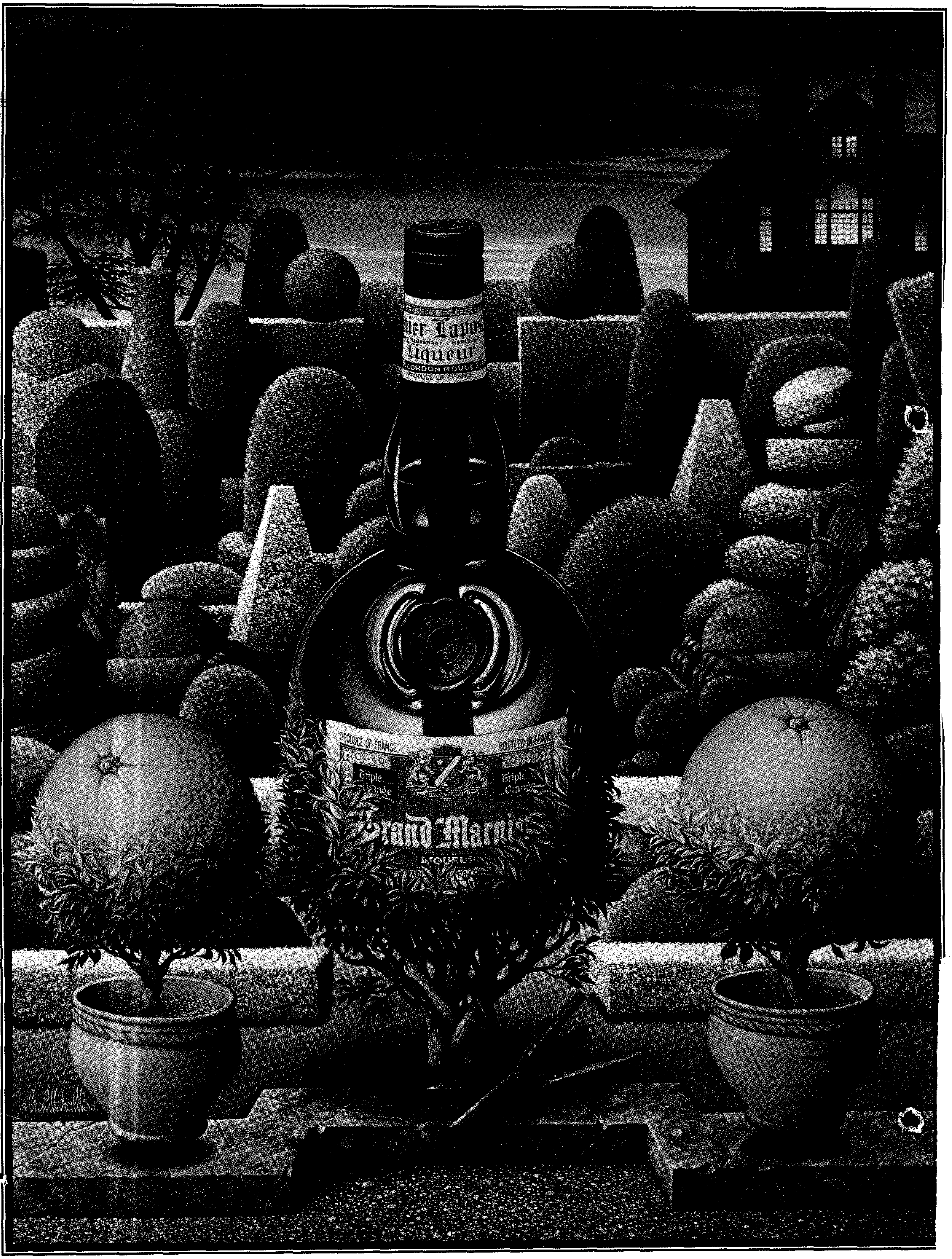

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